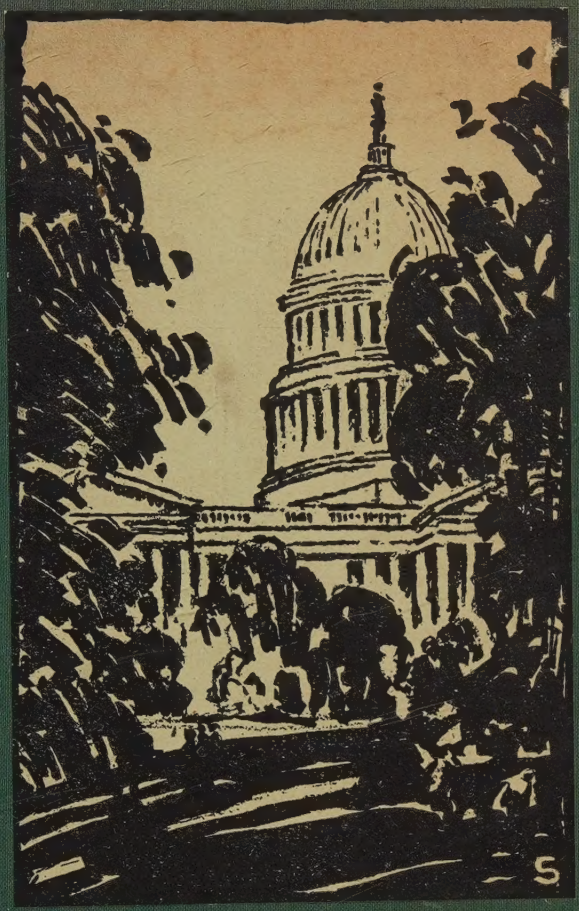

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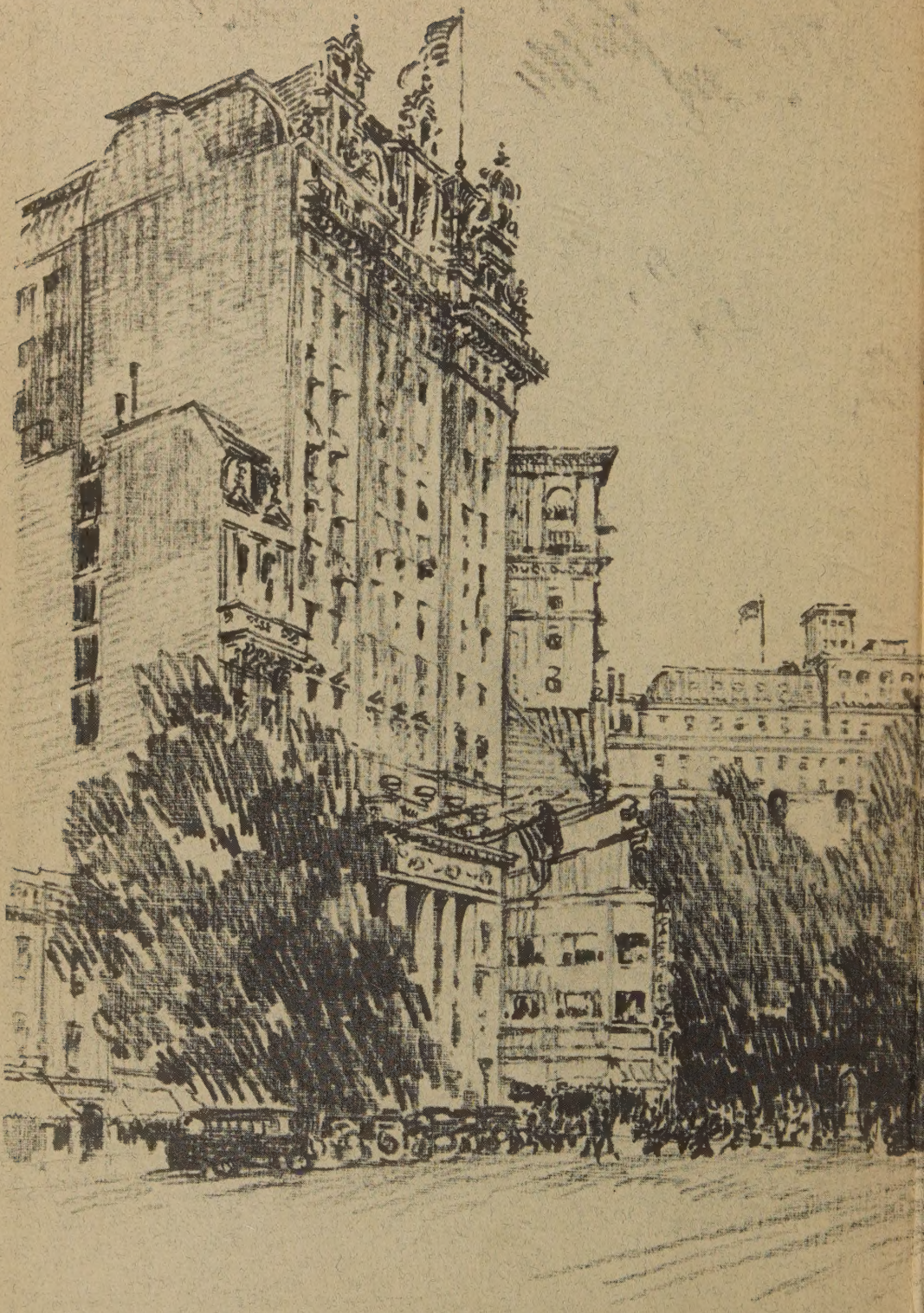

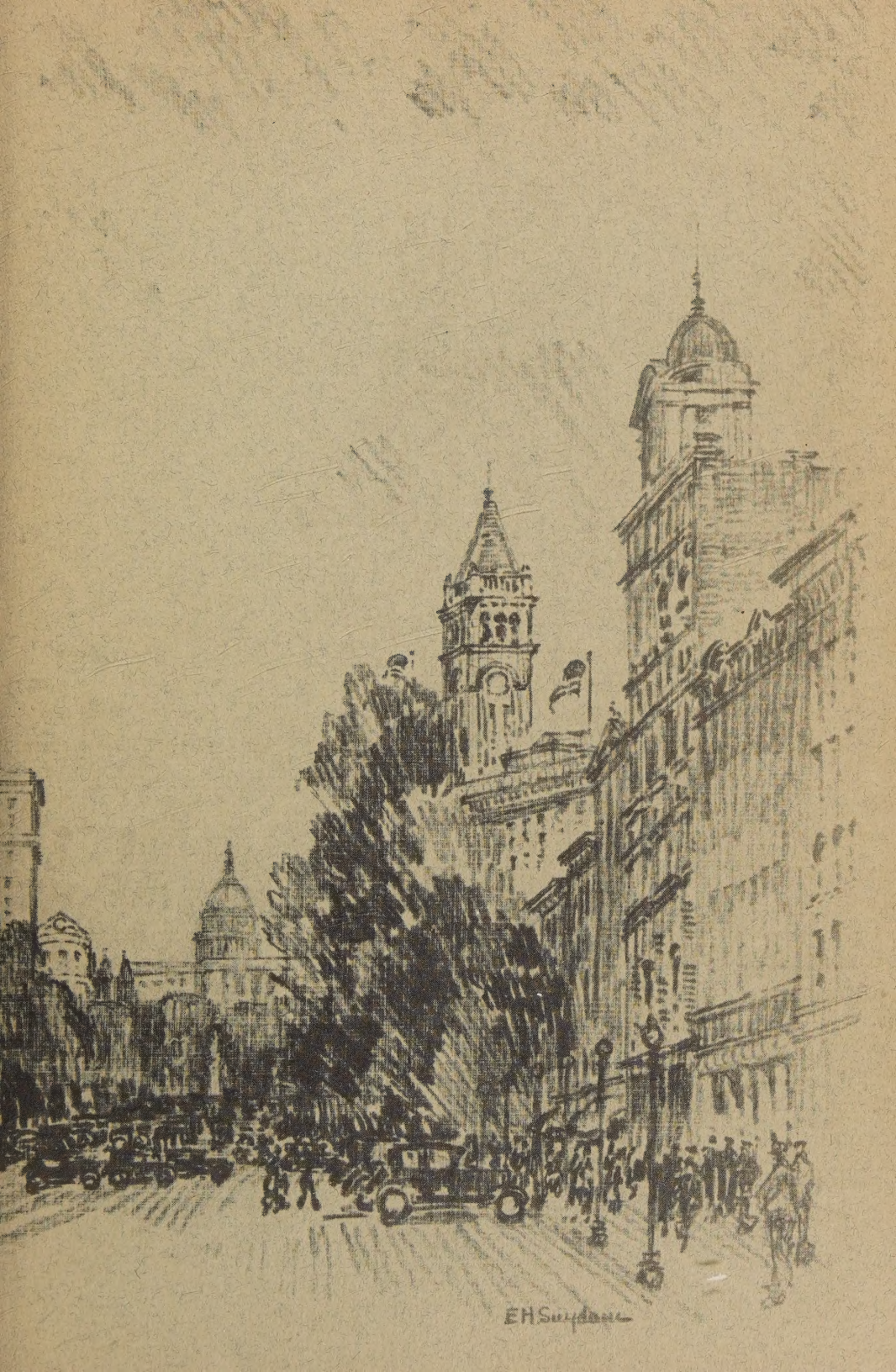
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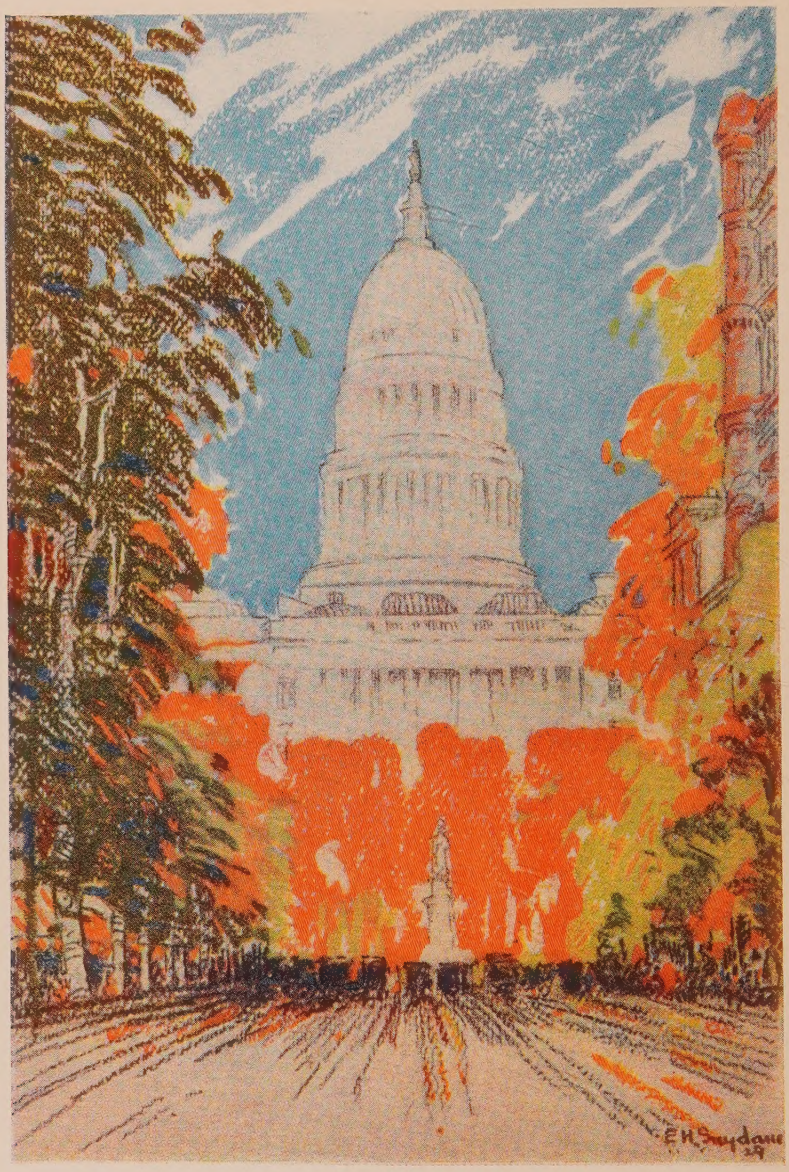

THE CAPITOL FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

WASHINGTON
PAST AND PRESENT

By

CHARLES MOORE

Illustrated by

E. H. SUYDAM

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TO

A. S. R.

CRITIC AND HELPER

PREFACE

WASHINGTON is the barometer of the nation, recording the temperament of the people of the United States. The unprecedented prosperity of the country is marked not only by a great expansion in public, semi-public, and private building, but also in an ever-increasing spirit of pride in the national capital and determination to make it expressive of the aspirations as well as the power and wealth of the nation.

This ideal actuated those who planned the capital. It was lost sight of for three quarters of a century, during the period when the very existence of the nation was at stake. Yet always there were devoted ones who kept the faith and followed the gleam. Following upon civil war came rapid expansion, but so much was required in civic economics that little attention could be bestowed on the amenities.

With the beginning of the second century of national capital life came the impulse to plan for a remote but assured future. Unity, orderliness, and beauty once more became the watchwords. Then in the wisdom of the Fathers of the Republic was found the incentive as

well as the justification of new plans based upon the old ones.

This book is an endeavor to interpret those new plans in the light of the past; to recall the struggles of successive generations, their successes, their discouragements, their perseverance, their present position in the midst of rapid changes, their hope for the future. That future is assured. The question now is one of steadiness, of sobriety, of obtaining permanent satisfaction.

Washington is a city to be enjoyed. Living is easier here and has more satisfactions than any other city in this country to offer to the stranger within its gates. But it is also a city of radical changes in personnel. Lack of continuity of purpose on the part of those in control of its destinies is a difficulty to be overcome. That difficulty is best met by an understanding of the fundamental plan and adherence to it, at least until some better plan has been determined upon.

Washington is a monumental city. Mr. Suydam in his drawings has caught the spirit of permanent things, the charm of the historic scenes now fast disappearing, and, with the architects, has even looked into the future. It has been a pleasure once again to be permitted to work in association with him.

Books about the city of Washington are like the leaves of Vallombrosa for number, each decade giving

its own interpretations of the figures in the kaleidoscope, and of the characters who cross the stage. It is amusing still to read the enthusiastic interpretations given to France and England by Dr. David Bailie Warden, our first consul in Paris, who was rewarded with membership in the Institute of France. Wilhelmus B. Bryan's monumental "History of the National Capital" is not likely to be superseded as a repository of facts; and Miss Helen Nicolay's "Our Capital on the Potomac" is sparkling, vivacious, and comprehensive, especially on the social side. The records of the Columbia Historical Society, and the monographs written by its president, Mr. Allen B. Clark, are among the most valuable sources of historical materials. And of course there are the inexhaustible manuscript materials in the Library of Congress.

C. M.

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Washington Past and Present

Chapter I

THE CITY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT used to say that he regarded the national capital as the city of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Lesser personages, he thought, should be contented with quite subordinate places. Lord Bryce, advising a pair of Americans who had been invited to visit the British universities during the World War, admonished them that the only American names their audiences would be certain to recognize were Washington and Lincoln.

At first these statements suggest limitations. Yet reflection shows that it is a supreme achievement for

a new nation to have produced two men who by their character no less than by their abilities have made their names synonyms for Freedom and for Union, the world around. That they stand together, their monuments vitally related to the chief buildings of the nation that the one founded and the other saved, gives to the capital city a great soul. One hears talk of putting a soul into the national capital. The soul is there if we ourselves would but seek it.

The visitor, be he American or foreigner, finds that the surest way to orient himself with the City of Washington is to take his stand on the west terrace of the Capitol. A mile and a quarter away rises the gleaming shaft of the Washington Monument; a mile beyond that he sees the contrasting horizontal lines of the white marble Lincoln Memorial set among the green trees. To the right of the monument, felt rather than seen, is the White House, the home of the Presidents. To the left is one last space as yet undeveloped, waiting for its appropriate monument perhaps to the founders of the Republic. The Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument, and the Lincoln Memorial—these are the focal points in the great central composition which gives to the City of Washington dignity, grandeur, unity, and beauty.

The Frenchman, recognizing at once the coherence of the general plan, will translate it in terms

THE OCTAGON, HOME OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

of Paris. On the main axis, Palais du Louvre; Jardin des Tuileries; Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk; Avenue des Champs-Elysées; Place de l'Étoile, with its diverging avenues; and on the cross axis the Church of the Madeleine on the north and the Chamber of Deputies on the south—a completed composition of the very highest order, such as no other city can show.

Perhaps the Englishman will imagine himself on the portico of St. Paul's, looking in the direction of Buckingham Palace, a distance a little less than that from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial; and yet within the two or more miles is the London the tourist knows. Perhaps, too, the Englishman will have some stirrings of regret that after the great fire of 1666 the plan made by Sir Christopher Wren, like that of Washington based on Paris precedents, was not then adopted, and only now is being slowly realized at great expense.

The good American, to whom the orderly arrangement of monumental buildings was first manifested at the Chicago Fair of 1893, still has his doubts. He is apt to be impatient over what he calls being chained to a plan. He wants freedom to do as he pleases—freedom even to do wrong. And yet he is very proud of his capital. It is his city, and he begrudges no expense to make it as fine as is humanly possible. To him it epitomizes the history of the nation. Its buildings

are places where his work is done; its parks are designed for his pleasure; its monuments commemorate his heroes. So by the millions each year he comes to Washington, and for his children establishes trips to the national capital as rewards of merit in the schools. The Long Island boy returning from such a visit said he had been in heaven—and was listened to with respect.

Next to the fundamental plan in a capital city comes the treatment of the river. The traveler thinks of the Thames in London, surging now down, now up with the strong tides; of its embankments each year growing in extent and beauty, and of the pleasant places on its upper reaches. Or of the Seine in Paris, with its bridges old and new, and its inviting quays. Years after Washington was planned, the first Napoleon determined to make Paris the capital of the world's taste—the city the world must visit. He began with the quays along the Seine.

One recalls the parting of the Danube at Vienna, in order to bring its swift waters to adorn the city. Then there are those miles of stone quays at Budapest —on the Pest side cleverly shared by commerce and pleasure, and on the Buda side ennobled by the palace-topped hills of living green. At Rome the closely confined Tiber winds its way between stone parapets, its slow waters reflecting the dome of St. Peter's or

the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Each river has its peculiar charm; and each city has seized upon the salient points, developing them with all the knowledge and care a beautiful and experienced woman bestows upon her person.

To-day the Washington waterfront is largely in chaos, but some day the Potomac River will flow between thirty miles of parks, from the cascades at the Great Falls, through the Palisades at the Little Falls, under the Memorial Bridge, and along the Mount Vernon Highway to the American Shrine. It is the history of all great rivers flowing through cities that in time the people seize upon their banks, expel or subordinate commercial uses, and develop them to purposes of adornment. Such is the manifest destiny of the Potomac, unless indeed the power trust shall accomplish its design of seizing it. Already the work is so well begun that the pattern can be traced.

It may be confessed that the color of the water is usually tawny, because it is accompanied by so much Maryland and Virginia silt. The Easterner and the Middle Westerner, used to the sparkle of the mountain streams or the crystalline waters of the Great Lakes, has to learn to appreciate the often muddy Potomac, unless perchance he first sees it when the sun, dipping behind the wooded hills of Arlington, turns the broad surface of the river to a glowing surface of molten

copper. Then his mind will be so filled with the supernal beauty of the Potomac that he will excuse its occasional shortcomings. Among those persons who are used to the Gulf of Mexico and the rivers of the South and West the yellow color is taken for granted.

To-day the surpassing charm of the Potomac is found when one drives along East Potomac Park and looks off down toward Mount Vernon. There is a wideness in the river like the wideness of the sea. When the hot day is done, with its petty strifes and puny ambitions, one feels the quiet of the far-off mist, and takes heart that behind that dim unknown is the resting place of *the unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.*

Washington built his personality into the structure of the city that bears his name. The contacts of Lincoln with the national capital are spiritual rather than physical. The places Lincoln touched have become shrines. The cottage at the Soldiers' Home where he sought rest and quiet after the day's work in the Executive Mansion is pointed out as a memorial of him. The Lincoln pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in which he sat to listen to the preaching of his friend Dr. Gurley may be used also by visitors; and the little room to which he often went alone and unobserved on prayer-meeting evenings is held sacred. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert T.

Lincoln, has rebuilt the church steeple in better fashion than ever it possessed; and Lincoln's granddaughter, Mrs. Isham, has added a chime of sweet bells that make music in the busy city. Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was assassinated, was the scene of a terrible tragedy three decades ago when the walls collapsed, killing many government clerks at work on the medical records of the Civil War. Across Tenth Street is the house in which Lincoln died, now owned by the Government and occupied as a museum administered by Mr. Oldroyd, who has gathered therein such mementos as the tourist delights to see. Representative Rathbone, whose father and mother (then about to be married) sat in the box with Lincoln on that fatal night, had started a movement in Congress to restore theater and house; but he died before the plans were matured. Fort Stevens, where the President exposed himself to the Confederate fire, has lately become a portion of the park system of the District and so offers a signal opportunity for historical development.

Slight as are these physical contacts, the spirit of Lincoln pervades the city to an only lesser degree than does that of Washington. This is due to his great character, and to the ideals of the perpetual union of the States and the freedom of all men. During the decades, his personal peculiarities have been swallowed

up in the victory of his life given wisely, unselfishly, wholly to the common people, whom he loved.

Washington has been transformed during the past twenty-five years. The Grant administration marks the change from a straggling village to a modern city. The Roosevelt administration marks the beginnings of a unified, well-ordered national capital. Twenty-five years ago only the new Corcoran Gallery faced the President's Park; now Memorial Continental Hall, the Pan American with its Old World gardens, and the Red Cross complete a group which that lover of architecture, Viscount Lee of Fareham, calls the finest anywhere.

President Coolidge while yet Vice-President of the United States made himself familiar with the Washington plan, and when he entered the White House one of his first acts was to lay before Congress a well-considered project for the orderly and progressive construction of needed public buildings. He gave General Lord, Director of the Budget, to understand that above armaments was the making of a beautiful capital city. President Coolidge's message met the quick response of a willing Congress, under the leadership of Senator Smoot and Representative Elliott. With one accord, without party distinction, Congress provided ample means to purchase lands according to the plan, and the execution of the vast building proj-

ect was intrusted to Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose enthusiasm is guided by knowledge and judgment.

Beauty is but the sign and symbol of the inner life. If there be a lack in the Washington of to-day, it is our lack of consideration for those things that make for the highest civilization. Washington to-day is a great center of free government. It is undoubtedly a social center. It is also a scientific center of the first order—due to the action of the Government in promoting scientific research along lines of utility. But who will be so bold as to maintain that in the fine arts: sculpture, painting, or literature—in the flowers of civilization—Washington is comparable with London or Paris or Rome, or the old-time Vienna? The Corcoran, with its lately acquired treasures; the Freer Gallery, with its unrivaled collection of Far Eastern art; and the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge concerts at the Library of Congress—these are beginnings, lights that reveal darkness.

Why should not the capital of the nation become also the intellectual center for the men and women called from homes throughout the land to do the nation's business for a short or a longer time? With encouragement the philanthropist will seek Washington as a field in which to plan and carry out benefactions such as shall make it a capital of taste and culture.

Every denizen of Washington, every visitor, should be able to go home to his people and say, "Thus it is done in the City of Washington, therefore it must be right."

Too often one hears the phrase glibly spoken that Washington is the most beautiful capital in the world. Fortunately, the statement is a long way from the truth. The possibilities are very great; the present actualities are compounded of high special achievements, of many mistakes, and of crudities in matters of taste. When one looks back over the history of a century and a quarter, one has confidence in the future. But there is to-day the same need for devotion to ideals, the same scorn of compromise on essentials, the same confidence in the future that characterized the founders of the Republic.

So far from being a finished city to sit back and enjoy, Washington is a great opportunity for the exercise of thought, knowledge, taste, and steady work in the public interest. A glorious company of idealists has brought it to its present heights; but there is aplenty of work still to be done. President Charles W. Eliot, in a letter to the American Institute of Architects, in 1905, wrote:

> When a country gets rich and strong, industrially and commercially, the first way in which its wealth should be visibly expressed is in its architecture. Noble buildings

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

should rise for public and private purposes, and around these buildings parks and gardens should be created. A republic should not remain behind monarchies and empires in this artistic development. On the contrary, it should gain much from the fact that the great mass of the people feels a strong sense of ownership in the republic's constructions. The great danger of free institutions in this respect is the danger that the public wealth should increase earlier or faster than the public taste and the public confidence in the real artists.

President Hoover, speaking at Secretary Mellon's presentation of the new plans for the development of the area south of Pennsylvania Avenue, on April 25, 1929, went straight to the essence when he began by saying that the movement was "more than merely the making of a beautiful city. By its dignity and architectural inspiration we stimulate pride in our country, we encourage that elevation of thought and character which comes from great architecture. . . . It is on this national stage that the great drama of our political life has been played. Here were fought the political battles that tested the foundations of our Government. We face similar problems of our time, and here centuries hence some other Americans will face the great problems of their time. For our tasks and their tasks there is need of a daily inspiration of surroundings that suggest not only the traditions of the past but the greatness of the future."

Chapter II

SAVING THE UNION AND LOCATING THE CAPITAL

THEY sadly misread history who see in the location of the nation's capital on the banks of the Potomac only the clever bargain of two scheming politicians, Hamilton and Jefferson. The two men were merely the representatives of forces greater than themselves, and as statesmen they brought those forces into equilibrium.

Hamilton and the commercial North stood for a strong, centralized government based on the assumption by the nation of the state debts incurred to win the Revolution; also he saw the necessity of a national bank as a creator of credit. Jefferson and the agricul-

tural South feared an oligarchy of wealth no less than the monarchy so lately cast off. The location of the capital on the Potomac, they thought, would be a means of escape from the control of legislators and legislation by the commercial interests of the North. The South feared the old struggle between city and country told of by Cornelius Nepos, an author familiar to every American statesman of that day.

Behind all was saving the Union, the very existence of which was threatened by failure to agree on fundamental matters. Mr. Jefferson has told the story in his own engaging fashion. As we read his account we can visualize that scene on Cherry Street, New York City, when the excitable Hamilton walked the coolly calculating Jefferson back and forth before the President's house. The assumption of the state debts had been lost in the House of Representatives by a narrow margin. All business in New York was suspended.

The Eastern members particularly, who, with Smith of South Carolina, were the principal gamblers in these scenes, threatened secession and dissolution. Hamilton was in despair. As I was going to the President's one day, I met him in the street. He walked me backwards and forwards before the President's door for half an hour. He painted pathetically the temper into which the legislature had been wrought; the disgust of those who were called the creditor

States, the danger of the secession of their members, and the separation of the States.

He observed that the members of the administration ought to act in concert; that though this question was not in my department, yet a common duty made it a common concern; that the President was the center on which all administrative questions ultimately rested, and that all of us should rally around him and support, with joint efforts, the measures proposed by him; and that the question having been lost by a small majority only, it was probable that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of government now suspended might be again set in motion.

I told him I was really a stranger to the whole subject; that not having yet informed myself of the system of finance adopted, I knew not how far this was a necessary sequence; that undoubtedly if its rejection endangered a dissolution of the Union at this incipient stage I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded.

I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. I could take no part in it but an exhortatory one, because I was a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it. But it was finally agreed to, that whatever importance

BUILDINGS ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concert among the States was more important, and that therefore it would be better that the vote of rejection be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes.

But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had been before a proposition to fix the Seat of Government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this the influence he had established over the Eastern members, with the agency of Robert Morris, with those of the Middle States, effected his side of the agreement, and so the assumption was passed.

Indeed, the old Congress had enough of meeting wherever the exigencies of war or the convenience of members dictated. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York had each in their turn, and from a variety of considerations, harbored the harassed members, who were willing enough but quite unable to make bricks without straw. In the Constitutional Con-

vention presided over by General Washington, Madison had framed that portion of Section VIII, Article I, of the Constitution of the United States which declares that Congress shall have power "To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of Government of the United States," and "To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers." Such is the brief charter of the District of Columbia, assented to by the convention apparently without debate.

The first Congress convened in New York April 6, 1789, and on May 15 and 16 Virginia and Maryland respectively made proffer of lands for the seat of government. On July 16, 1790, by a vote of 32 to 29, the House passed the act "establishing the temporary and permanent seat of Government in the United States," in accordance with the Hamilton-Jefferson agreement. For ten years the Government was to enjoy the hospitality of Philadelphia, "and then go to the Indian place with the long name, on the Potomac," meaning the Conococheague, which stream was named as the northern limit of selection. President Washington was empowered to fix the exact site and to appoint three commissioners to lay out and

build the city—a difficult task which Congress was only too ready to load on his broad shoulders.

With deliberative intent the elective franchise was not to be exercised by residents in the Federal District. Such a denial would not be possible in a commercial city, where disturbances calling for redress might occur at any time. The fathers believed (and said) that there would be excitement enough attending the ordinary business of legislation, without adding thereto the turmoil and strife of popular elections. Moreover, in a city all their own the government officials could enjoy a high scale of living at less cost than in a wealthy commercial city.

Then, too, an original city could be planned for public buildings with ample grounds, such as would be impossible in an established metropolis. The whole Federal City "should be, as it were, one great building, of which the streets would be passages, the public edifices the halls, and the private ones the rooms."

Such were the practical, well-considered reasons, drawn from experience, that led the founders of the Republic to create a capital city wholly under Federal control. They regarded the absolute independence of the Government and its freedom from even local annoyance to be a paramount consideration. It is true, Congress for three quarters of a century tried one form of government after another, each with some

small measure of local authority. Unfortunately, however, the object of Congress was to rid the Government of the expense of the local government, on which that body imposed burdens too heavy to be borne.

What Washington himself dreamed as to the future of the Federal City can only be inferred from what he did. He wasted no time in putting dreams on paper. From his Diaries would-be readers turn away because they are not interested in weather conditions during the latter part of the eighteenth century, or the details of breeding horses and hounds. Washington kept diaries for his own guidance, not for the entertainment of posterity. His letters, too, deal with facts rather than theories. But from these very facts, from his own motto—*Exitus acta probat*—one gets a pretty clear idea of his intense love for and pride in the city that was to hand his name down to posterity. As the work of building progressed, he became enthusiastic, looking forward to the day when the city "should be not so large as London, indeed, but quite the equal of other European capitals." This result, he expected, would come from the improvement of the navigation of the Potomac; for through his whole life he never wavered in his belief that the commercial entrance to the rich and fertile back-country would be up that river.

So firm was his conviction, that he gave toward the

endowment of a University of the United States the shares in the Potomac Company granted to him by the State of Maryland. He had such an institution deeply at heart. To him it appeared desirable to have the youth of the land come from every section to the nation's capital, here to remove the narrow prejudices of sectionalism and to learn by seeing Congress in action the principles of democracy. Happy will it be when the educational facilities in this city are crystallized, marshaled, and made available for systematic higher education.

Washington was not the only town-planner to find that a plan on paper is one thing and its execution quite a different matter. He not only gathered into his own body the spears and arrows caused by the neglect, cupidity, and inefficiency of those whose task it was to build the city; but also he was called upon to put a good face on the matter of their shortcomings, in order to defeat the wiles of the Philadelphians, who were determined to keep the seat of government in their own city. He dared not give those enemies of the District a handle by asking Congress for money for public buildings that Philadelphia stood ready to furnish; and when London and Amsterdam and the United States Bank all refused loans, he appealed to the Maryland Assembly—happily not in vain.

In order to show his own faith in the future of the

capital of the United States, he purchased lots on the Eastern Branch, to hearten the Carrollsburg people; and again bought others at the Georgetown end, to prevent the Hamburg owners from being jealous. He proposed to build wharves on the Anacostia property; he planned to locate his own house not far from the White House. He looked forward to building in this town a fine home, surrounded by ample gardens, as a resting place for his last years. Meantime, he built on North Capitol Street a double house for the accommodation of members of Congress; and this he did to stimulate private building, because he feared the reaction that would come if members of Congress found poor lodgings and especially, as he says, a poor table. He had to sacrifice western lands in order to scrape together the $16,000 which the houses cost; but he spared no expense, and even suggested a pediment, dormer windows, stone trimmings, and other extravagances, to bring the structure up to the highest standards of taste.

As settlement progressed, Washington came to have many friends in the Federal City, with whom he dined and lodged during his frequent visits. There were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peter, who then lived at 2618 K Street. Mrs. Peter was a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. In 1814 the Peters built stately Tudor Place in Georgetown, where their daughter,

Mrs. Beverly Kennon, lived until her death, at the age of ninety-six years, and where her grandson, Armistead Peter, now dwells.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Law. He was a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, with an Indian past, who married Elizabeth Parke Custis, the eldest of Mrs. Washington's granddaughters. During Washington's lifetime no clouds hovered over that household; but eventually she was gay and he became morose, perhaps owing to the backwardness of his Federal City speculations. The result was that he took up his residence in Vermont for the purpose of securing from the legislature of that State a divorce from his wife. For a number of years Mrs. Custis and Mr. Law went their several ways. President Washington, during his later years, had come into ever closer business relations with Mr. Law; and he was fond of the sprightly Betsy, even while demurring at her exuberance.

Then there was William Thornton, the West Indian Englishman who designed the Capitol, and who became a District Commissioner and afterward the first Commissioner of Patents. Thornton designed The Octagon, Tudor Place, and Woodlawn. Then, too, in 1794 Washington's secretary, Tobias Lear, established himself in Georgetown, with English, Scotch, and Dutch business connections. Washington

offered him a commissionership, but the offer was not accepted. Lear was employed as Washington's agent in various business enterprises. To Lear's son, Lincoln, Washington gave a lottery ticket, expressing the hope that it would draw the proposed Capital Hotel; but alas! it drew only ten dollars. The Lears were always welcome visitors at Mount Vernon, and a real affection existed for them on the part of the Washington household.

George Washington took a vital, personal, practical interest in the capital. He was acquainted with its people; they were his friends, his neighbors. He knew how to deal with them. And they on their part revered and trusted him; for experience had made them absolutely confident that he worked and planned and dreamed for no personal advantage but solely for the public good. People are quick to detect pretense and self-seeking; and even if contemporaries are misled, posterity is sure to find out the shortcomings of public men. Tried by any standard and all time, Washington has the tributes of the world's critics as well as its thinkers.

Looking back over the history of a hundred and thirty years, one can discover a steady progress toward an ideal—the national capital, a city exclusively governmental in its purposes, maintained primarily for the convenience of public servants, supplied with

everything that ministers to their health, happiness, and general well-being; a city in which the humanities flourish and the highest satisfactions of life may be enjoyed.

Chapter III

L'ENFANT AND THE PLAN OF WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON naturally was called by Congress to locate and plan the Federal City. He knew the territory. As a boy he had planned the town of Alexandria, which at his request had been included in the Federal District, on account of its commercial possibilities. It is fortunate for us of to-day that he made the main street of Alexandria so straight and so wide as to fit it to become a link in the Mount Vernon Highway, for which Congress has provided in anticipation of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth.

Congress authorized the President to appoint three

commissioners, who, under his direction, were to survey the Ten Miles Square and provide suitable buildings for the accommodation of Congress and of the President and for public offices. The buildings were to be ready for occupancy before the first Monday in December, 1800, the day of the month Congress had selected for its annual meeting, out of deference to the farmers and their planting.[1]

Washington summoned Jefferson and Madison to Mount Vernon to discuss the exact location of the Federal City and then asked them to stop at Gunston Hall to get George Mason's opinions. Mr. Mason was a large landowner on the Virginia side, and while he and Washington usually agreed on fundamentals, they often differed as to the course of action. In this instance, however, all four agreed that the Federal City should be located on the Potomac between Rock Creek and the Eastern Branch (Anacostia); and the act was amended to include Alexandria in the District, with the proviso that public buildings should be located on the Maryland side of the river.

Washington's next steps were to have the Ten Miles Square surveyed by the Geographer General of the United States, Andrew Ellicott, and to have two of his trusted friends in Georgetown get options

[1] Residence Act of July 9, 1790.

on the land as if they were buying for themselves. Meantime, Washington himself had begun negotiations with the seventeen original proprietors of the lands to be included in the city proper. To plan the Federal Town, as it was called, Washington selected a young French engineer who had applied for the work, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, whom the President instructed to begin surveys along the Eastern Branch in order to bring to terms the proprietors nearer Georgetown, who had "refused to accommodate." All of L'Enfant's instructions came directly from Washington, or from Jefferson acting under the President's direction. He reported to Jefferson twice a week, by order. Naturally, therefore, he regarded them as his clients, to use the modern phrase. Nothing had been arranged as to his salary, but his expenses were to be paid by the mayor of Georgetown.

Major L'Enfant arrived on March 9, 1791, having come by stage, on foot, and on horseback. The mayor had not been advised of his employment, but was helpful. Through incessant rain and heavy mist, the Major rode along the Potomac and up Goose (Tiber) and Rock Creeks. All he could hope to do before the arrival of the President on March 28 was to make a rough drawing in pencil of the several surveys.

On Sunday, March 27, 1791, President Washington left Annapolis "under a discharge of artillery" and

(attended by Governor Housard, Chancellor Hanson, and many gentlemen of the Maryland capital to the South River ferry) "proceeded on his way to George-Town," stopping for the night at Bladensburg. Leaving that tobacco port at 6:30 Monday morning, a drive of an hour and a half brought him to Georgetown, under the escort of the principal citizens. There he met the new commissioners whom he had appointed under the provisions of the Residence Law: Governor Johnson, Dr. David Stuart, and Daniel Carroll. After examining the surveys of the Ten Miles Square made by Andrew Ellicott, "and also the works of Majr L'Enfant, who had been engaged to examine and make a draught of the grds. in the vicinity of George-Town, and Carrollsburg on the Eastern Branch," he attended a dinner given at Suter's tavern (where he also lodged) by the mayor and corporation. On Tuesday, in a thick mist, he set out at seven o'clock with the commissioners to make a personal examination of the site of the Federal City, but "derived no great satisfaction from the reviews."

Finding the interests of the Landholders about George-Town and those about Carrollsburgh much at variance, and that the fears and jealousies of each were counteracting the public purposes and might prove injurious to its best interests, while if properly managed they might be made to subserve it, I requested them to meet me at six

o'clock this afternoon at my lodgings, which they accordingly did.

To this meeting I represented that the contention in which they seemed engaged did not in my opinion comport either with the public interest or that of their own; that while each party was aiming to obtain the public buildings, they might by placing the matter on a contracted scale, defeat the measure altogether; not only by procrastination but for the want of the means necessary to effect the work; That neither the offer from George-Town or Carrollsburgh, separately, was adequate to the end of insuring the object. That both together did not comprehend more ground nor would afford greater means than was required by the Federal City; and that, instead of contending which of the two should have it they had better by combining more offers make a common cause of it, and thereby secure it to the district; other arguments were used to show the danger which might result from delay and the good effects that might proceed from a Union.[1]

The landholders, having slept on the matter, saw the propriety of the President's observations—"and that while they were contending for the shadow they might lose the substance." Therefore they "mutually agreed to surrender for public purposes one-half of the lands they severally possessed within the bounds designated as necessary for the city, to stand with some other stipulations, which were inserted in the instrument which they respectively subscribed."

[1] Washington's Diaries, IV, p. 153.

"This business being thus happily finished and some directions given to the Commissioners, the Surveyor and Engineer with respect to the mode of laying out the district—Surveying the grounds for the City and forming them into lots, I left Georgetown, dined in Alexandria and reached Mount Vernon in the evening." Before setting out from Georgetown the President signed a proclamation defining the boundaries of the Ten Miles Square and directing the commissioners to have the lines surveyed.

As a preliminary to his task, L'Enfant asked Jefferson for the maps of London, Madrid, Paris, Amsterdam, Naples, Venice, Genoa, Florence. "Notwithstanding," he writes to the Secretary, "I would reprobate the idea of imitating, it is my wish and shall be my endeavor to delineate on a new and original way the plan, the contrivance of which the President has left to me without any restriction soever"; yet he considered the maps useful for suggestion of new ideas, "and to refine and strengthen the judgment, particularly in the present instance, when having to unite the useful with the commodious and agreeable."

Washington must have had difficulty in following the intricacies of the young Frenchman's mind as expressed in imperfect English. But he knew that the engineer he had selected was the most competent man for the task, and that he was on the right track.

Jefferson, too, was "happy that the President had left the planning of the city in such good hands." Meantime, the question of ways and means was more pressing than the plan itself.

For commissioners Washington selected three men whom he could trust: Governor Thomas Johnson of Frederick, Maryland, to whom afterward he offered the position of Secretary of State; Dr. David Stuart of Hope Park, within visiting distance of Mount Vernon; and Daniel Carroll of Rock Creek, whose farm was close by, and who might be relied upon to give attention to details. Washington urged the commissioners to remove to the Federal City; but they could not well do so. They received no salaries, and there were no places in which to live. Governor Johnson was a busy lawyer; David Stuart had married Eleanor Calvert Custis, the widow of Mrs. Washington's only son; he had a large estate, twenty miles away, under high cultivation, and was further engaged in bringing up an annually increasing family. Twenty children were born to Eleanor Calvert, sixteen of whom had Dr. Stuart for father.[1] Carroll had many wealthy relatives among the landowners, and they caused him embarrassment because he rarely could satisfy them.

[1] Professor Calvert Magruder of the Harvard Law School, and the Rev. D. R. Magruder of Hingham, Massachusetts, are great-grandsons of the twentieth child, a daughter.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT THIRTEENTH STREET

It was the duty of the commissioners to obtain from the sale of lots as laid out on L'Enfant's plan the money to lay out and develop the city and also to construct the public buildings. Hence the necessity of the closest coöperation between business men pressed for time and an artist to whom time was not the essence of a contract. On President Washington's return from his southern tour Major L'Enfant took to Mount Vernon (probably on June 22, 1791) his first tentative plan of the Federal City. On June 27 Washington again "went out with Major L'Enfant and Ellicott to take a more perfect view of the ground in order to decide finally on the spots on which to place the public buildings." The next day the plan of the city was shown to the landowners, "in order to convey to them a general idea . . . and it was with much pleasure that a general approbation seemed to pervade the whole." [1] On this day the original proprietors completed signing the deeds conveying their land to the public, a result reached only after great patience and tact on the President's part. Two of the largest owners were Robert Peter, whose son, four years later, married Mrs. Washington's second granddaughter; and the other was David Burnes, a Scotchman, whom at first Washington found obdurate. Later he became one of the best friends of the city, and he was also the

[1] Washington's Diaries.

largest beneficiary, many of the others not having his patience or sagacity to reap profits. The Burnes property is now included in the present grounds of the White House and the Pan American Building. From the owners Washington obtained "the cession of their lands to the public on condition that when the whole shall be surveyed and laid off as a city (which Major L'Enfant is now directed to do) the present proprietors shall retain every other lot, and for such land as may be taken for public use, for squares, walks, etc., they shall be allowed at the rate of £25 per acre." Nothing was to be allowed for streets. Jefferson called the acquisition "truly noble."

At a meeting in Philadelphia on August 28 the plan was discussed with President Washington, Secretary Jefferson, and Representative Madison, and was then approved by the President. This is the plan (faded and battered) now in the map division of the Library of Congress, from which the Coast and Geodetic Survey plan usually reproduced was engraved. Jefferson and Madison had a conference with the commissioners on September 8, at which it was decided that the name should be the City of Washington in the District of Columbia.

The first sale of lots, on October 17 and 19, 1791, was fairly satisfactory as to prices. L'Enfant, through no fault of his own, was unable to furnish engraved

copies of his plan; and, further, he declined to show his own copy, because of a feeling that he had a better scheme for sales than the commissioners had.

Whence came this unique plan for a capital city designed by L'Enfant and immediately approved by all who saw it? For more than a century and a quarter it has maintained its preëminence, and never has it exercised greater authority than it does to-day. Did it spring fully matured from the brain of the French engineer and architect of forty-five years? In one sense it did, but behind it was long tradition, together with heredity and environment on the author's part.

L'Enfant was born in Paris August 2, 1754, the son of an Academician who was "Painter in ordinary to the King in his Manufacture of the Gobelins," with a turn for landscape and especially for battles, as the collections at Versailles and Tours still testify. The young man was trained as an engineer, and in 1777, at the age of twenty-three, he obtained a commission as a volunteer lieutenant in the French colonial troops, serving at his own expense. "He sailed for America," M. Jusserand relates, "on one of those ships belonging to Beaumarchais's mythical firm of 'Hortales and Co.'; a firm whose cargoes consisted in soldiers and ammunition for the insurgents, and which was as much a product of the dramatist's brain as Figaro himself." He preceded Lafayette by a month. As a

captain of engineers, he proved his valor in battles about Charleston, was wounded, was included in the capitulation, and exchanged. He was made a major in 1782. He was "artist extraordinary" to the army, drawing likenesses (including one of Washington at Valley Forge), decorating ball-rooms, building banquet-halls. Then by a turn he became drillmaster, like Steuben, training raw American levies.

When peace came he made a brief visit to France to see his father (who died in 1787) and, incidentally, to establish the Society of the Cincinnati in France and procure the gold eagles he had designed as insignia of the organization. Then he returned to remodel the New York City Hall for the reception of the first Congress of the United States.

L'Enfant was an artist. When he received a commission he made the finest design his trained mind could conceive. The question of expense was quite a secondary consideration. The Cincinnati raised $1,548 to pay his extraordinary entertainment expenses in France; the remodeling of the City Hall cost twice the estimates—but was regarded as worth the expenditure, plus the freedom of the city and ten acres of land near Provost Lane. The latter gift L'Enfant, like an artist, declined—and thereby missed a fortune.

All these things Washington knew when he selected L'Enfant to design the Federal City. The President

wanted the finest plan that could be made. The question of expense was a bridge to be crossed when reached. The real question, then, is as to what L'Enfant knew about planning a city and whence his ideas came. Here one walks circumspectly. He claimed that his plan was original; and so it was in the sense that it was copied from the plan of no existing city. The fundamental elements of the plan, however, had been practised in France for a century before L'Enfant made them the basis of a larger and more comprehensive composition than ever had been realized up to that time.

It is true that the Paris of 1790 was still a compact walled city, with dirty, crowded, narrow, winding streets. But Paris beyond the walls was growing according to the plans prepared nearly a century before (to city-planners centuries are as years!) by the architects of Louis XIV. That king's vision and ambition called forth plans for a new city. In the open fields, sooner or later certain to be transformed into streets and avenues, the architects of the Grand Monarch drew the central axis of Paris, much as L'Enfant planned the Mall. "Straight, vast in width and unlimited in length, this avenue passed entirely through open country, with scarcely a dozen buildings throughout its entire extent. To the city-builders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Louis XIV, Colbert, Le Nôtre, Blondel, and the Academy of

Architects—Paris owes those vast reaches of avenue and boulevard which are today the crowning features of the most beautiful of cities. The Paris of their day was indeed a crowded, congested city; but the Paris they conceived and laid out in the deserts and waste places was the widespreading, well-adorned and convenient city in which today all the world takes delight. The Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, the Invalides, and the great axial avenue from the garden of the Tuileries to the Place de l'Etoile—all existed on paper decades before they were finally realized." Paris grew into the plan of the architects of Louis XIV as Washington is growing into the plan of L'Enfant.

Then, there was Versailles, with its palace and gardens and fountains, its rond-points and its vistas and basins, laid out and used as the capital city of Louis XIV. Here Fiske Kimball (a thoroughly competent student of the history of American architecture) finds the origin of the plan of Washington, in so far at least as cardinal principles are concerned.

Did L'Enfant's ambitious plan for the capital of this new nation (published in magazines throughout Europe) spur on Napoleon I to begin the transformation of Paris by opening the Rue de Rivoli, creating the Rue Napoleon (Rue de la Paix) in the axis of the Place Vendôme, clearing the Seine bridges of superstructures and building three new ones, constructing

thousands of meters of new quays, making sidewalks, lighting the city at midnight, and locating on sites prepared by Louis XIV the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile (finished by Louis Philippe), the Arc du Carrousel, and the Column Vendôme? Great ideas have the wings of seeds. L'Enfant may have given back to France as much as he took from France.

L'Enfant was long maturing in his mind the plan he so quickly put on paper. In September, 1789, while yet the idea of creating a capital city was still in the air, he wrote to President Washington asking to be employed to design "the Capital of this vast Empire."

"No nation," wrote L'Enfant, "ever before had the opportunity offered to them of deliberately deciding upon the spot where their Capital City should be fixed, or of considering every necessary consideration in the choice of situation; and although the means now within the power of the Country are not such as to pursue the design to any great extent, it will be obvious that the plan should be drawn on such a scale as to leave room for that aggrandizement and embellishment which the increase of the wealth of the nation will permit it to pursue at any period however remote."

With such lofty ideas and such success in putting them on paper, with a tentative commission not only to plan the city but also to design its chief public buildings, how happened it that the entire period of

his employment was but one year from March 1, 1791? The cause of the trouble is clear enough when one comes to consider facts and circumstances. L'Enfant should not have been called upon to execute his own plans. His past record showed that he had none of the qualifications of a contractor—to hire men to cut and grade roads and quarry stone, while at the same time his mind was occupied with designing and map-making, working sometimes in Washington and often in Philadelphia. Then, too, President Washington and Secretary Jefferson were at fault in not clearly defining L'Enfant's position. He had reason to believe that he was working directly for them, when suddenly he was told that his masters were the commissioners. It is no wonder Dr. Stuart wrote to the President that the Treasury itself would not have been able to supply the funds called for by L'Enfant, when all that time the commissioners themselves were limited by funds received from the sale of lots.

It is easy to put the blame on L'Enfant's artistic temperament coming up against a set of hard-minded commissioners; but that does injustice to both sides. The crisis came after L'Enfant ordered pulled down a house that Daniel Carroll of Duddington persisted in building on a site L'Enfant had marked as one of the points for a great display of fountains on Capitol Hill. Washington tried his best to accommodate mat-

ters, while at the same time regretting that L'Enfant in this and other instances was acting in arbitrary fashion. Jefferson was a stickler for Mr. Carroll's legal rights, which in his mind evidently superseded the importance of the plan.

It is a long, perennial story. L'Enfant, not willing to subordinate himself to the commissioners, withdrew from the work to which he had given head and heart and soul. He refused the compensation of $2,500 proposed to him at the instance of Washington, who himself never took compensation for public services, and when Congress twice made appropriations for L'Enfant, his creditors were the only gainers. It must have been some satisfaction to L'Enfant, however, that when Dr. William Thornton became one of the commissioners he exerted himself to the utmost in cutting streets, building bridges, and laying out squares according to the L'Enfant plan, thereby fixing it firmly on the ground.

On April 8, 1909, in the presence of President Taft, many government officials, Ambassador Jusserand, and a great gathering of citizens, a ceremony was held in the rotunda of the Capitol. The remains of L'Enfant, which since his death in 1825 had reposed in an unmarked grave on the estate of the Digges family, were taken first to the Capitol and then to the Arlington National Cemetery, and placed in front of the

Arlington Mansion, on the height overlooking the City of Washington. Three years later the American Institute of Architects marked the burial place with a monument designed by W. W. Bosworth. President Taft and Senator Root made addresses, paying tribute to the genius of the French artist, and expressing the debt posterity owes to him.

Chapter IV

CONGRESS AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Pennsylvania Avenue, as the shortest distance between the Capitol and the President's House, obviously was, and is, the key to the street system of Washington. Moreover, always Congress has had a particular regard for that thoroughfare, even though at times the legislative body has resorted to strange ways of showing favor.

Recognizing the importance of making a beginning, the city authorities in 1792 ordered a roadway with "a breadth of two perches in the middle of the avenue from the President's Palace to the Capitol"; but it was not until the autumn of 1796 that David Burnes

was notified that, his crops having been harvested, there was no longer reason for delaying the improvement of the thoroughfare. Yet when the Congress assembled in the new capital, in December, 1800, woodchoppers were clearing the forest trees on what is known as The Avenue, which in part was "a deep morass covered with elderbushes." There was a short sidewalk made of stone chips from the Capitol. Then, being truly ambitious and energetic, the commissioners ordered a footway six feet wide, of flat stone, from Rock Creek to the Capitol, with ditches to carry the water from the side streets. Preparatory to graveling the thoroughfare, owners of brickyards were ordered to remove them at once. A stone bridge was built across Tiber Creek at Second Street, where it meandered its way across Pennsylvania Avenue; and a wooden bridge across Rock Creek to extend Pennsylvania Avenue into Georgetown.

President Jefferson divided The Avenue into three lanes bordered by four rows of Lombardy poplars, using for this purpose alone one quarter of the appropriation of 1803. For thirty years The Avenue remained as Jefferson laid it out. In summer, dust flew; in winter, mud seemed bottomless; but the trees gave dignity and a touch of formal beauty.

Over this mile and a quarter President Jefferson, attended by his secretary and groom, rode to the Sen-

ate to deliver his second inaugural message; and on his return from the Capitol, senators and representatives, members of the diplomatic corps, visitors of distinction, mechanics from the navy-yard with a band of music, and civic organizations followed the President to the "palace," where he received the large throng who came to offer congratulations. Such was the first of the inaugural processions that every four years draw the people of the country to Washington, regardless of the proverbial storms of March 4.

About 1817, Congress, in order to avoid paying for sidewalks in front of government property, began to sell at auction those reservations along Pennsylvania Avenue between First and Seventh Streets which it is now paying tens of millions of dollars to recover as sites for Secretary Mellon's triangle group of public buildings. At that time opposition to sidewalks along The Avenue came from the all-powerful hack-drivers, who feared lest such walks should ruin their business! Down to 1830 these gentry prevented a public omnibus line to Georgetown.[1]

Next, Congress, in a burst of generosity toward the District, provided for macadamizing (to a width of eighty feet) Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol

[1] "A History of the National Capital from its foundation through the period of the adoption of the Organic Act." By Wilhelmus Bogart Bryan; 1916, Vol. II, p. 18.

to and down Seventeenth Street, at the same time substituting elms for poplars; and apologized for such friendliness toward the people of the capital city by saying that the expenditure was really for the benefit of its own members and the officers of government.

In 1846 the residents of that portion of Virginia which the Commonwealth had ceded to become a portion of the District of Columbia became tired of the neglect of Congress to provide for the development of that territory, which could boast of only two public buildings—a court-house and a jail. Alexandria was a thriving town, with an energetic newspaper, the owner of which led a movement for retrocession, alleging as proof of neglect that no congressman was ever seen in Alexandria—when he was sober.

Among those who joined the retrocession party was George Washington Parke Custis, whose mansion, Arlington House, dominated the City of Washington. Congress was willing enough to permit the secession if the residents so desired, and for two days an election was held in that portion of the District, during which fewer than a thousand votes were cast, a decisive vote being given for retrocession. Thereupon the decision was duly celebrated by a parade with appropriate speeches.

There has always been a lurking suspicion that the legislation was unconstitutional, but there has been

no legal way discovered of testing the matter in the courts, and it has been generally accepted. Since the World War, however, the area has been filled by people largely dependent on the Government, and the threatened improvements along the ten or more miles of Potomac River front have led to a feeling that the retrocession had proved a mistake, perhaps to be rectified at some future time. The highway to Mount Vernon and the proposed purchase of the Palisades of the Potomac to Great Falls have brought into question the control of the territory, with no solution of the problem in sight.

President Van Buren on March 4, 1857, rode from his home on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue near Nineteenth Street to the Capitol, in a phaeton built of wood from the frigate *Constitution.* He had for escort two companies of infantry and one of cavalry, besides the civic organizations; the city was filled with visitors, and, the day being balmy, he took the oath of office on the east front of the Capitol. Here was a full-fledged inauguration as known to-day.

Washington's Birthday in 1871 was a red-letter day for the national capital. On that day the whole town, from President Grant behind his spanking team of clipped horses to the poverty-stricken but light-hearted driver of a ramshackle buggy, rolled over the

new million-dollar wood-block pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the Treasury, constructed at the joint expense of the Government and *other* abutting property-owners, and the tax fund of the District. At last The Avenue had come into its own!

Among the gala throng, also behind a conspicuous span of clipped horses, was the big, handsome, jovial Alexander R. Shepherd—the man destined, under President Grant, to lift Washington from a struggling, straggling village into a modern city. He found a way to smite the rock of government credit, making it gush with living streams. Always his methods were high-handed; often they were tortuous. His contemporaries suffered; their successors reaped uncounted benefits.

For decades Washington had been kept in a state of arrested development. War itself had turned it into an armed camp, with churches for hospitals. Peace restored, the national capital, in common with the cities of the North and West, bounded ahead in the course of civic improvement. In those days improvement meant pavements, sewers, lighting, and the manifold civic economies which the assurance of peace, progress, and prosperity brought to commercial cities. The fundamental advantage of peace was the establishment of credit throughout North and West.

FIFTEENTH STREET, THE WALL STREET
OF WASHINGTON

Washington has, from the beginning, been a city stigmatized by a phrase. At first it was aptly called the City of Magnificent Distances—the great distance being from the Capitol to the President's House, a difficult mile and a quarter physically and sentimentally. In the 1870's the town had come to be characterized as "the city of mud and dust." That stigma galled the gallant young Alderman Shepherd, who was Washington born and proud of it. Indeed, he first saw the light of day on the Island, as that portion of the city south and west of the James Creek Canal was called. His father was in the wood and lumber business; he himself was a successful plumber, and incidentally a real-estate operator in the building of row upon row of small houses. The old families and the Army and Navy set, never partial to people "in trade," watched with alarm Shepherd's meteoric career, and, as taxes piled up to the point of confiscation, they nursed their grievances against the inevitable day of retribution.

Mr. Shepherd clearly saw that in order to realize his dream of making a nation's capital it would be indispensable to compel the Government to participate in the financing, a thing that from the beginning it had been unwilling to do. Washington and Jefferson were mistaken in their idea that the sale of lots would build the city; but their notion persisted in the face of repeated failures, and ever dominated the attitude

of the changing Congress. Always there was latent hostility between the body charged by the Constitution with exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia and the residents, the majority of whom were dependent for support on the Government itself. It was like a mother eating her young. Only as their own convenience dictated improvements could the Men on the Hill be brought to extend national aid to the building of a national capital. This attitude was not premeditated; it was instinctive. Not until civil war came did the national idea assert itself. Washington, which is always a reflection of the nation, felt the new impulse. But for the support of President Grant, of the press, and the new people, Mr. Shepherd would have been powerless to effect the changes wrought under his dominating leadership.

By virtue of the act of February 21, 1871, the District of Columbia became a Territory of the United States. To Senator Hannibal Hamlin the plan was an experiment. To Senator George F. Edmunds it was an expedient for ridding the streets of swine and geese. Evidently there was force behind Horace Greeley's advice to government clerks to go West, because "Washington is not a nice place to live in. The rents are high, the food is bad, the dust is disgusting, the mud is deep, and the morals are deplorable." Of course, the clerks did not take the well-meant advice. There

was no precedent for the resignation of a government clerk.

Indeed, things were stirring. Senator John Sherman and his brother, the General, were subdividing and selling large tracts of land near Park Road. These land operations on the Senator's part were so long continued and so lucrative as to lead Senator Cockrell of Missouri to oppose the opening of North Capitol Street, because, as he told Senator McMillan, he "was tired of sitting in the Senate and legislating for the benefit of John Sherman's heirs." Having had his joke, he withdrew his objection. Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada, always immersed in District operations, built farthest north (on Dupont Circle) Stewart Castle, long an outpost and now a memory. It had for a neighbor, farther down Connecticut Avenue, the British Legation, of the mansard-roof, porte-cochère style of architecture. After sixty years, in February, 1930, the British contingent will remove to the palace Sir Esme Howard has laid out and Sir Edward Lutyens has designed—a structure larger by far than any other embassy in Washington, and also thoroughly British and comfortable.

President Grant appointed John D. Cooke as governor. Mr. Cooke was the Washington representative of his brother, Jay Cooke, who was then at the acme of his career in handling government bonds. For the

legislative council the President selected as one member Frederick Douglass, lecturer and editor, born a slave at the famous old seventeenth-century Wye House, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Mr. Douglass enjoyed the distinction of having been entertained at dinner by Queen Victoria; he was a man of dignity and self-respect. As another member of the Board of Public Works, President Grant named A. B. Mullett, supervising architect of the Treasury, who was responsible for the State, War and Navy Building, constructed at this time as a means of heading off an attempt to remove the capital to the vicinity of St. Louis—a heavy price to pay. President Harding, who, like Washington, professed no knowledge of architecture, regarded the building as the worst he ever saw; nor was he wholly reassured when Charles McKim, the architect, was quoted as saying that he "could do a good deal with the structure if he only had a rake." Secretary Mellon has prepared a rake in the shape of plans for remodeling, and President Hoover is publicly supporting his Secretary. Cass Gilbert is of the opinion that a fire under the roof in an hour and a half would do the job as expeditiously as the fire demolished the granite Capitol at Albany. "Built in the consulate of Mullett," is the expressive phrase often used by Senator Root.

The District legislative assembly was elective. Here

was Mr. Shepherd's opportunity, and he used it daringly and without scruple. The end was held to justify the means—jobs, imported voters, audacity without measure. The Board of Public Works, appointed by the President, was made up of the governor and four members—all five of whom were speedily merged in Alexander R. Shepherd, who frequently held board meetings by himself and did not stop to record them. For that formality he was too busy in carrying out a comprehensive system of street improvements embracing nearly all of the old city west of the Capitol and north of The Avenue.

Suddenly in all parts of the town, simultaneously, he started the work of grading streets, making sewers run down hill instead of up, banishing swine from the gutters and cattle from the sidewalks. All was confusion worse confounded.

In order to save expense in paving, he narrowed L'Enfant's broad streets, lending to the landowners parking areas that they turned into front yards, in which the city controlled the planting. As traffic demands increase, some of these same front yards are now being turned back into streets without liability for land damages. Also, he fostered the planting of trees and thus established precedents that have brought about the aisles of foliage which give to Washington its greatest charm and distinction.

If, during the Shepherd reign, often the householder returned from his day's work to find his house perched upon an unexpected eminence, the private owner might console himself with the reflection that Congress was treated no otherwise. For, taking advantage of a Thursday to Monday adjournment of that body, he assembled the dirt-wagons of the town and by the beginning of the next week he had made hanging-gardens of the Capitol grounds. The North Liberties Market (where the Public Library now stands) was as disreputable as the present markets have become. He invited the judges of the court to a clambake down the river, beyond the power of injunction; then his men tore down the offending structures. It was not until a quarter of a century later that Congress settled the last bills for the demolition.

There is an old print which shows a throng of people coming down from the Capitol and through the old Bulfinch gates, pouring into the space where the Peace Monument now serves as a turning-post for street-cars. At the right of the picture a horse-car waits to pick up its load. At the left a wood-burning locomotive parts the crowd as the train makes its way along First Street—a vivid reminder of the days when the Washington & Alexandria Railroad ran its tracks along the west front of the Capitol. The Washington and Georgetown street railroad skirted the Capitol

steps on the east front. Contemptuous of Shepherd's warnings to remove tracks laid as a war necessity, the railroad officials awoke one Monday morning to find their locomotive standing alone, changed from a symbol of defiance to an object of ridicule, with no tracks save those on which it stood.

Of course, there was corruption in connection with such hasty work; and at one time the country rang with accounts of it. The Lord has made honest contractors, but they do not thrive in the midst of scrambling for bids. In fact, the scandals that from time to time have shaken Washington, from the land-grabbing days of the first Congress to the present era, may be traced to big appropriations for a worthy object but involving a sudden expansion of activities without a carefully built up force to administer the work.

The post traderships among the Indians, "star" routes and rural free delivery in the Post-Office Department, canned beef in the Spanish War and wooden ships in the World War—all are instances in point. On the whole, the Government has been honestly, capably, and intelligently administered; and there are far fewer instances of congressional dishonesty than occur in private business. Human nature persists in politics as in all other walks of life; but with the vast majority of those who do the nation's

business, service to country is a controlling motive and cupidity is comparatively rare.

The fly in the government ointment is favoritism. Men who could not even be approached by a money bribe, succumb readily to the temptation of doing favors for friends or helping constituents. The most insidious lobbyist in Washington is the former senator who, rejected by his State, lives in the capital to represent clients ready to take financial advantage of the pity colleagues of past days have for their one-time companion. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who, inside and outside, have watched the conditions prevailing in the District for the past forty years.

Alexander R. Shepherd was a practical idealist. He had visions of the national capital as the model city of the people. The task at hand seemed to him simple, direct, urgent, and manifold. It was also essentially quite prosaic. There is nothing that stirs the esthetic sense in building drains, cutting down hills, and filling valleys, or turning the discarded canal along B Street into a trunk sewer; but these jobs had to be done as foundations for future development—and he did them swiftly, fearlessly. He formulated a plan for grading and paving the central portion of the city; and what portions he was unable to finish he left in such condition that Congress was forced to complete them.

It is easy in these days of asphalt and concrete to deride the wood-block pavements of the '70's; but they represented the quickest and the cheapest way of lifting Pennsylvania Avenue out of the slough of mud or Sahara of dust to which the war wagons had reduced the patches of cobblestone pavement provided by Congress in the '50's. Moreover, other cities were using just such pavements to satisfy their needs in the boom-days of the period. Even the corruption among the contractors of Washington was usual throughout the North. Therefore, when President Grant and A. R. Shepherd drove their spans of clipped roadsters over the mile stretch of smooth pavement on that gala Washington's Birthday of 1870, they might well have shared the general feeling of the merrymakers, because at last, after three quarters of a century of struggle, the nation's capital was on the high road to becoming the model city dreamed of by the founders.

It was inevitable that Boss Shepherd should run against two obstacles—the conservative power of established wealth as embodied in W. W. Corcoran, known and respected by all men; and the no less conservative forces of senatorial authority represented by the powerful Senators Edmunds and Bayard. All three men owned property on Massachusetts Avenue between Thomas and Scott Circles, where Shepherd's slashings had been most conspicuous. The Louise

Home (Mr. Corcoran's gift in memory of his wife and daughter) and the residences of the senators were left on inaccessible heights that still show evidences of the thoroughness with which Shepherd did the work of putting in order the one thoroughfare in all the city which extends from District line to District line.

With the backing of President Grant, Shepherd might have defied old Washington and even senatorial wrath; but the impending financial troubles brought the resignation of Governor Cooke for his own business reasons. Mr. Shepherd was appointed in Mr. Cooke's place as governor of the District, and for nearly a year continued his ruthless improvements. The panic of 1873 carried down Jay Cooke, who was financing the District borrowings. This brought matters to a crisis. Congress stepped in to make another change in the form of District government—this time hastily reverting to the original form of three commissioners appointed by the President. Four years later (in 1878) the temporary expedient was revamped into the permanent form of government which has continued to this day.

Then for the first time Congress recognized the long-advocated national capital idea by assuming in principle a share—an equal share—in the expenses of the District of Columbia. To be sure, it did so grudg-

ingly, on the undemonstrated theory that half the assessable property in the District belonged to the Government. A sinking fund to extinguish the debt of between sixteen and seventeen millions (the debt-limit by law was ten) was established; all moneys received were paid into the Treasury, and Congress made appropriations for the District in the same manner—and with the same attention to details—as appropriations for the executive and other departments were made. This half-and-half sharing of expenses continued into the present century, usually with a deficit on the District's part to be carried by the Treasury. The great increase in population that took place during the World War brought about a District surplus. Congress promptly cut down its share until now nine millions is its contribution.

President Grant, always loyal to his friends, appointed Mr. Shepherd one of the three new commissioners, but the Senate refused to confirm the nomination. Whereupon, broken in fortunes, he betook himself to Mexico and mining to begin life anew. Few then believed that he was dishonest; none believes so now.

Once, while he was under severe fire in a congressional investigation, one of his defenders in the Senate was so rash as to prophesy that some day a statue to Mr. Shepherd would be erected by grateful citizens of

the District of Columbia. The day came in 1909, when his statue—such as it is—was placed in front of the Municipal Building. His real triumph, however, came in 1897, when his second return was greeted by a public reception, at which he was acclaimed as the man who had made the capital a national city.

When the next change in the District government comes—and come it must—the indications are that it will be along these lines: A single head of cabinet size (if not a member of the cabinet), appointed by reason of successful experience in the management of a city; a permanent corps of highly trained civilian heads of city departments; a fixed rate of taxation based on the average rate in American cities of corresponding size—including, of course, state, county, and city taxes, because the District exercises all these functions. Appropriations from the Treasury ample to cover the expenses of a truly national capital, without regard to any lump-sum or proportional payments. All legislation relative to, and appropriations for, the District to be considered by a large joint committee of Congress having combined functions equivalent to those of a common council, a board of supervisors, and a state legislature. Such a committee should so command the respect of Congress that its decisions would go unquestioned. The British Parliament, through a large legislative committee, despatches for

the cities of the realm business as detailed as that which comes before Congress for the District of Columbia, and does so without delay or the disturbance to the affairs of the empire.

Chapter V

THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL

THE Capitol is historically the most important building in the United States. Architecturally, it stands among the great buildings of the world. It marks the beginning and typifies the growth of the nation. Like the great cathedrals of Europe, its chief merit is not its completeness but its aspirations. The Capitol is not finished, and it never will be. Changes are going on constantly, and quite radical ones will be made in the near future.

President Washington and his Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, selected the plans and protected them from changes and mutilations—a complicated and annoying task made the more difficult by the

fact that both they and the architect were at the seat of government in Philadelphia during the early years of building, and therefore were forced to intrust the superintendence to some of the unsuccessful competitors, who were perversely bent on substituting their own ill-conceived plans for the ones selected.

Washington, for his part, professed to have no knowledge of architecture, and was ready to be governed by "the rules laid down by the professors of the art." What he modestly sought was a combination of "grandeur, simplicity and convenience." These requirements he found lacking in all designs submitted in the competition instituted after L'Enfant separated himself from the work of planning the national capital. What Jefferson required was that the building should be "simple, noble, beautiful." Both men had the good taste to know the true meaning of the terms they used.

Dr. William Thornton, the original architect of the Capitol, was born in the British West Indies in 1761, was brought up in England, and was educated in medicine in Edinburgh and Paris. He had traveled extensively throughout Europe before he settled in Philadelphia, where he married the English-born daughter of a school-teacher, Ann Brodeau, whose life came to span the Presidencies of both Washington and Lincoln! The Thorntons were at

the family plantations on the island of Tortola, when he read in a Philadelphia paper the notice of competition to secure designs for the Capitol; and although his designs were received after the date fixed for the close of the competition, they were so excellent (and the others were so bad) that he received the award of $500 and a Washington city lot valued at £100.

When or where Thornton studied architecture is not known. Some detractors said that the period was two months; others, two weeks. The matter is not now important, since his numerous works have stood the test of a century and a quarter and are still counted good. The design for the Capitol spoke the universal language of monumental architecture. It appealed to men of education and culture, who in those days were trained in the literature and political ideas of Greece and Rome. The strength or weakness of those nations pointed their every moral and adorned every tale. Roman names were given to new cities springing up in the wilderness; the townsites for colleges were named Athens, still a favored name in no fewer than nineteen States; and what we of to-day call a civic center they hailed as the Campus Martius or the Grand Circus. Life in the cities was perforce simple, but it was stately. Form and ceremony were observed even among those whose principles were strongly republican.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT TENTH STREET

Dr. Thornton's originality consisted in the adaptation of a building to its situation and uses. He would no more have thought of seeking an original style in architecture than of inventing a new language. It requires no architectural training to see that none of the other plans submitted were in the same class with Dr. Thornton's. From the beginning the Capitol has been an imposing structure. None of the departures from the original plan have interfered seriously with its simplicity and dignity. On the contrary, it has grown into greater impressiveness with its increased size.

President Washington laid the corner-stone at the northeast corner of the Capitol on September 18, 1793. The occasion was one of great ceremony. The procession formed at the President's (now Lafayette) Square and marched a mile and a half over the cleared pathway now known as Pennsylvania Avenue. Washington officiated in place of his friend Dr. Dick, as the Master of Alexandria Masonic Lodge, No. 22, of Virginia; and he wore an apron and sash made for the occasion by the wife of General Lafayette. As President of the United States he made a brief address and deposited a silver plate suitably inscribed. There was much firing of cannon; and an ox weighing 500 pounds furnished the barbecue. Thereupon, the people of Carrollsburg admitted that

at last their side of the city was receiving some part of its due; for the progress on the President's House they ascribed to favoritism toward Georgetown.

President Adams opened the second session of the sixth Congress, on November 17, 1800, in the Capitol, only the north wing of which was then completed. The Senate occupied the present quarters of the Supreme Court, the original chamber being carried through two stories. What are used as the Supreme Court offices were originally the Hall of Representatives. The latter body, finding its quarters all too small, ordered a temporary structure in the south wing, to be ready by November, 1801. The Supreme Court first met in Washington in 1801, in one of the Senate office rooms, at the northeast corner of the north wing.

The three architects after Dr. Thornton, who have left their marks on the outward appearance of the Capitol, are Benjamin Henry Latrobe, Charles Bulfinch, and Thomas U. Walter. When Congress changed the form of government of the District in 1803, Dr. Thornton, who had been appointed one of the commissioners by President Washington and so was able to insist that his own plans for the Capitol be carried out, was legislated out of office. President Jefferson placed him in charge of patents, in which

office he continued until his death, in 1828. Then Thomas Munroe was made superintendent of the public buildings; and B. H. Latrobe was offered and accepted the position of surveyor, succeeding Mr. Hoban, the architect and superintendent of the President's House, who was also superintendent of the Capitol.

Latrobe was born and educated in England, where he practised architecture with success until a spirit of adventure brought him to America in 1796. He remained in charge of the Capitol work till 1811, and again was in charge of the rebuilding from 1815 till his final retirement in 1818. During all these years he was interested primarily in improving the James River, building the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, supplying Philadelphia and New Orleans with water, and promoting steamboats. But he did make the original design for the old Hall of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) and the Senate Chamber (now the Supreme Court room), and he modified Thornton's eastern portico and added the small domes, which are an essential feature of the building. Happily, his design for the western front was not carried out.

The burning of the Capitol by the British during the War of 1812 was deeply resented by the American people as an outrage against the laws of civilized warfare, which protect public buildings as monuments

of the arts. From the destruction of the Capitol in August, 1814, until December, 1819, Congress occupied a building at the corner of Maryland Avenue and First Street East, constructed hastily by citizens who feared lest the seat of government should be removed to an interior city.

Fortunately, the strong Capitol walls withstood the fire until a drenching rain suppressed both flames and invaders. When the work of rebuilding began in earnest President Monroe appointed as architect of the Capitol Charles Bulfinch of Boston, who completed the restoration and built the central portion. During the years from 1818 to 1830 Bulfinch designed the western front substantially as it is to-day; he discarded the more elaborate plans of both Thornton and Latrobe for that front, but he kept the Latrobe design for the east portico, which was a modification of the Thornton plan.

Throughout the original building, Thornton's successors worked with a large degree of sympathy with the original design; and this too in spite of a controversy, sometimes acrimonious and often amusing, between Thornton and Latrobe, both of whom were men of the world and friends of the leading statesmen of their day. The reason for so large a degree of consistency in the building itself is due to the successive Presidents of the United States, who jealous-

ly watched over the progress of the nation's chief monument.[1]

In 1850, the original Capitol having become outgrown, Congress placed $100,000 at the disposal of President Fillmore for the extension of the building according to such plan as he should approve, to be prepared by an architect of his choice. A competition to obtain a design having failed to produce satisfactory results, and a committee of Congress having planned to take matters into its own hands, the President asserted his prerogatives by the direct appointment of Thomas U. Walter. "It was desirable," says President Fillmore, "not to mar the harmony and beauty of the present building, which as a specimen of architecture is so universally admired. Keeping these objects in view, I have concluded to make the additions by wings detached from the present building, yet connected with it by corridors. This mode of enlargement will leave the present Capitol uninjured."

Mr. Walter proved himself to be an architect of the highest class. Thornton himself could not have carried on his own plans with greater sympathy and understanding.

The corner-stone of the Capitol extension was laid on July 4, 1851. Daniel Webster, then Secretary

[1] "History of the United States Capitol," by Glenn Brown.

of State, was the orator. "Who does not feel," exclaimed Mr. Webster, "that when President Washington laid his hand on the foundation of the first Capitol, he performed a great work of perpetuation of the Union and the Constitution. . . . President Fillmore, it is your singularly good fortune to perform an act such as that which the earliest of your predecessors performed fifty-eight years ago. You stand where he stood, you lay your hand on the corner-stone of a building designed greatly to extend that whose corner-stone he laid. Changed, changed is everything around. The same sun indeed shone on his head that now shines on yours. The same broad river rolled at his feet and bathes his last resting place, that now rolls at yours. But the site of the city was then mainly an open field. Streets and avenues have since been laid out and completed, squares and public grounds inclosed and ornamented, until the city which bears his name, although comparatively inconsiderable in numbers and wealth, has become quite fit to be the seat of government of a great and united people. Sir, may the consequences of the duty you perform so auspiciously to-day equal those which flowed from his act."

But the war came. When President Lincoln took the oath of office the Walter dome was just beginning to shape itself. The President, with keen sensi-

THE CAPITOL FROM THE STEPS OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

tiveness to the sentiments of the people, required that work on the dome should not stop. Thus in the continuing construction he sought to typify the unity and strength of the nation. He knew that he could rely upon the affectionate regard of the people for their historic building. His prescience had quite unexpected justification. At the historic Hampton Roads conference which took place on February 3, 1865, between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on the one side and Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell on the other, the Confederate commissioners were given to understand clearly that the preservation of the Union was the indispensable condition of peace. After the ultimatum (which was not unexpected), Hunter asked his former fellow-senator, Mr. Seward, "Governor, how is the Capitol? Is it finished?" "This gave Seward," relates Charles Sumner, "the opportunity of picturing the present admired state of the work, with the Dome completed, and the whole constituting one of the magnificent edifices of the world."

The interior of the Capitol has undergone many changes and transitions, and is destined to see many more. Far down underneath the dome is a crypt constructed to receive the remains of George Washington. Reluctantly Mrs. Washington gave assent to the request of Congress, presented by President John

Adams; but fortunately the project was never carried out. Those sacred ashes repose at Mount Vernon, in a tomb built by his executors. The tomb, with the land immediately adjacent, is still owned by the Washington family.

Many years ago Congress invited each State to contribute two statues of famous sons to be set up in the former Hall of Representatives, and gradually the States have accepted the invitation. No restrictions as to scale or material having been specified, no critical standards having been applied, the noble old hall now contains an aggregation of big and little, marble and bronze, effigies of men and women executed by sculptors of widely varying degrees of ability. The result is a veritable forest of statues crowded into a space that never was adapted to such a purpose. The spectacle is one that causes mirth alike among senators, representatives, and visitors. The question of segregating these worthies and placing them in the corridors of the lower floor is now under consideration.

The Rotunda itself is the storage place of various unrelated pieces of statuary—of the seemingly insignificant plaster cast of Houdon's famous statue of Washington designed for a small rotunda in the Virginia Capitol at Richmond, where it is lighted as the artist intended. Then there is David's heroic

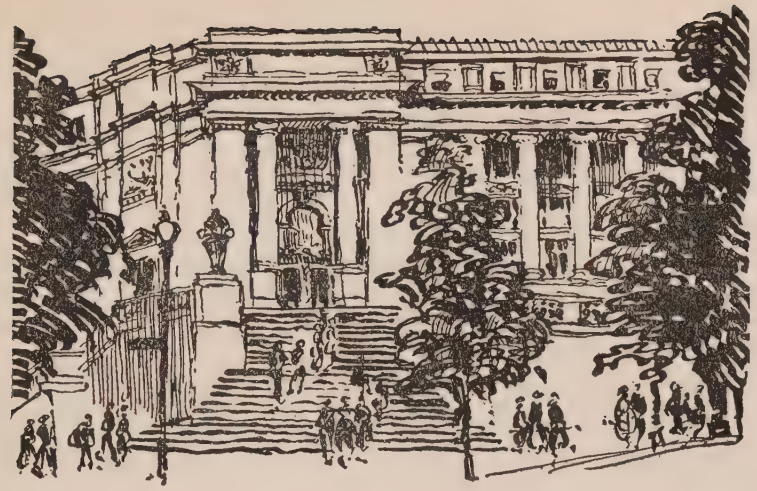
bronze figure of Jefferson, which once stood in front of the White House; and a marble figure of General Grant togged out in military trappings such as he would never wear. Vinnie Ream's pitiful figure of Lincoln is supplemented by a colossal head of that President, bearing the name of the donor, who facetiously remarked that if he had only known how easy it is to get one's name into the Capitol of the United States he would have added his Wall Street address. Four pictures of Revolutionary scenes, by John Trumbull, have a historical value because of the actual portraits they contain, and perhaps also because they mark the period of conventionalism in American art.

Brumidi, on a stipend of ten dollars a day, painted the "Apotheosis of Washington" in the dome, and he also began a historical frieze, which has never been completed. This latter painting is so tentative in character and so lacking even in the qualities that give a surface brilliancy to his work that probably both he and Mr. Walter regarded it merely as a stopgap. The additions made to it by other hands fall below even the Brumidi level. When Congress seriously undertakes the new work contemplated, the interior as well as the exterior of the dome will need a thorough artistic overhauling, in order to create harmony with the fine stone floor and the dignified lower walls.

Senator Charles Sumner, in an impassioned but ineffective protest against the admission of Vinnie Ream's standing figure of Lincoln into this architecturally noble hall, expressed the feelings which must move every cultivated American on entering the Capitol of his country:

"Surely this National Capitol, so beautiful and interesting, and already historic, should not be opened to the rude experiment of untried talent. Only the finished artist should be admitted here. Sir, I doubt if you consider enough the edifice in which we are assembled. Possessing the advantage of an incomparable situation, it is among the first-class structures of the world. Surrounded by an amphitheater of hills, with the Potomac at its feet, it may remind you of the Capitol in Rome, with the Alban and Sabine hills in sight, and with the Tiber at its feet. But the situation is grander than that of the Roman Capitol. The edifice itself is not unworthy of the situation. It has beauty of form and sublimity in proportion, even if it lacks originality in conception. In itself it is a work of art. It should not receive in the way of ornamentation anything which is not a work of art. Unhappily, this rule is too often forgotten, or there would not be so few pictures and marbles about us which we are glad to recognize. But bad pictures and ordinary marbles warn us against adding to their number."

THE CAPITOL, WEST FRONT



Chapter VI

THE SENATE

"THERE were giants in the earth in those days." Great issues divide men into parties. Failing such issues, party allegiance slackens, and while old names are retained, the individual becomes a law unto himself. Such has been the case since the World War. The tendency toward individualism in the Senate of the United States has been quickened on account of the change whereby senators are elected directly by the people instead of by the legislatures of the States. The President no longer can appeal to an organized party leadership in Congress, but on each project must build up a support for that particular issue.

The only tie that to-day binds a party together is offices; and even here a President conscientiously seeking to be true to his oath must often break with the organization temporarily created to secure his election. Every President finds that he has to endure the hostility of professed friends whom he cannot satisfy.

"You are thinking of the old Senate," said Vice-President Coolidge, when present lack of leadership was commented on. What he referred to was the Senate before the World War. There was no lack of individuality in those days; but underneath all, there was allegiance to a party ideal to which both President and Congress, both Republicans and Democrats, held themselves.

The questions of to-day are mainly economic, often sectional. We have become a world power indeed —a financial giant among nations—and often use that power like a giant, subject to impulse rather than reason. No President can count on the support of the Senate, because his own personality is apt to be the determining factor as to the acceptance or rejection of an agreement or a treaty. These limitations are inherent in a democracy. They may be deplored, but only a change in the ideas and ideals of the mass of the people can alter them.

What Mr. Coolidge called the old Senate has now

passed into history, and so may be studied. Such study is replete with analogies, contrasts, and similarities.

In 1888 the defeat of President Cleveland for reelection, due largely to the tariff issue he himself had forced, brought the Republicans again into power. They were confident that they had come back for an indefinite stay.

The night of March 3, 1889, gave indication that inauguration day, as is usual, would be disagreeable. The air was filled with sleet driven by winds blowing from all quarters at once. The light in the lantern on the dome of the Capitol told those near enough to see it through the storm that the Congress was in session—quite needless information, because everybody in town knew that the first Democratic administration since the outbreak of the War of Secession was now dying.

During the evening the Senate galleries were filled, especially on the Republican side. Washington was crowded with exultant partizans, who felt, quite naturally, that for four years they had been kept from their birthright; and now they were ready and eager to resume the government of the Republic. On the Democratic side annoyance was mingled with regret: the party had been out of office so many years that the ruling spirits did not discover half the op-

portunities and delights of the promised land before they were compelled to retire.

By two o'clock in the morning the Senate galleries were almost empty. Senator Riddleberger, one of the two Readjuster senators from Virginia, was rambling on in incoherent fashion, when big Jim Christie, the acting assistant doorkeeper, advanced upon him from behind, picked him up in his arms, bore him to the Republican coat-room, and deposited him on a sofa. An unheard-of thing had happened. A mere doorkeeper had dared to lay hands on a United States senator while addressing the Senate. In the press gallery discussion became excited. Precedent had been grossly violated; the dignity of the Senate was at stake; for if a mere employee could treat with contempt a member of the greatest legislative body on earth, the Senate had indeed fallen from its high estate. Nevertheless, nothing further came of the matter.

As the hour of noon on March 4 approached, there was the usual delay in getting the last bills signed and returned to the respective houses. As the gilt hands crept up the star-studded blue dial of the Senate clock the venerable Isaac Bassett glided across the chamber and with a long pole drew back the minute-hand. Each time this modern Joshua held back the sun a murmur of wonder and admiration ran

through the throngs. The custom of turning back the clock died with Mr. Bassett.

When the last bill had been signed by Grover Cleveland in the President's Room across the corridor, he gathered his cabinet about him for the last time. Together they entered the Senate Chamber and were escorted to seats in front of the desk. Already the floor was packed with officials, while the galleries were filled to overflowing. The black-gowned members of the Supreme Court were ensconced in huge leather-covered chairs near the President. Behind them, on the right, were the members of the diplomatic corps resplendent in court costumes bearing the maximum of gold lace. The Chinese minister's gorgeous robe of embroidered silk gave color to the picture. The senators in black frock-coats occupied their senatorial chairs; while at the sides and back of the chamber, in the aisles and other interstices crowded the members of the as yet unorganized House of Representatives—a fashion borrowed from the British Parliament when, on occasions of ceremony, the Commons visit the House of Lords.

When the oft-detained hands of the clock were suffered to go their way unvexed, Vice-President Morton was discovered in the chair, with Speaker Carlisle on his right. Chaplain Butler prayed briefly that our land might be made Immanuel's Land; then

Secretary McCook read the proclamation convening the Senate in extraordinary session. Next the senators whose terms were beginning that day advanced to the desk in groups, each new senator being escorted by his colleague. Vice-President Morton (who had privately taken the oath at midnight) administered the oath of office to group after group. Then the Senate took a recess to hear the inaugural address.

Thus simple are the exercises which mark the change from one administration to another; and yet the proceedings in the Senate Chamber are the most brilliant function in the official life of Washington. When President Hoover was inaugurated March 4, 1929, the radio carried a running account of the ceremony to the entire country. But vision of the picturesque occasion was wanting.

The sergeant-at-arms of the Senate formed the procession to the east front of the Capitol, where thousands of citizens were standing in the rain and sleet to welcome the new President. When Grover Cleveland rose from his seat in the Senate every neck was stretched to get a last look at a President who was going out of office with the respect and admiration of all good citizens. His broad face was crossed with deep lines that marked four years of incessant work; and as he made his slow progress up

the aisle, there were regrets and no doubts that a brave spirit had passed from public life. None was so optimistic as even to surmise that four years from that day he again would lead the procession to the east front of the Capitol.

A buzz of whispers swept through the galleries as Benjamin Harrison arose. He had been sitting alone directly in front of the desk. His short stature, his full beard, and his small eyes presented no impressive points. In his person he represented the Republican party returned to power; and that was quite enough for the throng.

With the exit of the President, crowds in the galleries began to surge into the corridors, rushing to obtain seats on the platform. The senators, the diplomatic corps, the general of the army, the officers of the Army and the Navy who by name had received the thanks of Congress, representatives-elect, governors of States, and officials generally found their places on the temporary platform.

The oath having been administered by the Chief Justice, President Harrison read a brief inaugural address and then departed for the White House, there to review the procession of soldiers, sailors, marines, cadets, civic organizations, militia, campaign clubs, and other organizations gathered to do honor to the occasion. The inaugural ball in the great

court of the Pension Office brought the festivities to a happy end.

While waiting for the President to make the cabinet nominations the Senate appointed its committees. Senator Sherman, as chairman of the Republican caucus, was authorized to appoint a Committee on Committees, and in due time this committee reported to the caucus. The Democrats having likewise filled the places allotted to them by the majority, submitted their list; then the two lists were combined and the Senate elected the members named.

In 1889 the United States Senate was in possession of all its faculties. It had traditions, customs, precedents, and habits. There was a strong and capable majority and a no less strong and capable minority. Each side of the chamber respected the other; and partizanship, while exhibited in debate, was mainly forensic. The senators had been trained to play the game; invariably the rules were maintained and no one thought of disputing the umpire, whether Vice-President Morton occupied the chair or the president pro tempore, John J. Ingalls, presided.

Senator Ingalls, violent partizan as he was, would sooner lose a political point than make an unparliamentary ruling. Mr. Ingalls was then serving his third term in the Senate. Born in Massachusetts and a graduate of Williams College, he retained a certain

austerity both in personal appearance and in manner. No committee clerk or employee was permitted to remain in the chamber after his business was finished; and so far as the chair could compass it, the Senate itself proceeded rapidly through the order of business.

The story was current that when Mr. Ingalls entered the Senate, in 1873, George F. Edmunds, his legislative senior by seven years, attempted to put him in his place as a new senator—and from Kansas. One day Mr. Edmunds answered a trumpet call from Senator Thurman, performed with the aid of a red bandanna, and the two retired to the room of the Committee on the Judiciary, as was their custom. While they were gone a bill giving a railroad the right of way through an Indian reservation came up. Mr. Ingalls asked that the bill be passed over until the Senator from Vermont, who had introduced it, should return. Mr. Edmunds, returning, asked to have the bill taken up. Mr. Ingalls thereupon blandly remarked that he wished to ask the Senator from Vermont a question; he would like to know if there was a steal in the bill. Mr. Edmunds with heat replied that there was none. "As I thought," said Mr. Ingalls with a great show of deference, "but I wished to make sure, and I was certain that if there had been a steal in it the Senator would know of it." This in-

terchange had the desired effect, and if thereafter no love was lost between the two men, at least Mr. Ingalls was suffered no further molestation from that quarter.

It was the practice of Congress to vote an extra month's pay to the underpaid clerks and employees, and the resolution invariably originated in the Senate. Mr. Ingalls always opposed the measure, and on one occasion, after he had made a sharp attack on the resolution, Charles F. Draper, one of the old and privileged employees, expressed regret. Mr. Ingalls turned on him with acerbity and said that there was no precedent for such action; and added, "You should not expect thirteen months' pay for twelve months' work, and if you don't like your wages you should resign." "Resign," answered Mr. Draper; "there is no precedent for resigning."

By virtue of his position as chairman of the Republican caucus, John Sherman was the titular leader of the Senate. He had the reputation of being a cold man; and it was said that when the asphalt pavements of Washington softened under the summer sun, John Sherman riding over them would restore them to their normal condition. Mr. Sherman expected recognition of his long experience and his undoubted abilities, and when such recognition was genuine he was gracious and even expansive, with-

out ever losing his poise. He entered public life with the birth of the Republican party. He had eight years in the House before the Civil War. Since 1861 he had been continuously in the Senate, save for the five years he served as Secretary of the Treasury, during which time he accomplished the resumption of specie payments in so effective a manner as to class him, with James Gallatin and after Hamilton, among the great Secretaries of the Treasury. Unquestionably he was disappointed over his failure to be nominated for President, and at times his life was embittered thereby; but that fact did not interfere with his public service, nor did he cherish resentments save in a few cases too insignificant to bias his judgments. John Sherman was a constructive statesman without an equal among the public men of his day and generation. His character was without blemish; and his home life was a long and happy one.

George F. Edmunds was the autocrat of the Senate. Mr. Sherman rarely took part in debate unless the subject under discussion especially appealed to him; but Mr. Edmunds had a penchant for parliamentary law, and for setting everything and everybody straight. He was usually in his seat during "the morning hour," but when two o'clock came and the Senate settled down to the consideration of the regular order of business, Mr. Edmunds would retire

to his committee-room, whence he would emerge about four o'clock and, the clerks said, ask to have the business reviewed for his approval. His ability as a lawyer was sufficiently proved by the fact that he continued to practise before the Supreme Court, and that he was placed on all committees charged with handling delicate or complicated subjects involving legal questions.

Mr. Edmunds resigned from the Senate in 1891, it was said, because a big senator from one of the new States slapped him familiarly on the back, a tale founded rather on his character than on fact.

Another senator who walked by himself was George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, noted for his devotion to Walter Scott's novels; a volume of these classics he kept in his desk to read during dull hours in the Senate; just as Senator Ingalls was believed to have always at hand a copy of the "Columbian Orator."

When Mr. Hoar and William M. Evarts were members of the Committee on the Library, the former said to his friend and relative, "Evarts, when you get ready to call a meeting of the Library Committee, I wish you would notify my executor." To which sally Mr. Evarts promptly replied, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure." Senator Hoar's wit was not caustic like that of his brother, Judge

E. R. Hoar; and he rarely if ever gave offense to the subject of his epigrams; but he made himself most annoying to the party managers by a propensity to interject without notice acrimonious partizan speeches into a debate which was running its due course under agreement to take a vote at a fixed time. There being no "previous question" in the Senate, such an agreement was reached only after nice adjustments by Senator Aldrich for the majority and Senator Gorman for the minority, who were always hampered by jealousies on their own respective sides. When, as often happened, Mr. Hoar's party zeal got the better of his tongue, the Democrats felt it incumbent upon them to make answer. As a result the agreement would fall to pieces and the managers would have their delicate work to do over again.

The greatest unifying influence in the Senate, so far as the Republicans were concerned, was Anson G. McCook, the secretary, whose private offices were the gathering place of those senators who made things move. General McCook was the last of the secretaries who shared the confidence of the senators, took part in their consultations, and was an active participant in shaping the course of legislative events. He belonged to "the fighting McCooks," all four of the brothers having seen service during the Civil War. In the conduct of his office he was a martinet,

and his subordinates stood much in awe of him; but among his intimates he was geniality personified. He had served two terms in the House before he was elected secretary of the Senate; and he remained in the latter position until the Democrats organized the Senate in 1893.

The business manager of the Senate was Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, a typical New England business man, who always wore a Boston-cut sack-coat with side pockets that seemed made especially for his hands. He was chairman of the Committee on Rules and fifth on the Committee on Finance. He was a master of the intricacies of the tariff, the details of which came naturally to him, as they did to Senator Morrill of Vermont, for both of them had been brought up in what the New Englanders called "a general store." He was a hard student and had begun to collect an economic library, which was the pride and delight of himself and Benjamin Durfee, the clerk of the Committee on Finance. The books are now in the School of Business Administration at Harvard.

Senator Aldrich was a born organizer and leader. Always approachable by those newspaper men whom he could trust, his one condition on imparting information was that his name should not be mentioned. No one better understood the perils of publicity. His

power grew session by session, but the fact was known only to the few. When the change came over the press gallery with the development of "modern" journalism, and new correspondents came to Washington eager for sensations, every move was openly attributed to Senator Aldrich, and as a consequence he lost his power and prestige. The newspapers cut the locks of the senatorial Samson.

Senator Aldrich was a poor man with a wife and several young daughters. He found life in Washington so expensive that he had exhausted his savings and was on the point of resigning, when an opportunity occurred to purchase and combine the street railroads of Providence. This operation made him wealthy and enabled him to continue in the Senate.

In the course of time one of his daughters married John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the connection between the two fathers was supposed to be close. Taking that fact for granted, Sir A. Maurice Low, correspondent and author, once asked the senator for a letter of introduction to Mr. Rockefeller. The senator agreed to write the letter, but added that it would be of no avail. "It is true," he said, "that my daughter married his son. That match was made when young Rockefeller was a student at Brown University, and while I was in Washington. I never met Mr. Rockefeller but twice—once at a reception, where we met

and parted without conversation; and again at the wedding, to which he came late and from which he departed so early that I scarcely saw him." Any one who knew Senator Aldrich would realize the exact truth of his statement.

With few exceptions the southern senators had been educated either in the Confederate army or legislative halls. They respected their adversaries and in turn were respected by them. They were statesmen of the old school, evolving their principles of government from their inner consciousness and putting every proposition to the test of the Constitution. This propensity was often laughed at; but at least they had fixed and definite standards, and were not blown about by every wind of popular doctrine.

As Edmund Burke was called the dinner-bell of the House of Commons, for like reasons Senator Morgan of Alabama became the coat-room bell of the Senate. In the Confederate army he had fought his way from private to brigadier-general; but in appearance he was a philanthropist rather than a soldier, his long, curly white hair and his benevolent face suggesting saintly character. Before he changed his habits it was said of him that he divided the month into three parts—ten days to prepare a speech, ten days to deliver it, and ten days to celebrate. When

he took the floor, after the morning hour, to continue his speech on the Nicaragua Canal, it did not disturb him because senators with one accord sought the lunch-room, or gathered about the open fires in the coat-rooms, or departed to their committee-rooms. In generations to come those speeches of Senator Morgan's will probably prove a mine of historical wealth to college candidates for the degree of doctor of philosophy; and it is not impossible that the threat to place his statue in the Canal Zone may be carried out; but at present his memory survives as an indefatigable preacher to empty pews.

Senator Pugh of Alabama had voted for Taylor, Buchanan, and Tilden in the electoral college of his State; he was called from the ranks of the Confederate army to become a member of Congress at Richmond, where he served throughout the war. From Arkansas came James K. Jones, who was a private in the southern army. Eventually he became chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the early days of William Jennings Bryan's candidacies—a big, burly, blustering, impulsive, good-natured man. He began the practice of law and politics at the age of thirty-four, and never afterward deserted politics. His colleague, James H. Berry, had left a leg at Corinth. His long, curly, dark hair made a frame for a face beaming with kindliness and good

humor. Quiet little ex-school teacher, ex-private in the Confederate army, Samuel Pasco of Florida was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1858. In 1887 the political tides swept him out of the speaker's chair in the Florida house of representatives and into the United States Senate, to succeed Charles W. Jones. The latter, during his second term, had left his senatorial duties to pay rejected addresses to the daughter of a Detroit millionaire.

Both of the Georgia senators had been governors of their State. Senator Colquitt was a major in the Mexican War and a major-general in the Confederate army. His colleague, Joseph E. Brown, was one of those independent natures who always speak their minds. A graduate of the Yale Law School, he was four times elected chief executive of Georgia. He was one of the most energetic of southern war governors. The war over, he advocated letting bygones be bygones; he went so far as to vote for General Grant for President.

Senator Gibson of Louisiana, a graduate of Yale, commanded a division in the Confederate army, served eight years in the House of Representatives before entering the Senate, and was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, besides being identified with the management of Tulane University. His colleague, Senator Eustis, had spent two years at the Harvard

Law School, and during the war had served on General Joe Johnston's staff. He came to the Senate from the professorship of civil law in the state university and after a single term gave way to Edward Douglass White, who left the Senate for the United States Supreme Court, in which tribunal he became the Chief Justice.

South Carolina was represented by the urbane and courtly Butler, who lost a leg at Brandy Station but apparently did not miss it; and by the dashing Confederate cavalry leader Wade Hampton, the fingers of whose right hand invariably occupied themselves with crumbling a cigar in his waistcoat pocket as he listened to the debate. Senator George of Mississippi boasted of his vote for the Ordinance of Secession and became a cavalry colonel. He was Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court when he was elected to the Senate. His colleague, Senator Walthal, was a Confederate major-general when the war ended. Senator Bates of Tennessee, a private in the Mexican War and a major-general in the War of Secession, showed in his walk the effects of three dangerous wounds. He had been governor of his State for two terms. Senator Coke saw service in the ranks and as captain and had been governor of Texas; and his colleague, Senator Reagan, the Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, was captured

with President Davis by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. He left the Senate to accept a place on the State Commerce Commission, a change quite characteristic of this sturdy character.

All of these men were tenacious of the traditions of the Senate, and of their own prerogatives as senators of the United States. Because in the minority, they were not particularly conspicuous, although they occupied a full share of the time in debate. In 1889, however, it would have been impossible to stir up the smoldering fires of war times, as happened ten years before when, on the night of March 2, 1879, Senator Hoar's amendment to exclude Jefferson Davis from amnesty called from Senators Lamar, Coke, Harris, and Ransom glowing eulogies on the President of the Confederacy. They were replied to by Zachariah Chandler in a five-minute speech which so electrified the North that, had he lived, Senator Chandler would have been a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Among the picturesque characters on the Democratic side of the chamber was Isham G. Harris, who had been the war governor of Tennessee. He was not large of stature, and not strong physically; but his indomitable will made him a power. He was a past master in all that pertained to parliamentary practice; and yet he never would stoop to use his skill

to obstruct legislation, even for the benefit of his party. And this, too, at a time when obstruction was regarded as the legitimate weapon of the minority. To his mind parliamentary law was a body of rules for the orderly conduct of legislative business; and not infrequently both sides of the chamber appealed to him to straighten a parliamentary tangle. When called to preside over the Senate, as president pro tempore, during the second Cleveland administration, his conduct of business was a delight to the trained observer.

There is no more engaging piece of machinery than a deliberative body so handled as to accomplish its purposes with expedition and without friction; and this is especially true of the Senate, where courtesy is the rule and business ordinarily proceeds by unanimous consent, and where less than 10 per cent of the business involves partizan questions. The handling of the regular appropriation bills alone requires skill and tact, not only on the part of the managing senator but also on the part of the chair; and in a body where differences of opinion are radical, often fundamental, the presiding officer may become a personage of first importance by his ability to maintain good temper in the body. Senator Harris, imperious and dictatorial as he often was, became a model of suavity and courtesy when a question of parliamen-

tary law appeared on his horizon. His real joy, however, was found in dictating a conference report, which is a very eel for squirming phraseology.

One day during a committee meeting Senator Harris casually remarked that he was to spend that evening in a meeting of the Pastors' Aid Society. The announcement was so at variance with Senator Harris's known habits that it occasioned some surprise; whereupon he explained. "Representative Jim Richardson," he said, "once invited a lot of us to come to his house in Mobile for a little game of poker. His wife, he said, had subscribed twenty-five dollars to the church, and he had to win that money before Sunday. Ever after our poker club has been called the Pastors' Aid Society."

Another of the great war governors of the South was Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina, a big man physically, a man of great humor and of unswerving devotion to certain fundamental principles of government. He served two terms in the National House of Representatives, and on the outbreak of the war was elected colonel of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, in spite of the fact that he had strenuously opposed secession to the very last. It was a hard choice that took him from the field after the battle of Newbern in 1862, when he was elected governor of his State. As governor he rendered conspicu-

THE CAPITOL, EAST FRONT

ous service in fitting out successful blockade runners that took out cotton and returned with machinery, medicines, and other supplies necessary to the South. When the fortunes of the Confederacy were at the lowest ebb and starvation confronted his people, he saw to it that the Union prisoners at Salisbury shared the scanty food and clothing that remained. Chivalry came natural to him. The end of the war made him a military prisoner, and for three months he was confined in the Old Capitol Prison in Washington. When the war ended, he devoted all his great energies to provide educational facilities for both blacks and whites. From 1878 until his death in 1894 he was a member of the Senate.

Senator Vance's wit was quite spontaneous. The story is told that on one occasion just after the war a pompous individual in his own State rode up to him as he came into the county seat. "Governor," said the man, "I'm thinking of running for office. What office would you advise me to run for?" "For sheriff," was the prompt reply. "The sheriff has often run for you—and turn about is fair play."

Senator Vance believed in the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and neither persuasion nor appointments could change his attitude. His colleague, Senator Ransom, was less obdurate; and as a consequence the patronage of North Carolina was

turned over to him by President Cleveland. The break came when Kope Elias was nominated for collector of internal revenue in the district where Senator Vance lived. The senator held up the nomination in the Senate. For weeks the battle waged. The aged senator, then almost blind, was confined to the rooms of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. He would lie on the lounge, like Polyphemus smarting with pain; but his spirit was indomitable—and the Senate sustained him.

Quickly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, these southern senators of the old school disappeared or were supplanted by men of the new South, with none of the old standards. In those days an old senator in the majority was an autocrat indeed. He had the chairmanship of a committee of the first rank. A fine committee-room in the Capitol was his private office excepting during the hour, once a week, when the committee met. He had a committee clerk on an annual salary, who acted also as his political secretary; and a messenger who was his personal attendant. A junior senator, even when in the majority, was lucky to get the chairmanship of a committee that never met, with a clerk paid $6 a day during sessions, and no messenger. Unless he had friends on the Committee on Committees, he secured *no* chairmanship and had to find an office and service for himself. There were certain chair-

manships of unimportant committees which went to the senior senators in the minority, as a matter of courtesy. Their committee-rooms were small, dingy cubby-holes tucked away behind the library or in the Capitol terrace; but to have a resting-place in the Capitol was esteemed so desirable that the leading majority Senators were very careful to erect lightning-rods by securing leading places on these minority committees, so that a change in the political complexion of the Senate would keep them with a roof over their heads. Now every senator has an office and at least one secretary. There are instances where a senator has appointed his son as secretary and sent him to college on a government salary. Such arrangements have by no means been confined to senators lacking in this world's goods; but where the facts have been known, the senator has been rated accordingly by his colleagues.

The Senate, being a comparatively small body, each senator quickly found his level. The one unpardonable sin was insincerity. A man might be any kind of a man in his own State, but in the Senate he had to play the game or else take the consequences. There was such a place as Coventry, and many a senator found himself breathing its chilly air. Legislative ability, courtesy, absolute sincerity in all matters pertaining to the Senate, and honesty were the chief fac-

tors making for success. Egotism, trickery, laziness, and failure to work with the party were sure to cause failure. Knowledge of parliamentary practice, watchfulness to take advantage of opportunities, ability to state a proposition clearly, and, above all, hard work in committee were sure to bring success.

The Vice-President, as the presiding officer of the Senate, has more power than the Lord Chancellor, who presides over the House of Lords, but has no vote and cannot even call a peer to order. The Vice-President votes in case of a tie, and he sometimes calls a senator to order. President Harding invited Vice-President Coolidge to sit with the cabinet. Frequently the invitation was accepted, much to the after-advantage of the guest, who thus had an opportunity to become acquainted with the public business which as President he was suddenly called upon to handle. Vice-President Dawes was so accustomed to board meetings in which acquiescence is expected that the slow and tedious methods of legislative business irked him, and, unfortunately for his peace of mind, he said so. Within the memory of man the only Vice-President who extracted from his job the very last drop in it was Garret A. Hobart, who was able and tactful enough to be the friend and adviser of President McKinley and at the same time the companion of the influential senators of his party.

Senator Warren from Wyoming is the only connecting link between the old Senate and the present chamber. He was first elected in 1890, and has served longer than any other senator since the Senate came into being. Next comes the late Senator Allison from Iowa, who had a service of thirty-five years; Senator Cullom from Illinois served thirty-two years, and Senators Morgan from Alabama and Hale from Maine equaled Thomas Benton's ante-bellum thirty years in the United States Senate.

Senator Warren is the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, the most burdensome task in legislative life. Senator William B. Allison held that chairmanship for decades; every dollar of the annual billions spent by the Government was subject to his supervision; he lived in great simplicity and died leaving an estate of less than fifty thousand dollars. Senator Warren was wealthy when he entered public life; and if during the years his wealth has increased, the increase has been in Wyoming. Like the other Nestors of the '90's whom he survives, Senator Warren is typical of American statesmanship—honest, fearless, capable, faithful—and on occasion brilliant.

Chapter VII

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THE visitor looking down from the gallery on the proceedings of the House of Representatives jumps to the conclusion that the sessions are what Speaker Tom Reed once said the people of Maine considered the drinking of claret—a waste of time. And so they are, for the most part. But they are a necessary evil, so to speak.

The Government of the United States is a vast business concern, collecting and spending billions of dollars each year. Every penny collected goes straight into the Treasury; and it requires an act of Congress to get any penny out. There are no short cuts. Only the President is beyond the control of the Comptroller-General.

The Appropriations Committee of the House (and appropriations must originate in the House) can recommend the expenditure of money only after Congress has authorized the project and fixed the limit of expense. Even then it is subject to the Director of the Budget. Every item must receive annually the sanction of both houses. In the preparation of the great money bills the Appropriations Committee requires the personal attendance before a sub-committee of those officials in the executive departments charged with the expenditures. These hearings, stenographically reported and printed, read like cross-examinations in a court of law. Woe be to the man who cannot answer promptly and convincingly, at his yearly ordeal. He has to know his subject, and he should also have some appreciation of the psychology of his questioners!

All of this detail work goes on behind closed doors in a committee-room, and only the results come before the House, and then are subject to question by any member of that body. The Senate may add or subtract, and its rules give more latitude as to amendments than do those of the House, which permit subtractions but not additions. Next the amendments of the Senate are considered by a conference committee on the disagreements, and the report of the conference committee must be passed upon by each house.

New projects proposed by members are printed in

the form of bills and may be discussed in committees to which the bills are referred. Bills are reported to the House, are killed in committee, or are never taken up. Even if reported, the chances are that any given bill will fail owing to the objection of some member or to the lack of time for consideration.

All this machinery takes time, work, and intelligence. It is here that the new member serves his apprenticeship. Oratory does not count; but application, patience, good sense, and a certain degree of optimism (or the reverse) enable a member to win the confidence of the House. It is precisely this confidence a member must establish if he is to have any degree of success in effecting legislation. Otherwise he is a nonentity. He may win reëlection by being merely an errand-boy for his constituents; but he will never rise into the ranks of the select few who are the leaders in House and Senate. Of course, statesmanship calls for additional qualities, mental and moral; that is usually a gift, but it has its foundation in hard work.

What the visitor usually sees are merely the interludes of legislation. Let a man of convictions and a thorough knowledge of his subject speak on a controverted topic of general interest and he will pack the galleries—and the floor as well. Senator Spooner of Wisconsin rightly said that he could address the world from his place in the Senate. So can any senator

or member who shall say something worth the world's listening to.

Time was when the speaker ruled the House; now the House rules the speaker. The appointment of members of committees (on which a representative's opportunities rest) has been taken from the responsible speaker and lodged with a more or less irresponsible committee; and the order of business is also determined by a group of men. Of late there has been little team-work between Congress and the White House, largely because the Executive has not applied the thumbscrew of patronage. President Cleveland, in an unpublished letter to Speaker Carlisle, served notice that those Democrats who did not vote for the repeal of the Silver-Purchase Act need expect no favors from him—that he had no mind to turn the other cheek, he said.

When, prior to 1889, the House got into the slough of its own rules, so that it was able to do no business, a "czar" appeared in the person of Speaker Thomas B. Reed. Tom Reed of Maine, as he was usually called, was a great speaker. He revolutionized the House of Representatives by lifting it from the impotence in which he found it to a body that expeditiously does its business—too expeditiously some believe, as they inveigh against the summary way in which debate is shut off. And yet when one looks at the Senate, where

debate is practically unlimited and where the minority often rules, one becomes reconciled to the quick procedure of the House.

When Mr. Reed defeated William McKinley, Julius C. Burrows, and others for speaker, in the fifty-first Congress (1889), there was a slender Republican majority of nine votes. It was physically impossible to maintain a quorum of Republicans. The Democrats had developed a method of obstruction whereby, though compelled to be present in the House, they were able to break a quorum by refraining from voting, thereby paralyzing proceedings. To Speaker Reed the theory that a member could be present to make a quorum, and then immediately break that quorum by sitting silent in his seat, seemed absurd. So he counted the members present, had their presence noted, and declared the vote.

It required clear thinking to evolve a way to put an end to a method of obstruction which for years had enabled the minority to say whether or not a measure should pass. It also required a ready wit actually to break up a practice which had the sanction of years of successful use in a large and turbulent elective body. In fact, it took many legislative days to accomplish the result. The House was in no humor for argument; but the obstructionists were powerless before colossal imperturbability and a wit that requested a vociferous

member to state whether or not he was present while he was talking.

Mr. Reed's contention was so logical that the Supreme Court sustained it; the Democrats, when their time came to control the House, adopted it, and it put an end to the abuse. Naturally, it earned for its author the title of "czar." The battle did not subside during the entire Congress. On August 7, 1890, in an unpublished letter, Mr. Reed wrote: "I am now under as severe a pressure of abuse and obstruction as ever, and it helps a good work and its continuance to have it appreciated in the right way. We have done what we have done under difficulties of the half of which the Country is not aware. We are not unlikely also to fail in our endeavor by reason of the privileges of the Senate. We shall not reap the harvest which we have sown this year, but I am sure our work will not be lost though some of us may be sacrificed. It is a comfort anyway to be fighting for something besides ancient history, and a Republican feels more at home when he thinks he is helping a little to push on the world. As for rest and flowery beds of ease, the Prophet Bill Nye reminds us that we shall be a long time dead."

It was Mr. Reed's abundant and usually caustic wit that carried him through, just as it was Speaker Cannon's lack of wit that later caused the breakdown of the power of the speakership, and the relegation of

that official to a mere presiding officer, like unto the speaker of the British Parliament—a result attained by taking away from him the appointment of the House committees and placing the selections in the hands of a group, as in the Senate. Perhaps, however, a change had come over the spirit of the times.

Mr. Reed was a very big man. After a long, hard day of ruling a turbulent House, he usually came out of the west door, descended the terrace steps, and walked along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Shoreham Hotel, where he lived. He liked company and, with his overcoat flying and his hands clasped behind his back, he trudged along like an old merchantman breasting the waves. He talked steadily during the mile or more, and often stood in front of the hotel to finish. Stories, caustic comments on the Maine senators (with whom he had differences as to appointments) and others who crossed his path, and keen observations of the course of politics made listening a joy.

One winter night he related an occurrence at a large dinner given by Senator Stanford of California on the previous evening. The senator, who was wealthier than all the other members of the Senate put together, was keeping his political balance in his State by promulgating a scheme of land loans, by which owners of real estate should be able to borrow money from the Government on land collateral at 2 per cent per annum.

Incautiously Senator Stanford asked Mr. Reed's opinion of his plan. "There are only two objections that I see to your scheme," said Mr. Reed. "The first is that a good many men who really need money do not own real estate. Therefore, they would have no security to offer. Secondly, when six months roll around and the Government comes to demand the one per cent semi-annual interest, the borrower would have hard work to get the cash to pay. Now if you would only forego the security and the interest, I think your plan would work all right!"

Joseph C. Blackburn and Mr. Reed were cronies before the former went over to the Senate. Mr. Reed's rule as czar bore with such severity on the Democratic party, and Mr. Reed's wit was so caustic when applied to some of Senator Blackburn's particular friends, that the two were not on speaking terms. One night as Mr. Reed was making his way down The Avenue he encountered Senator Blackburn as he was going into the Metropolitan Hotel, where he lived. Catching hold on the senatorial lapel, Mr. Reed drawled, "Say, Joe, if you've got any bills that you are particularly interested in, you might just send me a list of them, and I will recognize your friends to call them up." Thereupon he released his speechless victim and proceeded to plod along. Senator Blackburn went straight to his daughter: "Something has just happened to shake my

religious convictions. You know I have always been the bluest kind of a Presbyterian. I believe in the perseverance of the Saints, and Original Sin, and all the rest of the good old doctrines. But after meeting Tom Reed to-night, I can no longer believe in Total Depravity!"

It was impossible to come in contact with Mr. Reed without being impressed by the tremendous force of his personality. He had no patience with a fool and never took pains to conceal the fact. Consequently he was more respected than popular. Those who came to know him intimately were very fond of him; but persons who were victims of his biting wit were apt to carry the wound. For that reason he was not a good campaigner on the stump: he made "the boys" enthusiastic, but he made his opponents fighting mad; he did not win votes, as Mr. McKinley always did.

Chapter VIII

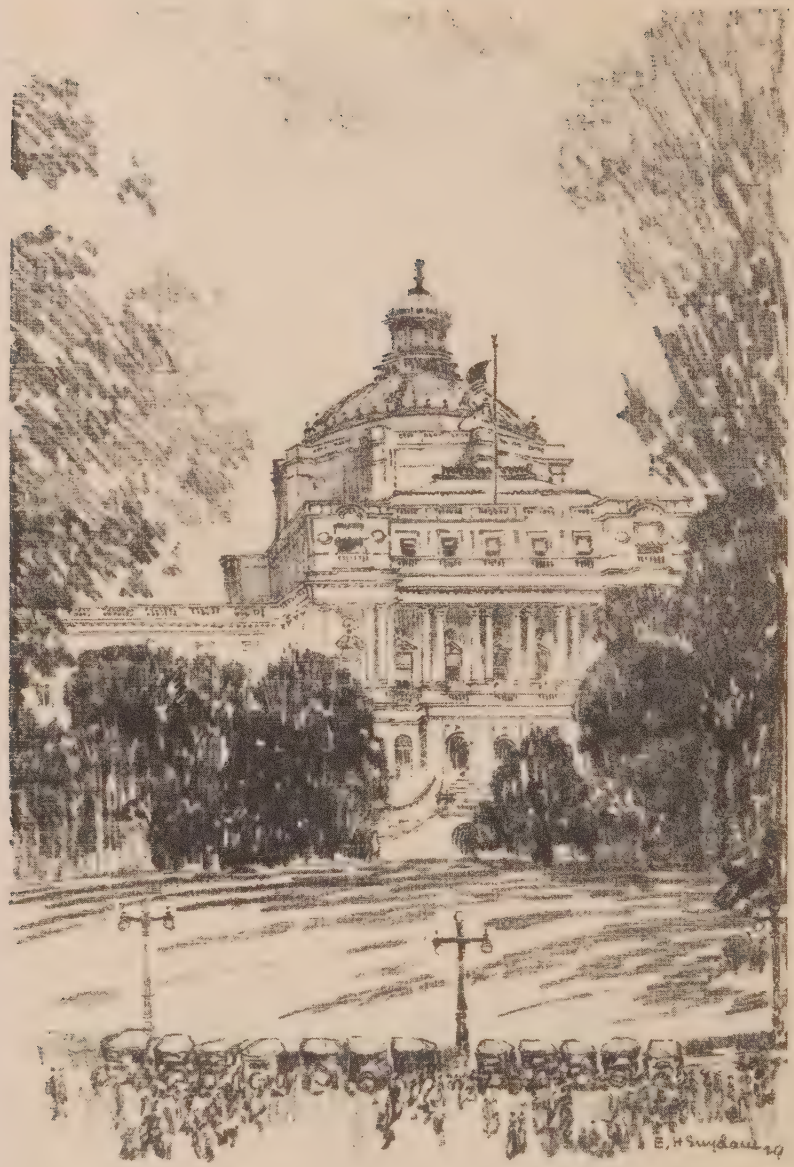
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Few visitors to the present Library of Congress recall the old library on the west front of the Capitol, where Ainsworth R. Spofford, tall, spare, wiry, agile, sat in his alcove, wedged into his chair by books he was about to devour. At the sound of a congressional voice he would leap from his seat, and if he did not have in memory the answer to the question (as rarely happened) he bounded up the gallery stairs and picked from the shelves the book that contained it. If he himself did not know everything, at least he answered Huxley's description of the wise man—he had the knowledge of where knowledge was to be found.

The devices Dr. Spofford resorted to in order to persuade, cajole, and convince Congress that a library

building was a necessity were legion for number and as ingenious as New Hampshire wit could devise. Senators entered the library precincts between columns formed by bags of waste paper. To an inquirer for a British report reply was made that it was in the library, but it would be quicker to send to London for it. Copyrighted photographs were heaped promiscuously on the floor of the little room reserved for them. Dr. Spofford simply made a virtue of a necessity. In the end he triumphed, and in 1897 the Library of Congress moved into the present building, well planned for library uses now and for the future. Of course, it is becoming too small—or else the activities of the library are becoming too large!

All things are comparative. The collection of three thousand books (gathered at the instance of Albert Gallatin and others of his day only to be burned by the British troops in 1814) answered the needs of those times quite as completely as our wants are supplied by the four million books of to-day. Indeed, the burning was not an unmixed evil, since it moved Thomas Jefferson to offer to Congress (at a price) his valuable collection. Some there were who objected to the infidel character of many of the books, while others opined that the number of Bibles was greatly in excess of congressional needs. The Library of Congress now has a world-famous array of Bibles.



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS FROM THE CAPITOL STEPS

By 1830 the number of volumes had reached fourteen thousand, all arranged according to Jefferson's scheme, which in turn was based on Bacon's classification of science. The present arrangement permits infinite expansion and indefinite subdivision. Thus the catalogue grows as naturally as does a tree. When a new book comes (and two copies of each copyrighted book must be deposited), it is catalogued—title, author, subjects, etc. Printed cards result from this analysis. These cards (now numbering over forty-seven millions) are sold at cost of printing to subscribing libraries, which are thus saved the most expensive and exacting part of library service. Of course the purchasing library (public or private) orders only the cards it needs, either for its own books or for reference purposes. If a local library does not have the particular book one of its readers desires to use, the volume may be borrowed from the Library of Congress. Thus a library truly national has resulted. The catalogue alone now occupies a floor space much larger than the entire library used in 1830—then 92 feet in length by 34 feet in breadth.

Perhaps the present library building, with all its polished and colored marbles, its murals and statues, has no greater attraction to visitors than had the old room, with its twelve arched alcoves supported by fluted pilasters "copied from the pillars in the cele-

brated Octagon Tower at Athens," and its arched ceiling "elegantly ornamented with rich stucco borders, panels and wreaths of flowers." It was the wonder of its day and generation.

When President McKinley appointed Herbert Putnam librarian of Congress in 1899, the Government secured the services of a trained man born and brought up among books, deeply educated in the humanities at Harvard, trained in the law at Columbia, and called into library work by special aptitude, shown in the Minneapolis and Boston public libraries. His particular talent is in administration; but he could not have become a great administrator without first creating in his own mind a pattern of what a national library should become, and an intelligence transcending that of subordinates highly trained along their special lines.

One who has with great difficulty obtained permission simply to see the book-stacks of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, or has experienced the delays encountered in consulting a volume in the British Museum, is amazed at the entire freedom with which any one may go to the card-catalogue of the Library of Congress, write out his required titles, and, within the few moments required for the mechanical carriers to work, have brought to his comfortable seat the books he desires. For the student,

facilities undreamed of elsewhere are provided expeditiously, and the entire service of the library is at his disposal. If he is writing a book he may have a room (cubicle) or an alcove set apart for his use and his particular books kept under his hand.

George Washington in his will expressed "an ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of the rising Empire, thereby to do away with local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would or indeed ought to admit." To this end he created a fund to establish a national university, "wherein the youth of the land might acquire knowledge in the principles of politics and good government." Unfortunately, the very local prejudices Washington sought to overcome have prevented the establishment at the capital of a university that in a broad sense can be called national; his bequest has been swallowed up, and a multitude of institutions represent sects or special interests.

Gradually, step by step, the Library of Congress is becoming in a sense the fulfilment of Washington's dream. In the departments of music, the fine arts, literature, and American history, large endowments for the support of specialists are beginning to make available the heaped-up treasures gathered in the national capital. Still more gradually scholars are dis-

covering these resources and availing themselves of them.

To-day it is quite impossible to write adequately of any period or any phase of American history without consulting the extensive and rich collections of manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Many years ago Edward Everett picked up in Spain a manuscript on parchment relating to Christopher Columbus. How valuable his find was he never knew. After Mr. Everett's death his son William found the manuscript behind the books on the lower shelf of a bookcase in his house in Cambridge, then about to be destroyed to make room for Richardson's little gem of a building, Austin Hall. William Everett generously sold the manuscript to the library for a small consideration. It turned out to be one of four or five copies of the schedule of honors and emoluments received by Columbus, all prepared under his personal supervision. Recently the paper copy was on the London market priced at $44,000.

While the John Boyd Thacher and other collections are rich in autographic material (including letters from everybody who had anything to do with the French Revolution and could write), it is chiefly the papers of American statesmen that annually draw students from upward of sixty colleges for longer or shorter periods of study. There are over four hundred

MAIN HALL OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

volumes of letters to and from Washington, and no other collection is so frequently consulted. Thomas Jefferson's correspondence occupies a nearly equal space, and the most significant letters of Alexander Hamilton are there. Chief Justice Marshall drops into humor when he tells, in an unpublished letter, of the terrible vices of Europe, explaining to his correspondent that he means the public vices, for there are some private ones scarcely to be withstood!

The original manuscript of General Grant's Memoirs gives evidence of the strain he was under while producing that classic piece of literature, during his last illness. Every President is represented, the large majority by the great body of their correspondence, while the few lost sheep outside the fold will surely come in, for owners of manuscripts are coming to realize that there is no other place where so enduring and adequate a monument to one's ancestors can be erected.

The library, through a special board, administers funds given by private individuals for specific purposes: such as the fund established by the late James B. Wilbur for reproducing source-material for American history; by R. R. Boker for bibliography; by Archer M. Huntington to purchase Hispanic, Portuguese, and South American literature. Then, and significantly, there are funds provided to increase above

the level of government pay the salaries of specialists in music, the fine arts, Hispanic literature, and American history. This body of specialists, working in company and association, giving aid and advice to visiting scholars, fulfils the functions of the university of today, which aims not so much to impart knowledge as to direct the student as to how and where he himself may acquire knowledge.

Most interesting is the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge fund, with an annual income of $30,000, to promote understanding and appreciation of chamber music, and also studies in musicology, using the library's world-famous musical collections. Mrs. Coolidge built a perfect auditorium within the library precincts; and thither come musicians from other cities to listen to concerts of chamber music, new and old, given by performers often brought from overseas. In the development of this adventure Mrs. Coolidge takes keen personal interest.

Next in romantic interest is the bequest of Joseph Pennell, amounting to $350,000, to enlarge the division of fine arts, to which he had already given his collection of Whistler personalia—a most amusing as well as instructive exhibition, into the arrangement of which Mrs. Pennell has put her heart, knowledge, and taste.

Like thunder from a clear sky came the announce-

ment that Mr. Henry C. Folger had quietly been purchasing the lands on East Capitol Street directly east of the Library of Congress, and had commissioned the architects Alexander B. Trowbridge and Paul Cret to prepare plans for a building to house his extensive and very valuable Shaksperiana collections. The building is to contain a small theater suitable for the production of the plays of Shakspere and other dramatists of his period. Architecturally it will belong to the Capitol family; but the designers will exercise their own genius in giving outward expression to the treasures within. Then an accompanying endowment provides quite amply for the increase of the collections.

While the Library is administered for the benefit of mankind, its special relations to Congress have likewise been expanded and deepened. The legislative reference division provides to senators and representatives information on which they can rely for thoroughness and impartiality. The suddenness and comprehensiveness of the demands of legislators about to make a speech often require both time and also mental ability and agility. One day there came the question as to how many souls had been sent to hell since the world began. Mr. H. H. B. Meyer's answer, made with certain reservations and qualifications (the saints were disregarded as too few to affect the re-

sult), probably never came to the official notice of the librarian; but it convinced the questioner.

With all its size and ramifications the Library of Congress is a very human place. Scattered over the world are perhaps a hundred persons who have had, and who still have, the privilege of dropping into the Round Table room on the upper floor of the building, ordering (and paying for) their luncheons, and eating their frugal meal in company with the heads of divisions and such visiting strangers as Dr. Putnam's wide acquaintance and hospitable proclivities lead him to gather. The membership has no other basis than the privilege adverted to, and is the more prized because of its very informality—tempered and made significant by a genius for fusing human elements temporarily into a homogeneous companionship by good conversation.

Each day thousands of visitors enter the Library of Congress; for during thirty-two years it has established and maintained its position as one of the chief show places of Washington. One looks down on the busy reading-room and up at the many murals. The exhibition of specimen treasures in books, maps, manuscripts, etchings, and engravings (the library takes no original, single works of art in painting or sculpture) is a constant source of pleasure. The culmination is found in the bronze cases wherein are

displayed the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States (without the amendments).

Taken all together, the Library of Congress represents one of the great achievements in American civilization—as well as a great opportunity for intelligent donors.

Chapter IX

THE SUPREME COURT

CEREMONIAL plays so small a part in American life that what little there is of it becomes the more attractive. Visitors to the Capitol try not to miss being present at the opening of the session of the Supreme Court of the United States. People line the corridors and crowd into the diminutive court-room to watch the nine venerable and urbane-looking black-robed justices, led by the smiling Chief Justice, make their stately way from the robing-room across the narrow hall and so to their places behind the long bench.

After a brief official announcement that the session is opened, and a pious hope for country and for court, the day's work begins at noon and ends after four

hours of listening to the causes presented by lawyers who have come from various parts of the country. By dint of the most unremitting work on the part of the members of the present court, the docket is now substantially clear—an example deliberately set to the lower courts.

The people at large have a great deal of respect for the Supreme Court; and foreigners usually regard it as being possessed of super-power, fancying that it can override even an act of Congress, a notion often expressed also at home. Lord Bryce has called the Supreme Court the living voice of the Constitution, and has defined its function as the interpretation of the Constitution to the people. The people themselves have made the Constitution and they alone can change it. What the court decides is whether a law made by Congress—itself a creature of the Constitution—conflicts with the controlling principles embodied by the people in the Constitution.

It is true that during the first quarter century the quite general terms often used in the Constitution required interpretation, and that interpretation could come only after a competent legal examination of actual facts presented in a particular case. Thus a body of interpretation could be built up on a sound foundation. In the popular mind Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton represent the two opposite poles

of government. As a matter of fact, Jefferson's theory of the supremacy of the popular will, even when expressed by gusts of opinion, found its consistent, steadfast, and supremely able opponent in Chief Justice John Marshall, who was appointed by President John Adams and served on the bench until 1830. During this period he and his associates interpreted the Constitution in such manner as to build up a government of law based upon eternal principles of justice. In this work he had the support of the people of the country.

Next to Chief Justice Marshall in legal ability stands Chief Justice Taney—this in spite of the Dred Scott decision, which was one of the prime factors in bringing on the Civil War, and which in popular estimation has obscured his great merits as a jurist. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England is the only outsider who ever sat with the justices on the Supreme Bench.

The justices are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, to serve as long as they may choose to stay on the bench, and it is unusual for a member to retire until his physical condition precludes work. None of the justices goes back farther than President Roosevelt, who appointed Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. At the age of eighty-eight, Mr. Justice Holmes is a steady worker, with the reputa-

THE NEW SUPREME COURT, APPROVED PLAN

tion of inclining (even Supreme Court justices incline) to the popular or democratic view of propositions, in which proclivities he has a companion in Mr. Justice Brandeis, also from Massachusetts. President Taft appointed Associate Justice Van Devanter, whom President Roosevelt made a circuit judge. Associate Justices Brandeis and McReynolds were appointed by President Wilson; Stone by President Coolidge.

During his two years and five months of administration President Harding appointed four of the nine members of the court—Associate Justices Sutherland, Butler, Sanford, and Chief Justice Taft. To the latter the selection came as a matter of poetic justice—the achievement of a lifelong ambition put aside for service in the Philippines. One third of the members got their legal training at the Harvard Law School, two at the Cincinnati Law School, one at the University of Michigan. Justice Sutherland, of English birth, is the only member not native-born, and also the only member who has served in the Senate.

A lawyer of distinction once said that he would rather talk to a barn-door than to the Supreme Court of the United States; and often the atmosphere is one of peace and somnolence. On occasion, however, there is a rapid fire of questions from the bench and answers from the lawyer arguing the case. The late Thomas Wilson, who forsook the law for a Smithsonian

curatorship, was checked by Chief Justice Chase with the sarcastic question: "Mr. Wilson, may you not presume that this Court is acquainted with the elementary principles of law?" "May it please Your Honor, that is the mistake I made in the lower court." To his dying day Mr. Wilson counted that answer as the achievement of his life.

The Supreme Court has ever been located in close proximity to the houses of Congress, an association which seems appropriate. The court, on coming to Washington in 1802, sat in one of the committee-rooms of the Senate. Then quarters were found for it in what is now the Law Library, and when the Senate moved to its present chamber the court moved into the old Senate Chamber. As the business of the court increased with the growth of the country, the space allotted to it became woefully insufficient; but still the justices preferred narrow quarters to leaving a place hallowed by great traditions, both political and legal.

The chamber in which the court holds its sessions is one of the most dignified and most beautifully proportioned rooms in this country. Its historical associations are great. It was the Senate Chamber of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others among the great statesmen of the formative period of the Republic. Then, too, the chamber has its judicial history of great cases argued

and great decisions rendered. Naturally, the members of the Supreme Court hesitate to depart from quarters so central in location and so historic in its associations. Nothing but dire necessity could make a change tolerable.

That necessity has arisen from two quarters. Changed conditions of living on the part of the justices no longer permit them to maintain offices in their homes. Two justices now have offices in the Capitol, and one is accommodated in the Senate Office Building. The Capitol is already overcrowded, and all the space is needed for legislative work. Locations in the Senate Office Building are anomalous and inconvenient. Moreover, the quarters now occupied by the Solicitor-General and the clerks of the court are insufferably insufficient.

In anticipation of a change, tentative plans for a Supreme Court building were prepared at the instance of Chief Justice Taft by Mr. Cass Gilbert. The site selected is the square facing the Capitol grounds north of the Library of Congress. Happily the requirements for space do not even suggest closing Maryland Avenue as Pennsylvania Avenue was closed to provide for the Library. Therefore, there is no temptation again to interfere with and to nullify the great plan with which the national capital was endowed at its birth.

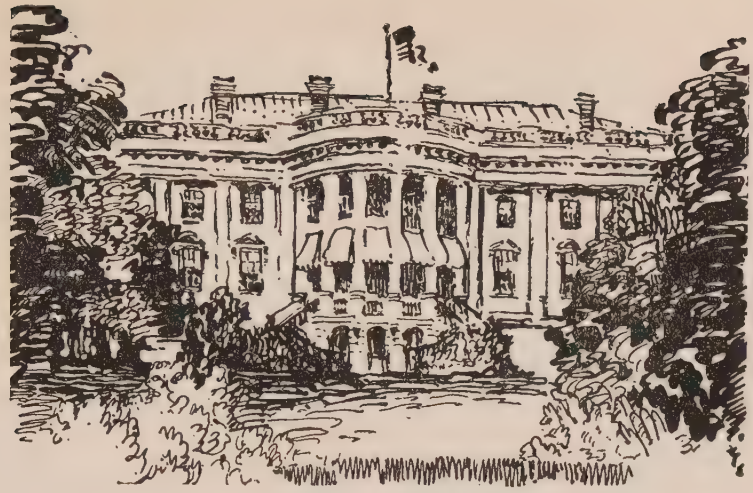
After being kept in confined quarters for more than half a century, both the justices and the members of the bar will have adequate facilities for the conduct of the business of the court. For two years the quest of information has been pursued by the architect, Mr. Gilbert, to whom the building commission has intrusted the work. The result will be a court-room certainly not inferior architecturally to the historic chamber now occupied, although of course it will take years to gather traditions. Perhaps, however, a court is like a country—happiest when it has no history. There will be a library especially for the court and another for members of the bar. The law division of the Library of Congress will be at the other end of the East Capitol Street tunnel, to supply books not in ordinary use, such, for example, as the laws of the South American republics. The bar library gives an opportunity to make up to the lawyers of the country for the inconveniences they have always suffered in having no place in which to work with any degree of comfort. And the Solicitor-General, who has been cooped up in a space smaller than that occupied by a grand piano, may look forward at least to physical comfort.

Located on the axis of the Senate and designed to correspond with that building in importance and dignity, the Supreme Court building should rank among the monumental structures of the nation.

The position attained by the Supreme Court in public regard has been due to the fact that its members have been not only jurists but also constructive statesmen of a high order. The late Senator Beveridge (whose life of Chief Justice Marshall is a history of the court during the early days when Marshall was upholding the supremacy of the nation against the persistent efforts of Jefferson and his followers to maintain the disintegrating influences of State courts) relates how, slowly, patiently, often hopelessly, Marshall and his associates endeavored to build a system of law that should be uniform throughout the entire country, thus binding together the States of the Union into that more perfect union which it was the declared purpose of the Constitution to bring about. Before Marshall died, in 1830, a consciousness of failure clouded his latter days; for the high results of his labors were not then apparent, but were left for the future to disclose.

Charles Warren, in his history of the Supreme Court, clearly shows "the vitally important part which the Court has played in the history of the country, in preserving the Union, in maintaining the National supremacy within the limits of the Constitution, in upholding the doctrines of International Law and the sanctity of treaties, and in directing the trend of the economic, social and political development of the

United States." That author lays stress upon the fact that discontent with the decisions of the court has arisen *not* because the court held an act of Congress unconstitutional, but rather because it refused to do so. Also to that no less significant fact that "while the judges' decision makes law, it is often the people's view of the decision that makes history."



Chapter X

THE WHITE HOUSE

THE White House represents the personality of the President of the United States. Even during the century that the office and the home of the President were combined, the public has considered the domestic character of the house rather than its official functions. Popularly speaking, the White House is the place where the President entertains. Comparatively few people are interested in politics. To the majority, Presidential elections are a quadrennial affliction, mitigated with the excitement of a hazard; but there is general interest in all that pertains to the daily life of the chosen one of the nation.

The White House is filled with associations. Under

its sheltering roof children have first opened their eyes upon the world; brides have been given away amid smiles and tears; and the nation's dead have found brief resting-place before passing for the last time through its familiar portals. The house has been *lived in,* and so is hallowed.

The President's House (as the appropriation bills for half a century style it) was located by Washington and L'Enfant on an eminence overlooking the Potomac River, whose waters then covered the present Potomac Park. Deliberately it was placed apart from the Capitol by Washington, because in New York and Philadelphia he had found that propinquity retards business and consumes time; by L'Enfant because, seeing the city "in the large," he planned a wide distribution of the public buildings. The arrangement of Capitol and Governor's Palace at Williamsburg is similar to the Washington plan; so that the President had been accustomed to it all his life. Then, too, L'Enfant laid out a park connection between the nation's two principal buildings, with a great *tapis vert* similar to the one at Mount Vernon that stretches from the door of the mansion to the far-off gates through which General Washington rode to the highway. L'Enfant's plan was very big and splendid and well considered. It was not without reminders of things familiar.

When L'Enfant withdrew from all participation in the work, it became necessary to resort to a competition to secure plans for both Capitol and President's House. Happily, unanimity and admiration were accorded to the plan for the President's House made by James Hoban, a native of Ireland and a medal man of the Dublin Society of Arts. Hoban had designed the state house at Columbia, South Carolina, and thereby had come to the attention of Colonel John Laurens,[1] who commended the brilliant young architect to Washington. With the acceptance of his plan for the President's House, Hoban began a service of forty-two years in government work, during which period he never achieved another notable success as a designer.

It has passed into tradition that Hoban took his plan of the White House from that of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin; but investigation shows that a number of houses in Ireland and England, and even several in Poland, designed during the last half of the eighteenth century, are closer to the President's House than is its assumed Dublin prototype.[2] As a

[1] As special envoy, Colonel Laurens, son of Henry Laurens, had been successful in securing loans from France during the Revolution.

[2] M. Tadic Shyienski, professor of architecture at the Cracow School of Fine Arts, has made comparative studies of these plans, which come to me from the former Ambassador of the French Republic, J. J. Jusserand, who takes a lively interest in all such matters.

matter of fact, Hoban designed a gentleman's house of the period; fortunately, it was a good period. The style follows classical precedents, which were familiar to both Washington and Jefferson, and also were in accord with their stately manner of life and thought.

Is the White House good architecturally, or do we just think so because of patriotism? One night in June of 1902, Charles F. McKim (whose architectural taste and knowledge none will dispute) was strolling through the White House grounds in company with a companion. The architect was pondering the problem of the restoration of the White House, which had been committed to him by President Roosevelt. That afternoon he had watched the crowds of people, arrayed in joyous costumes befitting a semi-tropical climate, who had come from the hot streets to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band, stationed in that portion of the President's Park known as the Ellipse. It was all so like, and yet so different from, the open-air concerts the two had watched the year before at Versailles, on the Pincian Hill in Rome, in the Prater at Vienna, on Margaretten Insel at Budapest, and on the Thames at Richmond. To Mr. McKim always a building was looked at primarily as a setting for the life to be lived therein, and by no means as a specimen of architecture.

The two men, seated on one of those made-mounds ascribed to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape design, were enjoying the quiet night, within locked gates, where no sound from city streets broke the grateful noise of waters splashing in the big fountain. Far away, on the south portico, President Roosevelt sat amid a group of dinner guests. The points of light of the cigars of the guests were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds. Only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office suggested the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed its harmonious lines.

"Tell me," the architect was asked, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the White House—many of them larger and much more costly—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately. "I could take the White House down stone by stone and rebuild it elsewhere, and none other could approach it."

When Mrs. John Adams took possession of the White House, on the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia, in the autumn of 1800, she found a half-finished building set in the midst of race-tracks and brick-

yards. Then the present Blue Room was used as a mere vestibule; the Red Room was the antechamber to the library and Cabinet Room, now known as the state dining-room; the Green Room was then the "small" dining-room; and the present private dining-room and the pantry were used as the public dining-room. The East Room was not entirely finished until 1836, and before 1803 the ceiling had given away. Mrs. John Adams used the cheerless room for drying linen.

In an often-quoted letter the first mistress of the White House has put on record the amount of discomfort she experienced during the single winter of her sojourn in Washington. Although Congress had placed $25,000 in the hands of the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, for the purpose of furnishing the President's House, those worthy gentlemen entirely neglected to provide a system of bells; there was neither fire-wood nor persons to cut it in the surrounding forests; and, the fireplaces being without grates, it was impossible to have recourse to coal. Notwithstanding her many discomforts, however, Mrs. Adams saw the large possibilities of the house; while of the District of Columbia she wrote with enthusiasm: "It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

President Jefferson took the unfinished and unfurnished White House and during the eight years of his administration gave to it the character that endured for thirty years, until the days of Andrew Jackson. In Paris Jefferson had occupied the residence of the Comte de Langeac and the Hotel de Salm, both palatial. He lived in a style befitting his mission at the gayest court in Europe. He was no ascetic; and while he was a republican on paper, in his private life he was an aristocrat, at Monticello and in the White House. Indeed, his democracy often concerned itself in setting up his own iron-clad conventions in place of those generally accepted ones he overturned.

One of President Jefferson's southern friends, on coming to visit him, would be carried along Pennsylvania Avenue in the coach that wallowed its way from Georgetown (where the aristocratic southerner would lodge) to the Capitol. Arriving near the President's House, the visitor would be deposited in front of the rough wooden fence which separated the President's Park from a decrepit apple-orchard and the easterly end of Colonel Tayloe's race-track, where Lafayette Square now is. There were no houses facing this square until after the War of 1812; but a market was held there, at which gentlemen picked out delicacies of the season and bestowed them in a capacious basket. Chief Justice John Marshall carried his own basket,

but usually a colored servant assisted at such ceremonials. President Jefferson's visitor would reach the main door of the mansion over a temporary wooden bridge, for the north portico was not built until about 1826. We laugh to-day at the crudity of the wooden bridge; but there are those who recall the pre-Roosevelt days, when, on occasions of the four annual formal receptions, the guests, after having by good fortune recovered their wraps from the floor of the entrance hall, made their way out of the house through a front window and thence by a temporary plank bridge spanning the house area.

Once within "the great hall of entrance," as Jefferson's inventory [1] calls it, the visitor would walk over a carpet of "canvass painted green" to one of the twenty-eight mahogany chairs with haircloth bottoms, or else to a "common settee" near the eight-day clock. Two large and several small mahogany tables, "three elegant globe lamps," and "four girandoles with brass lamps" gave dignity to the apartment. Lest destructive fire should ravage so much national elegance, eight fire-buckets were conveniently disposed about the hall.

The present family dining-room, at the northwest corner, was to Jefferson "the large dining room." The carpet was of Brussels. It would be invidious to insist upon the discrepancy between two large punch-

[1] Marie G. Kimball, "Antiques," June and July, 1929.

bowls, thirty decanters, one hundred and twenty wine and twenty liqueur glasses, as compared with thirteen water bottles, two water-pitchers and eighteen tea and coffee cups! The guests when few were entertained in the small dining-room on the south side of the house (now the Green Room), sitting around the extra large mahogany dining-table in six pieces, or at the small dining-table in three parts, or even at the oval breakfast table. Chintz window-curtains, a green canvas floor, fire-screens, girandoles, an elegant sideboard with pedestals, urn knife-cases, glass cases for the silver and plated ware, three large japanned waiters, and fifteen of the inevitable black-and-gold chairs were a portion of the furniture.

For his personal use Jefferson had a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a passage adjoining large enough to hold eight "fashionable chairs of crimson and gold," also a large mahogany wardrobe and window-stool, an elegant couch. His bedroom windows and couch were draped with dimity curtains; his wash-stands, bureau, tables, and fire-screen were of mahogany. Underfoot there was a Brussels carpet; on the walls hung prints of Washington, John Adams, and himself, and the delight of his heart was "a machine to hang clothes on." His dressing-room was large enough to contain eleven chairs of crimson and gold; a common carpet covered the floor. His cabinet furniture was

mahogany, save for twelve black-and-gold chairs; his sitting-room had "two elegant girandoles," an "elegant time piece," three sofas covered with haircloth, a drink-table with marble top and a card-table, a Chinese pipe, and sixteen fashionable chairs, black-and-gold. In his drawing-room hung Gilbert Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington that, thanks to Dolly Madison's brave thoughtfulness in 1814, still hangs in the White House. Then there were four large mahogany haircloth sofas, elegant girandoles, glass lusters, alabaster and china chimney ornaments, two dozen "fashionable chairs—blue-and-gold," two large card-tables, and two square tables with leaves. Jefferson's inventory calls the Brussels carpet "elegant."

The gilt furniture might have come from France or England, or else it might have been made in New York or Philadelphia. At that time gold furniture was the fashion throughout the world. Thomas Jefferson had enough achievements to his credit to enable him, on occasion, to indulge his taste for luxury!

In August, 1814, President and Mrs. Madison took up their temporary residence in Colonel Tayloe's Octagon House while the President's House was being rebuilt by Hoban, after it was burned by the British invaders. When President and Mrs. Monroe came to the building, restored at a cost of about $30,000, they added the south portico; and Presi-

dential offices were built (probably where the present Office Building stands) at a further cost of $15,000. By an amusing family coincidence, it was Mrs. John Quincy Adams who superintended the finishing and furnishing of the East Room, where her mother-in-law had hung the family washing. Also the north portico was built during the social reign of the beloved Mrs. Adams. President Andrew Jackson first had a gardener, and in his day stables were added to the equipment. President Van Buren's European purchases of furniture and "gold spoons" caused a congressional uproar, resulting in a stipulation that "all articles purchased for the President's House shall be of American manufacture, so far as may be practicable and expedient," a bit of ambiguity not infrequent in acts of Congress.

Gas came to the mansion during President Polk's administration; Mrs. Fillmore began a house library which started with $2,000 for books and received one small addition. On March 4, 1929, Mrs. Hoover found the library as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and borrowed a book for the President's bedtime use. President Pierce installed a furnace in the house and hotbeds in the gardens. During his day a bathroom appears in the appropriations for the first time. Throughout the half century from Pierce to Roosevelt the bath facilities were increased to one twin-tub

bathroom for children and guests, and a single room for the President's suite! The Treasury extensions took away the Presidential hothouses, and President Buchanan was compensated with a conservatory built on the top of the west terrace, a degradation of the President's House, indeed, but not to be compared to the cowsheds and yards on the east side. Fire destroyed the conservatory in President Johnson's day, but it was rebuilt promptly and was a feature of the house until it was swept away in 1903.

Potomac water entered the White House with President Lincoln, a notable improvement made feasible by a system of drainage into the canal that ran as an open sewer along B Street. Probably it was during the Confederate General Early's raid on the capital on July 11 and 12, 1864, that the protecting Union cavalry damaged the trees in the White House grounds so seriously that many of them had to be replaced. Early slipped around Sigel's force, laid Frederick under tribute, defeated Lew Wallace at Monocacy River, and marched to Rockville. Thence he advanced to the site of the present Walter Reed Hospital. In his anxiety, President Lincoln exposed himself to the Confederate fire, standing on the parapet, at Fort Stevens, now a portion of the Fort Drive—a project still in the making, to recover the Civil War fortifications and connect them into a boulevard.

In the summer the only escape from the congested Executive Mansion (as the White House was then called) was to the Soldiers' Home, then the only large park in the District of Columbia. Thither the President drove after the long day's work. This was the first "summer White House."

Seemingly Mrs. Lincoln was extravagant in her expenditures for furniture; but the severe usage to which the house was subjected by the public during Civil War days accounts for a considerable portion of the $76,000 appropriated. The Superintendent of Public Buildings, B. B. French (an uncle of the sculptor Daniel Chester French), appealed to President Lincoln, at Mrs. Lincoln's behest, to request from Congress an additional appropriation; but the President indignantly refused to ask for money to be spent on "damned flubdubs" when the boys at the front needed boots and blankets. It was a better house than any that they had ever before lived in, he said, and they must make it do.[1]

One day during the McKinley administration the Secretary of State, John Hay, and the Secretary of War, Elihu Root, were going together to the President's office, then on the second floor of the White House. Mr. Hay said reminiscently: "Whenever I

[1] B. B. French, "Diary." Privately printed. Robert T. Lincoln, on being asked as to the truth of the story, said "it sounded true."

come up to this corridor, I see a vision. As one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, my room was at the east or Treasury end of the corridor. The President's room was at the west end, as it always has been. At times I would be awakened in the middle of the night by some one seating himself on the side of my bed. Mr. Lincoln would say: 'Lie still, Hay; don't get up. Will you mind if I read to you a little while?' Then he would read a poem of Hood's, a passage from Shakspere, or a portion of the Bible. After perhaps a half hour of reading, his mind would become calm. Then he would rise, pick up the candlestick he had brought, and start for the door. The candle, carried high, lighted Lincoln's tumbled hair, as the President, his nightshirt flapping around his ankles, passed down the corridor and disappeared into the darkness."

During President Johnson's administration the question of the removal of the President's "mansion" was made the subject of a survey, resulting in a report in favor of a location south of the Soldiers' Home, where McMillan Park is now. Nothing followed the report. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison had elaborate plans prepared for extensions at the east and west ends of the mansion, but when those plans were publicly presented in 1900 there was widespread and effective opposition to the threatened destruction of the essential character of the house. It was manifest, how-

ever, that something must be done to provide larger accommodations for the President and his family, official and private. President McKinley facetiously ventured the opinion that the President of the United States should be required by law to walk each morning a mile and a half to his offices. Mrs. McKinley, however, put a quietus to Mrs. Harrison's plans by serving notice on Senator Allison, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, that "she would have no hammering in the White House during her stay." President Roosevelt very promptly put the question of removal out of discussion when he announced that he felt that under no circumstances should the President live elsewhere than in the historic White House. This sentiment struck a popular chord.

Congress annually provides a fund for the repair of the White House, and when, in 1902, President Roosevelt sought the advice of the architect Charles F. McKim as to the expenditure of the proposed appropriation of $16,000 for the coming year, the architect said frankly that the amount named was insufficient merely to clean the house, and that it was not worth while to patch a building that needed thorough reconstruction. Mr. McKim gave the advice that a temporary one-story building be located west of the White House, nearly on the site once occupied by Thomas Jefferson's offices, and be distinctly subordi-

nate to the main building; and that the White House be restored to its original uses as a residence. Meantime, Congress could consider the question of the location and construction of adequate offices for the President. This solution commended itself to President Roosevelt, but he took no steps to make it effective.

One day in May, 1902, Mr. McKim told Senator James McMillan of his advice to President Roosevelt. On being asked for figures, the architect opined that $100,000 would be needed to *begin* the reconstruction and $15,000 might provide a temporary office building. Before the architect reached New York that evening the Senate Appropriations Committee (to whom Senator McMillan straightway appealed with a moving recital of the deplorable conditions well known to his colleagues) had agreed to both the project and the amounts. Mr. Cannon, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, on being approached, said in his most emphatic manner: "I do not care—the American people do not care—how much money it may cost to put the White House in proper condition; but before I consent to this proposition I must be certain that the entire work, even to the furnishings, can be done, and will be done, within the sum provided."

To Mr. Cannon's requirement the President further

added the provision that the work should be completed in time for the next social season, and that the executive offices, and also the living portion of the White House, should be ready in November, 1902.

For the architects that meant a campaign. Stones for floors and stairways must be selected piece by piece at the distant quarry; steel must be found to replace the overtired wooden floor-beams; velvets and silks must be woven; hardware must be fashioned; and a thousand and one details looked after, because in less than six months the White House was to be made over from cellar to garret; and every piece of woodwork, every item of furniture, each ceiling and panel and molding must be both architecturally correct and also befitting a house of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Such was the task which the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, took upon themselves, after having reached an understanding with the building firm of Norcross Brothers. Between 1861 and 1865 the senior Norcross had spent seven months of his life guarding one end of Long Bridge, whence he watched the late-burning lights of the White House. To him it was a bit of patriotism to undertake the seemingly impossible in executing in so short a time a work of such magnitude. Indeed, all the contractors put aside other orders and made personal sacrifices because of

the sentiment connected with doing work for the White House.

The total amount which Congress placed in President Roosevelt's hands for both the executive offices and the White House was $530,641, and he might expend the money in his discretion. The very fact that the people are jealous for the integrity of the White House made the problems connected with its restoration the more perplexing. Ever since Lincoln's day the offices of the President had so encroached upon the space intended for his family that the Chief Magistrate of the nation virtually had been "living over his shop"; and, as a result of the crowds on business or pleasure bent, halls, stairways, and corridors exhibited all the shabbiness which comes of turning a residence into an office.

Moreover, the thousands who attended the public receptions made it necessary to press into service as dressing-rooms the main hall, the offices, and even the state dining-room, thus creating marked discomfort. Frequently ladies in evening dress were kept for an hour or more in the crowd surging about the main door, subjected to the snows and piercing winds of winter; while the utter lack of dignity at these official receptions may be measured by the fact that the guests made their exit by climbing through a window! Again, the state dining-room accommodated not more than

THE WHITE HOUSE

fifty persons at table; and, for the larger dinners, resort had been had to the corridor, and even to the East Room—the drawing-room of the house.

At the outset the architects discovered that simply by carrying out completely Hoban's plans as to the exterior, and by making certain rearrangements in the interior, the White House problems could be solved, at least for the immediate future, without destroying one single feature of the historic building.

The White House never had been adequately finished. But in place of construction there was decoration, and the furnishings yielded to the passing fancy of the day, instead of having organic relationship with the building. The columns of the front portico were degraded by attaching to them great iron lanterns; a clumsy iron fence ornamented with gilded balls served as a resting-place for the bicycles of messenger boys who came and went through the main doorway; a driveway of asphalt twice the width of the entrance-gates ate up good grass space in front of the house. Curiously shaped beds of flowers and mounds of potted palms frittered away areas that once were dignified by a simple treatment.

On the west the terrace had been perverted by constructing upon it a series of greenhouses that smashed into the fine features of the main building with all the results of an end-on railway collision. On the south

the colonnade, with its fine stone columns, like some old cloister, had been closed by building against it a heterogeneous collection of cheap glass houses—one for a President fond of grapes, another for a Chief Magistrate who fancied big cucumbers! The rooms in this terrace, designed for house offices, had become the accessories of the greenhouses, as if the President of the United States were a commercial florist.

As the result of the restorations, the White House rises from a stylobate 460 feet in length. The roofs of the terraces (which are level with the ground on the north) are surrounded with stone balustrades bearing electric lamps. Brilliantly lighted at evening, and adorned with orange and bay trees, they form promenades and places for out-of-door enjoyment during the long months when the Washington climate invites such diversion.

Now, on the occasions of large receptions, instead of being huddled on the front portico until they could deposit their wraps on the hall floor, the guests drive into the grounds by an entrance opposite the west front of the Treasury. Alighting at a spacious porte-cochère, they enter a corridor formed by the east terrace, where are boxes to accommodate the wraps of twenty-five hundred guests, the limit of the capacity of the house. Entering the main building on the garden level, one finds on each side of the broad corridor

ample dressing-rooms, which take the place formerly given over to laundry and store-rooms. From the corridor the guests proceed, by a broad flight of stairs, to the main floor. The hall becomes an integral portion of the house, and, instead of being furnished as a thoroughfare, is treated with the large and simple dignity befitting the room which commands access to the state apartments. On entering the White House, the first impression one gets is a satisfying air of spaciousness combined with dignity. One is struck with the simplicity of treatment; and yet, on examination, it is discovered that ornament well subordinated gives character to the work.

A screen of colored glass which represented the high-water mark of the decorator's art when Chester A. Arthur was President has disappeared, although not by recourse to dynamite as the architect suggested to President Roosevelt. Original and ingenious designs, as ephemeral as fashion-plates, have been replaced with forms and materials that have been used by great builders to express ideas of permanence and dignity. These universal elements are localized, so to speak, by the buff and white coloring, reminiscent of colonial days. The state dining-room has walls of paneled oak, silver electric-light fixtures, a great stone mantel inclosing an ample fireplace, and at the windows hangings of rich green velvet. This room, en-

larged by the addition of that portion of the corridor occupied by the great stairway, will accommodate about one hundred persons at table; and, on the other hand, a comparatively small party of guests find the atmosphere of the room most hospitable.

The private dining-room, with its domed ceiling, is treated in white, with curtains of red velvet. The mantel suggests those Italian mantels that were imported for both Capitol and White House early in the nineteenth century; the chairs, the table, and the mirror-frames all reproduce patterns representing the best workmanship of colonial days; and even the eagle, appearing in seven places to mark the official character of the residence, is the reproduction of a design which has been the exclusive property of the old Sears house (now the Somerset Club) in Boston, a building almost unchanged from colonial times.

The Red Room, adjoining the state dining-room on the east, has been set apart for use as a smoking-room, except when, on formal occasions, it falls into its place in the series of state apartments. The walls are covered with deep red velvet, and many portraits long familiar to visitors find a place on them. The old beautifully wrought mantels of white marble, always too small for the state dining-room, where they originally were, find harmonious settings, one in the Red and the other in the Green Room, where their

value is made apparent. A shimmering velvet showing a silver sheen where the light strikes across it finishes the walls of the Green Room; and when, if ever, the portraits shall have their tarnished and overelaborate frames exchanged for others of a fitting character, the grace and refinement of the room will be even more apparent.

The Blue Room, the gem of the White House, is one of the most finely proportioned rooms in this country. Elsewhere throughout the building the official character of the structure is suggested; but in the Blue Room, the place where on occasions of state the President of the United States receives his guests, the character of the place is made clearly apparent. The walls are hung with ribbed silk of steel-blue, embroidered with a Greek fret in yellow silk at the elliptical ceiling, while stars ornament the hangings at the three long south windows, over each of which a golden eagle is perched. The mantel of clear white marble is supported by sheaves of arrows feathered and tipped in gilt bronze. Instead of standing near the north end of the room, with the specially invited guests at their backs, as formerly was the custom, the President and his wife stand in front of the long and heavily draped windows; and those favored persons invited "behind the line" occupy all the remainder of the room except the narrow passageway, marked off

by a heavy silken rope. The procession of guests comes from the Red Room and, after greeting the hosts, proceeds through the Green Room to the great East Room. These changes give dignity to an official reception.

The East Room, dear to the heart of the American woman, the object of keenest delight to the average female tourist, the scene of social triumphs and brilliant spectacles, has been denuded of its portraits, which formerly compelled attention through sheer badness. Its walls of ivory white and its hangings of yellow; its panels in low relief, each illustrating one of Æsop's fables; its elaborate but delicately wrought ceiling; its four great mantels of colored marbles; the beautiful floors rivaling those of Versailles and Fontainebleau—these things excite the admiration of those whose taste has been formed by study of great models.

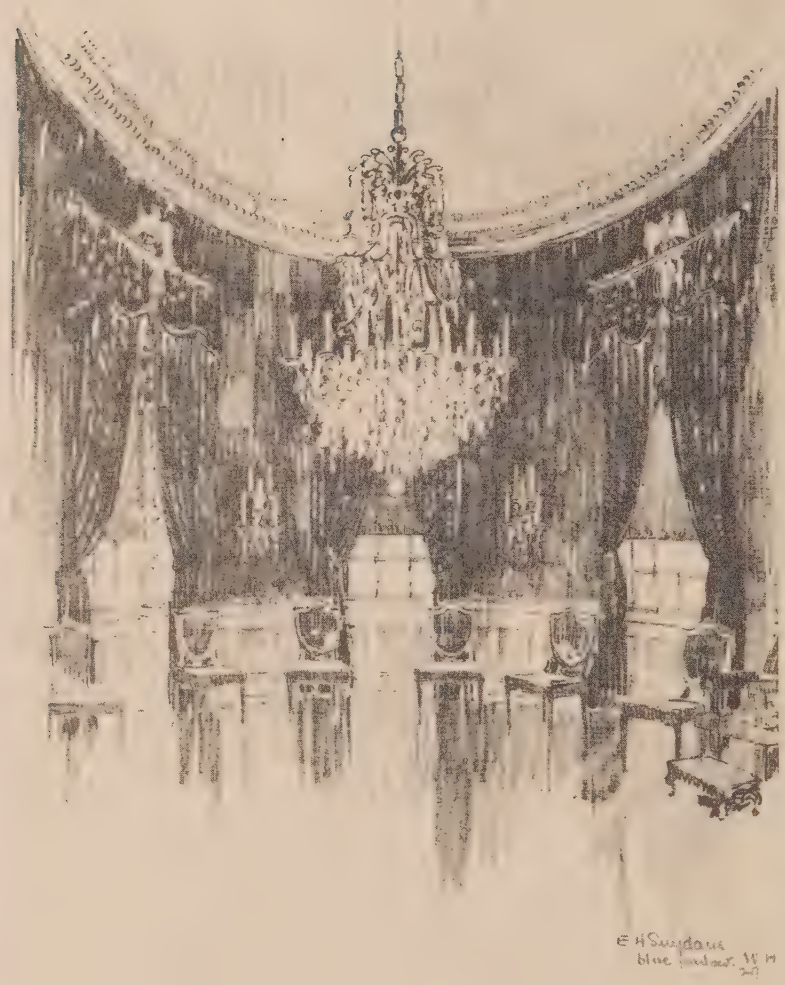
When the offices were removed, the White House stairway changed its character and direction. Simple stone stairs lead to the floor where the family life goes on. The President retains for his working place the old Cabinet Room, hallowed by so many memories of momentous events that have taken place within its walls. Here he receives the special caller to whom he must give time after the close of the regular work of the day. But the click of the telegraph sounder, the

thump of a score or more of typewriters, the incessant pound of the feet on the stairs, the voice of the insistent reporter springing from ambush on a reluctant cabinet officer, and the important tones of the voluble visitor who interviews himself to some reluctant newspaper man—these long-familiar sounds have been banished from the White House and transferred to the Office Building. The rooms that once were offices are now suites of bedrooms, and the White House is provided for entertaining, if not on a large scale, at least with due respect to hospitality.

The Office Building contains the Cabinet Room, a suite of rooms for the President, offices for his secretaries, and one room for the press. Planned as a temporary expedient, the Office Building has been doubled in size. Attic and cellar successively have been requisitioned and the end has come. The increasing business of the Executive demands a separate building for offices and official entertaining on a scale commensurate with the dignity of guests and national good taste. It is not dignified for the Government to borrow a private house to entertain English or French or other high commissions, as it now is forced to do.

In his annual message of 1902, President Roosevelt reported: "Through a wise provision of the Congress at its last session, the White House, which had become disfigured by incongruous additions and

changes, has now been restored to what it was planned to be by Washington. . . . The stately simplicity of its architecture is an expression of the character of the period in which it was built. It is a good thing to preserve such buildings as historic monuments which keep alive our sense of continuity with the nation's past."



THE WHITE HOUSE, BLUE ROOM

Chapter XI

SOCIAL LIFE

Social life in Washington centers in the White House, but is not dependent thereon. There are many groups living at the capital to whom the wide-open gates of the White House driveways are not inviting. Not being socially inclined, they have formed no contacts with the front door and are not interested enough to go with the crowd of visitors that surge through the east door in order to see the public portions of the house in which the President lives.

The widow of a popular President asked if a certain one of her successors was having a good time in the White House. "She ought to have," continued the

questioner, "for she has but to raise her finger and all things will answer to her call." The lady spoke from ample experience.

An invitation to the White House is a "command." It supersedes all previous engagements. Ignorance of this convention among the constantly shifting crowds that throng the city occasions frequent blunders, never serious and usually amusing. Mrs. Gorgas, in her sprightly life of the conqueror of yellow fever, tells of President Roosevelt breaking off a conversation with General Gorgas and inviting him to dinner to continue the talk. The embarrassed general stammered that he had an important engagement. Mr. Roosevelt laughingly urged him to keep his appointment. New members of Congress not infrequently are caught unawares, and even senators sometimes are.

Senator Mark Hanna, the political sponsor of President McKinley, would plead the urgent demands of politics when a White House invitation interfered with the Thursday evening session of the School of Philosophy, at which a good dinner was followed by a game of poker for minute points, and a discussion of the probable effect of some proposed legislation on the welfare of the Republican party. The smallness of the points was to be accounted for both by the fact that some members of the School were shockingly bad card-players, and also by the liveliness of the discussions.

President Harrison's Force Bill to control southern elections, and Senator Hanna's own Ship Subsidy Bill are among the distracting issues quietly put to sleep at these sessions.[1]

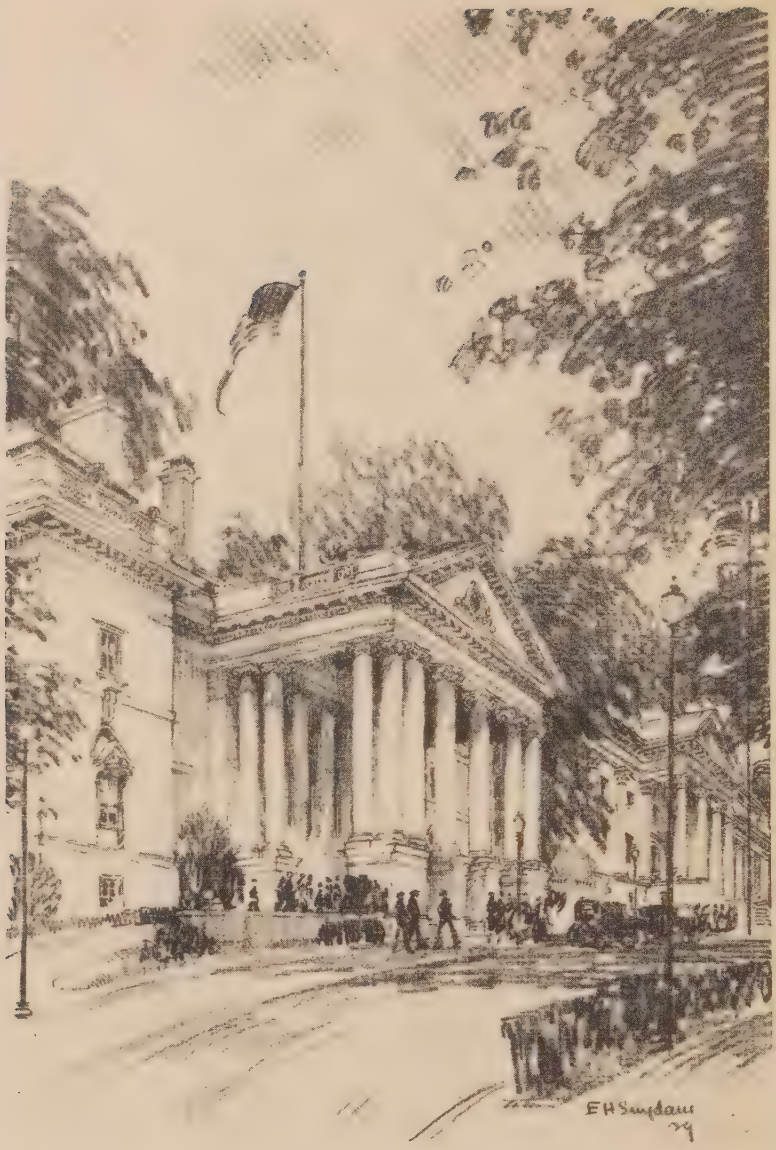
Presidents Harrison and McKinley were occasional visitors to the School, although the rule is that the President does not accept private invitations, the dinners of cabinet ministers of course being considered official. Rules are broken under temptation. The story is still told of a certain annual birthday dinner indulged in by a Secretary of State, a Secretary of War, and a Representative from Massachusetts, at which President and Mrs. Harding appeared not altogether unexpectedly. The men's after-dinner conversation was devoted exclusively to baseball, all four being classed as "fans." The President was once president of the Marion team, and the only year the club came out even was the one when they sold a player to a big team.

Many of the conventions of formal entertaining at the White House may be traced back to the days of the first President, in New York and Philadelphia. Gouverneur Morris is the only man recorded as having attempted to be familiar with Washington, and

[1] The attendants at the School of Philosophy (1889–1902) were Senators Allison, Spooner, Manderson, Hale, McMillan (at whose house the sessions were usually held), Aldrich, Hanna, Wetmore, and Vice-President Hobart. Speaker Reed and General Schofield usually came.

he never a second time slapped the Father of his Country on the shoulder. President Washington gave dinners on Thursday evenings, inviting members of both houses of Congress, judges, and personal friends. The President sat at the middle of one side of the table, Mrs. Washington at the end on his right, with the other ladies near her, a custom continued at least through the administration of Andrew Jackson. Washington was concerned about the favor shown to his wife at her Fridays, for in his diary he notes that "the visitors to Mrs. Washington this evening were not numerous"; again, "The visitors of Gent'men and Ladies to Mrs. Washington this evening were numerous and respectable." On January 8, 1790, "a great many ladies and many gentlemen visited Mrs. Washington. On this occasion [the President records] I was dressed in a suit of clothes made at the Woolen Manufactory at Hartford, as the buttons also were." Probably this was Washington's first appearance in cloth made in this country.

On Tuesday afternoons President Washington held levees for callers wishing to pay their respects. This custom is still maintained in modified form, each incumbent setting his own fashion. President Lincoln, standing or seated at a desk behind a rail at the south end of what is now the President's study, shook hands with all comers, listening most attentively to soldiers



DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
AND RED CROSS BUILDINGS

or women with tales of distress. President Roosevelt had his callers arranged in a semicircle, and went around the line saying something distinctive to each one, now serious, sometimes jocose, but always leaving on the visitor the impress of an individual contact with a robust personality. Just now there is a strong predilection for group receptions ending in a photograph with the President in the center. To that end space near the Office Building has been arranged as an outdoor photographic studio, thereby requiring the minimum of the President's time. Usually a President is really happier than he looks in these snap shots.

President Washington was one of the few people who attended the first Thanksgiving service, held at St. Paul's Chapel, New York, on Thursday, November 26, 1789, in accordance with his proclamation. On the succeeding New Year's Day, as his diary records, "the Vice President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens, came between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock to pay the compliments of the season to me—and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion." The New Year's reception (interrupted during the Wilson administration) is the one unlimited opportunity to greet the President.

Each winter four public receptions are held by the President and his wife. Invitations to the first one, in honor of the diplomatic corps, are eagerly sought because of the display of foreign uniforms and decorations. A certain ubiquitous lady, conspicuous during many years for her height, white hair and gowns, tried to pass the silken barrier into the privileged group facing the President. On being told that her name was not, unfortunately, on the list, she exclaimed with asperity: "I have been coming to these receptions for thirteen years, and I have always gone into the Blue Room. Had I known I was to be denied entrance to-night, I would not have asked for an invitation!"

Next to the diplomatic in popularity comes the reception to the army and navy, also because of the gold lace. One goes to the reception to the judiciary to see one's friends, and to the general reception because it is a Presidential reception. At nine o'clock the President and his wife, preceded by army and navy aides and followed by members of the cabinet and their wives, descend the stone staircase to the music of "The President's March," played by the red-coated Marine Band stationed in the hall. Standing at the south end of the dignifiedly beautiful Blue Room, the host and hostess face the cabinet group, and between the two groups pass in single file twenty-five hundred people during a period of less than an hour and a half. The

President shakes hands with each person and says a word of greeting. To a lady who said archly to President Coolidge, "I'm from Boston," he responded dryly, "Yes, and you'll never get over it." No refreshments are served on these occasions, the company being too great; but the President asks a few friends to join the cabinet people at a light supper served above stairs after his ceremonial withdrawal. There is dancing in the East Room after the President goes.

Of course, no wines are now served at the White House entertainments. The sentiment of the country on this subject has changed since the days when Mrs. Hayes, by banishing liquors from her table, called forth from William M. Evarts the gleefully quoted epigram that "water flowed like champagne." While Washington unofficial tables are by no means always dry, they often are; and even where liquors are served, a large proportion of the guests decline them. Even the embassies and legations, finding that their "immunity" leads too frequently to an undesirable lot of guests, are coming to realize the questionable taste of not submitting themselves voluntarily to the provisions of the Constitution of the country whose guests they are.

Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams all were familiar with the social usages of European courts. Therefore, the

lack of formality and etiquette that existed in the White House was due to intention rather than to ignorance.

Opportunities for social display and graces did not abound in a capital in the woods; levees such as those held by Martha Washington in New York and Abigail Adams in Philadelphia were manifestly impossible in a society made up of a few government officials and the old families of Georgetown—a place which Mrs. Adams, after an afternoon's round of fifteen calls, compared with Milton, Massachusetts, much to the disadvantage of Georgetown.

Thomas Jefferson took satisfaction in breaking down even the frail barriers of official etiquette his predecessors had erected. He announced that the people were free to come and go at the President's House. However, President Jefferson was a widower, and his two daughters, kept at home by domestic cares, exercised little influence on the life of the house. During the eight years of Jefferson's administration the only hostess the White House knew was the wife of the Secretary of State, Mrs. Madison, whom the President frequently called upon to preside at dinners and receptions. For these entertainments Jefferson prescribed a code of etiquette designed to teach republicanism by outraging all the conventions to which the representatives of monarchy were accustomed

—all European customs being represented by their antipodes.

There must have been some order of precedence established for the ladies; because when President Jefferson, a widower, offered his arm to Mrs. Madison, the wife of his Secretary of State, he left the British minister and Mrs. Merry to find their way to the table as best they might. They took such umbrage that they never again accepted social invitations to the White House—at least they said they never did, although it may be doubted if Mr. Jefferson ever knew of their defection.

Over and over again questions of precedence arise, much to the interest of the gossips for the time being. Usually it is easier to acquiesce in the demands of a high official. Then nothing more serious than a summer thunder-storm happens. The recent tempest involving the place of the Vice-President's sister, much talked about throughout the country, found in the British ambassador a man of fine tact, who quickly acquiesced in the claims made by the heir apparent, and there the matter stopped. Here the State Department, which regulates the seating even at private dinners attended by officials, declined to interfere.

Mrs. Madison exerted herself to mitigate the rigors brought upon President Jefferson's outraged guests; and on becoming in fact the mistress of the house, she

adopted a system of entertainment in which the predominant quality came from her own large heart. Mrs. Madison lacked experience of European courts, and her husband was bored by guests who kept him from his books. Perhaps her dinners were better suited to a harvest-home party than to official entertainments. To all objectors she retorted good-naturedly that the profusion of her table resulted from the prosperity of her country, and that she must continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance. Her snuff-box, freely offered, proved a balm for many a political wound; and there was the contagion of good nature in the nodding of her wonderful turban. The British soldiers, exasperated rather than appeased by the abundant dinner which they found spread on the White House tables, and the excellent wines from the well-stocked cellar, tore down her yellow damask curtains and piled her satin furniture about the piano to make a bonfire.

Mrs. Monroe was the first President's wife who was familiar with foreign customs. The daughter of an English army officer, and a belle in New York society before her marriage, she won marked consideration in the official society of Paris while Monroe was minister to France. But on entering the White House she withdrew from active social life, perhaps because the house itself was not sufficiently finished to allow

elaborate dinners and receptions. Children romped in the great bare East Room; and although the crowds still claimed admittance at public receptions, her own entertainments were quiet in comparison with those of her predecessors. The marriage in the White House of her youngest daughter, however, was an event of the first brilliancy in the social firmament of the capital.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams also had been schooled in the etiquette of European courts. The daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, born and educated in London, the first years of her married life were spent at the Prussian court. After a stay at St. Petersburg as the wife of the first American minister to Russia, she vastly enjoyed the much-coveted court of St. James. While the wife of the Secretary of State she gave in honor of General Andrew Jackson a ball which surpassed any other that had ever been given in Washington. If Jackson "smiled for the Presidency" by his entire absorption in his hostess, she, on her part, dazzled the immense throng not alone by the brilliancy of her "costume of steel," but also by the Juno-like manner in which she carried the honor of having for a guest the one man whom everybody was struggling to meet.

The House of Representatives having elected to the Presidency Mr. Adams and not General Jackson, for

four years Mrs. Adams struggled hard against failing health, which curtailed her social activities. Lafayette was the first guest of distinction to enjoy the hospitality of the White House; and the wedding of John, the son of the house of Adams, was the second marriage of cousins which the Blue Room witnessed.

With the advent of President Jackson a new era began. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe represented southern hospitality: Monticello, Montpelier, and Oak Hill vied with the White House in size and social importance. After leaving the Presidency their owners maintained establishments in patriarchal fashion; but either before or immediately after their deaths, in each case, poverty caused the sale of all three places. Mrs. John Quincy Adams's régime in the White House marked the height of the times when wealthy, pleasure-loving southerners, making Washington their winter home, set the social pace. Her doors swung open to men of every shade of political opinion. Rancors begotten of congressional debate or Presidential interviews all were left outside her threshold.

The men wore knee-breeches and silk stockings; while the women were clad in Paris gowns of richest material, and head-dresses fearfully and wonderfully made. When the guests met at state dinner or reception there was the common ground of birth and breeding on which every guest could stand. These condi-

tions were radically changed by the election of Andrew Jackson.

Unfortunately for her husband, Mrs. Jackson did not live to assume the responsibilities of the White House, for she had ever been a mollifying force in his life. His latch-string was out to all comers: first come, first served. Not until Lincoln's time do we again get such homely pictures of the White House life. Jackson enjoyed the south portico. Always roughly clad, he sometimes succumbed to the fervent heat by discarding both coat and waistcoat, and always sat with either a corn-cob or a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth. Yet even critical English visitors admitted the strength of character, the shrewdness of wit, and the strong common sense of this most democratic of Presidents. Balls and levees were unknown, but mirth abounded, and children's voices echoed through the corridors. When a faithful servant was taken ill with smallpox and the house servants fled, President Jackson, making an isolating ward in the White House, himself performed the duties of nurse until his humble patient was out of danger.

During Van Buren's administration, as during Jackson's, the responsibilities of the house devolved on younger members of the President's family. Mrs. William Henry Harrison's stay was brief. The first Mrs. Tyler died soon after her husband's election, and

her successor entered the house a youthful bride. Mrs. Polk created a reputation as an intellectual woman, and acted as her husband's secretary. Mrs. Taylor delegated to her youngest daughter the tasks of entertaining, for which she had no inclination. Mrs. Fillmore began a White House library; Mrs. Pierce regarded official entertaining as a duty rather than a pleasure. Both took negative color from their husbands.

The first era ended in the rule of Mrs. John Quincy Adams. The second was brought to an illustrious termination by the beautiful and brilliant Harriet Lane, niece and adopted daughter of President James Buchanan, who had received her social training at the court of St. James. At the command of Queen Victoria she was accorded the rank of the wife of a minister. In her case, as in that of Mrs. Adams, the political unpopularity of the President was left behind at the door of the White House. Within that charmed abode all was gaiety, animation, and even friendliness, the popularity of the mistress being as unbounded as the unpopularity of the master.

During President Lincoln's day, crowds packed the offices and halls of the Executive Mansion, as the President's House was coming to be called. Often office-seekers filled solidly the public staircase, the corridors on the first floor, the East Room, and the private

parlors, while groups in the grounds watched for an opportunity to push in. Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet Room, in which he wrote most of his state papers, was the one over the East Room, which President Hoover now makes his study.

During the Civil War there were public levees which one might attend without the formality of an invitation. On the evening of March 8, 1864, General Grant appeared unheralded, and was made to stand on a sofa so that all could see him. Mrs. Lincoln arranged also a state dinner for the newly commissioned lieutenant-general, who fled the town saying that he had had enough of "show business." President Lincoln laughingly accepted the unique declination. Possibly the mistress was not equally complaisant.

Of the former ladies of the White House, Mrs. Cleveland (now Mrs. Preston), Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Taft, and Mrs. Wilson are living to-day; and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, as the widow of a President, also enjoys the privilege of franking her mail.

These Ladies of the White House—what did they look like? How did they dress their hair? What style of gown did they wear? A visit to the National Museum will answer the second and third of these natural questions, and most visitors think the first also is answered, in spite of the fact that one face appears on each figure. Thanks to the inspiration, good taste, and

persistence of that *grande dame,* the late Mrs. Julian James (capably assisted by Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes, herself of the Monroe family), each of these ladies, from Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Coolidge, appears in one of her own gowns. No exhibit in the capital is more popular.

Nowadays the President's wife receives by appointment; she gives teas, garden parties, musicales, or other like entertainments, to which persons who have left cards at the White House may be asked. There is no hard and fast rule, but much individual expression on the part of the hostess. It all depends on how much time the President's wife insists on having to herself, and how much she will give to an unappeasable public.

Each White House hostess establishes her own methods of entertaining, and by so doing starts tongues wagging over some episode or another, never quite accurately related. There is in Washington a regular White House set, who through the years can be counted on to observe those social conventions which result in invitations; these are they who sit in judgment on the ladies of the White House and deliver the verdicts to the press. One learns to take their decisions for what they are worth.

It is popularly supposed that down underneath the social surface of Washington society there is a quite

select set of people of the old school called "Cave Dwellers," representing the remains of the Virginia and Maryland families, proud in their poverty and old lace. That is an interesting tradition, but long years ago the "Cave Dwellers" departed with the ghosts that have been driven from the old houses by renovators installing bathrooms. There are, however, people who form social groups to enjoy life and the company of one another. Their names do not appear in the social columns of the daily papers—they do not send them.

Chapter XII

HISTORIC HOMES OF WASHINGTON

THERE are not to-day so many historic homes in and around about Washington as there will be a few years hence. This is a paradox, of course. There is a steady and well-considered demand, not only in Washington but also throughout the adjacent country, for houses built and lived in by persons who have played a part in the history of the nation. If the new-comers can trace family connection with the ancient families, so much the better; but that is not necessary. A few of these old estates are still owned and occupied by the descendants of the builders; and others have gone into semi-public ownership.

The tide of progress in capital building occasionally

overwhelms one of the historic places, thereby occasioning brief outbursts of sentiment in the press; but it is inevitable that in the orderly development of the city, individual and family associations must give way before the large purpose. Again, Washington is quite too recent a city to have gathered traditions. The houses, sheltering only temporarily the rolling-stones of politics, gather no moss. Occasionally some old feud prevents government purchases through congressional influences; but this has happened from the very beginning of things, and will continue till human nature changes. Yet with each year the national-capital idea gets increased momentum, overcoming the obstacles in its course.

Two houses belong to the very essence of Washington. These are Tudor Place in old Georgetown, and The Octagon, not far from the very center of the District of Columbia. That center is at the present the site of the Pan American Building. Both houses were designed by the architect of the Capitol, Dr. William Thornton, and each embodies the ideas of an elegant and gracious manner of life on the part of both client and architect.

Tudor Place is now owned and occupied by the Armistead Peters, senior and junior, representing the fifth and sixth generations of Thomas Peter, its builder. Robert, the father of Thomas, was among the ear-

liest merchants of Georgetown, where he represented the house of John Glassford & Co., which monopolized the Potomac River tobacco trade. He was one of the seventeen original proprietors of the lands comprised in the original Federal City with whom Washington negotiated. The two families were connected. When Mrs. Washington's son, John Parke Custis, died from fever contracted at the siege of Yorktown, he left three daughters and a son. The younger two children were adopted by General and Mrs. Washington and were brought up at Mount Vernon. The two elder daughters remained with their mother, a direct descendant of the Lords Baltimore, proprietors of Maryland. Her maiden name was Eleanor Calvert, and after the death of "Jack" Custis she married that Dr. David Stuart whom Washington appointed one of the three commissioners to lay out the Federal City.

Mrs. Washington was completely devoted to her four grandchildren and their children; and her generous and capacious heart expanded to take in the sixteen Stuart children, at least the seven who survived. The second of her grandchildren, Martha Parke Custis, married Thomas Peter in January, 1795, while the Washingtons were in Philadelphia; and the new home was made at 2618-20 K Street, near Rock Creek. The house, now fallen from its high

THE DOLLY MADISON HOUSE AND ITS NEIGHBORS

estate, bears a tablet recording the fact that on his last visit to the Federal City, Washington slept there. General Washington was a politic man. There was a standing feud between the Carrollton (or Capitol) group, who were building a new city, and the Georgetown group, who already formed a compact social center of their own. Mrs. Washington's eldest granddaughter, Eliza Parke Custis, had married Thomas Law, who was pouring into the Federal City the £50,000 he had accumulated in India. Washington, in order to maintain his impartiality with both Carrollton and Georgetown, bought as a residence site all of Square 21, near the present Naval Hospital, and planned to build a home there. Already he had purchased four lots on the Eastern Branch, where he expected the commercial area to be established—and where probably it will be developed in the near future.

When in the city he was careful to divide his visits equally between the Laws on the east and the Peters on the west. The record of his last visit to the Federal City is noted in Washington's diary. He had been surveying his land on Difficult Run, and he wrote for November 9, 1799: "Morning and the whole day clear, warm and pleasant. Set out a little after 8 o'clock, viewed my building in the Fedl. City, dined at Mr. Law's and lodged at Mr. Thos. Peter's." The next day he "returned home about noon. Mr. Law,

Mr. Barry, Mr. White and Doctr. Thornton came to Dinner and Staid all Night"—a usual company. His consultations with Dr. Thornton (then a commissioner of the District of Columbia) had to do not only with civic administration, but also with matters connected with the double house he was patriotically building for the accommodation of members of Congress, on North Capitol Street. Dr. Thornton was his architect.

About 1800 the Thomas Peters established themselves on the heights above Georgetown on a large wooded tract bounded by the present Q and R, Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. They built first the two wings of Tudor Place and in 1815 completed the center. Mrs. Peter and her sisters each received one twenty-third of Washington's residuary estate; and from her grandmother came one fourth of the Mount Vernon wines, ten guineas to buy a ring, and "the writing table and the seat to it standing in my [Mrs. Washington's] chamber, also the print of George Washington that hangs in the passage." The bulk of the estate was placed in trust for the education of three of Mrs. Washington's nephews, and Thomas Peter was one of the executors.

Before her death Martha Washington burned the correspondence with her husband. Only two letters escaped the flames, and those two were found in the little mahogany writing-table left to Mrs. Peter. The

letters, together with the desk and stool, are among the most precious treasures of Tudor Place. One letter was written hastily from Philadelphia, April 23, 1775, as the newly elected General was setting out for Cambridge to take command of the army. It begins "My Dearest" and ends "Yr Entire G. Washington." No matter what guesses casual writers may make or inferences they may draw from the way they themselves would act in given circumstances, those quoted words tell the story, and with truth and sincerity typify the companionship of forty-one years. Many another of the intimate belongings of the Washingtons found a home at Tudor Place during the long reign of Mrs. Beverly Kennon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peter, from whom the estate passed to her grandson, Armistead Peter, the present owner.

During the entire period of more than a century and a quarter, Tudor Place has maintained its individuality. It is in the national capital, but not of it. Commander Kennon was killed by the bursting of a great gun on the U.S.S. *Princeton,* on January 28, 1844, and, together with Secretary of State Upshur and Secretary of the Navy Gilmer (who also were among the victims of the accident), was buried from the White House. President Tyler, who was in the cabin of the vessel at the time, escaped. The Kennons

had one daughter, who married her cousin, Dr. Armistead Peter, and so the name of the family came back to Tudor Place, after Mrs. Kennon died in 1910, at the age of ninety-six years. A quiet hospitality confined to the relatives and friends usually not connected with political life has ever marked this house, now restored to something more than its pristine elegance.

Not far from Tudor Place was Peter's Grove, built by a brother of Thomas Peter; and also The Oaks, now the home of Ambassador and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, who have added to its acres, rebuilt the already spacious house, and developed a series of gardens redolent of box and magnolia—one of the great estates of the District of Columbia.

The Octagon, at the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, was designed by Dr. Thornton for his friend John Tayloe, whose estate, Mount Airy, was one of the largest and finest in all Virginia, commanding a view of eight miles of the winding Rappahannock. Mount Airy is still in the Tayloe family, and there one may trace the outlines of the formal gardens and terraces, may rest under the centuries-old tulip trees, walk between tall hedges of box, and enjoy a hospitality as sincere as in days of old. John Tayloe may well have come to Washington for the sake of the racing, for he is known to fame by reason of his connection with that sport. Indeed,

TUDOR PLACE, GEORGETOWN

three years before the seat of government was removed to the District of Columbia a race-course was laid out covering a part of the present Lafayette Square and land to the west thereof; and in a race for five hundred guineas Colonel Tayloe's horse successfully maintained the honor of Virginia against the horse of Charles Ridgeley of Maryland. Colonel Tayloe's stables covered the section on Georgia Avenue now known as Petworth, and one of his winning horses brought $3,500. In 1803 the Washington Jockey Club races drew a crowd of three or four thousand "black, white and yellow, of all conditions from the President of the United States to the beggar in his rags," one third of the crowd being females.[1]

Dr. Thornton, also, had a stable of twenty-three horses at his farm, where his wife says they ate their heads off. That was because their owner was a very busy man—he was a commissioner, was revising his plans for the Capitol, and was designing The Octagon (the very finest private residence in the city) all at the same time. When the White House was burned in 1814, the French minister was living in The Octagon, but he obligingly withdrew in favor of President and Mrs. Madison, and there through the night of February 14, 1815, all Washington hilariously celebrated the news that the Treaty of Ghent had been

[1] Bryan's "History of the National Capital." Vol. I, p. 610.

signed, and that the Capitol was free to rise from its ashes.

In 1903 Charles F. McKim, then president of the American Institute of Architects, urged upon that organization the purchase of The Octagon for the home and headquarters of the institute, and by organizing an underwriting put his suggestion into effect. This act better than all else marks the architectural value of the house and the remaining gardens. The institute paid less than $36,000 for a house that now would sell for five or six times that amount, so rapid has been the rise in values in that portion of the city. It is true that The Octagon was popularly believed to be haunted, one of the few residences to enjoy that distinction. Notwithstanding occupancy by various colored families at one time, the damage done to the two superb mantels and the richly carved woodwork was comparatively slight. Additional purchases of land on the north, and comprehensive plans for restoring the gardens, prepared by Charles A. Platt, are promises of future enrichment.

Another of the truly great houses which retain their old form and flavor is Woodley, an estate of eighteen acres on Cathedral Avenue, now owned by Secretary of State Stimson. The land was embraced in a Maryland patent for 705 acres issued in 1703, the tract being known as "The Rock of Dumbarton." Colonel

Ninian Beall was the first owner, and when Georgetown was incorporated in 1851 Colonel Beall vainly fought his loss to the city of sixty acres cut from his estate. Philip Barton Key, an uncle of Francis Scott Key (who wrote the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the tune of a popular drinking song of the day), built the fine and spacious house after 1793 and gave to the estate its present name. It is a curious fact that although the property has repeatedly changed owners and, much more frequently, occupants, the appearance of the house shows no signs of change. The great trees on the slopes toward Rock Creek look as if they had been in their places since the beginning of time; and even the masses of wistaria clambering on the south piazza bloom in the spring with a vigor and profusion that seem wholly spontaneous. President Cleveland gave fame to Woodley by making it his summer home during several seasons, as, it is plausibly said, Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, and Buchanan had done before him. This quaint old southern house stands far back from the street, and no mere passer-by would suspect the beauty and extent of the lands on the south front.

Tragedy marks most of the houses facing Lafayette Square. There is the Decatur house at the corner of H Street and Jackson Place, designed by Latrobe and built by Commodore Stephen Decatur from Barbary

pirates prize money, about 1819. Scarcely had Decatur hung on the walls his five presentation swords, arranged his two elaborate silver services on his sideboard, and displayed his numerous medals, than he walked out of his front door on March 22, 1820, to go to a duel with his senior officer, Commodore James Barron, on the grounds of honor at Bladensburg. Much against his will, Decatur had been a member of the court which convicted Barron of the *Chesapeake* for being caught unprepared by the British ship *Leopard* in 1807. Barron, having returned to this country at the expiration of his five years' suspension, sought reinstatement, and Decatur opposed him, objecting that there was not then employment for all officers who had discharged their duty faithfully in the hour of their country's peril. Perhaps Decatur relied too much on his own experience in the three duels with which he had been connected either as principal or as second, and perhaps also he may have discounted too heavily the age and infirmities of his opponent.

Decatur fell mortally wounded and died in his own home that night. Barron was severely wounded. Congress refused to take official action on his death, but the members, with all the rest of the world, attended the funeral and marched to the tomb at Kalorama. His beautiful widow shut herself from the

public for several years, and then gave famous parties at Kalorama.

Henry Clay, as Secretary of State in John Quincy Adams's cabinet, occupied the Decatur house, and there prepared his famous resolutions of 1821, calling for a conference at Panama of the nations of the Western Hemisphere to concert defense against the Holy Alliance, by means of which the nations of Europe (excepting England) proposed to extend their influence in South and Central America. Senator John Randolph of Roanoke goaded Clay much as Decatur goaded Barron, also provoking a duel, fortunately with no worse result than a hole through Randolph's cloak at the second fire. Then the sarcastic and vituperative senator, who had fired in the air, called to his opponent, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a cloak!" So the matter was patched up.

After the Civil War the house was bought by General Edward H. Beale, a friend and often the host of General Grant during and after the latter's administration as President. Mr. Truxtun Beale inherited the house, and sometimes lives in it.

Where the Belasco Theater now stands was once a barn of a house occupied by Secretary Seward at the time he and his son were nearly fatally stabbed on the night Lincoln was assassinated. General Belknap, President Grant's Postmaster-General, was occupying

the house when the extravagances of his wife led to the scandal which forced his resignation to escape impeachment. Later came Secretary James G. Blaine, who took up Henry Clay's South American policy and carried it to a successful conclusion, culminating in the Pan American Union. Mr. Blaine was buried from the house June 30, 1893; and two years later it was torn down to make way for first an opera-house and then a theater.

General Daniel E. Sickles, while a member of Congress before the Civil War, was living on Jackson Place, when he discovered that Philip Barton Key was answering the signals of Sickles's Spanish wife. The trees must have been small at that time to make a window-signal effective across Lafayette Square, but so it was; and Sickles killed Key by shooting him with a gun—and lived to lose a leg at Gettysburg and to return to Congress.

No. 22 Jackson Place (now the home of the Women's City Club) was the house of President Polk's very able Secretary of State, William L. Marcy, who declined to sanction Buchanan's desire to wear knee-breeches at the court of St. James. Mrs. Richard Townsend owned the place at the time when President and Mrs. Roosevelt occupied it for a few months while the White House was being restored, just as President and Mrs. Coolidge used the Patter-

son house on Dupont Circle while a new roof and sun parlor were put on the President's House in 1928.

The Cosmos Club occupies two historic houses on Madison Place. The one at the corner of H Street, popularly known as the Dolly Madison House, was built by her brother, and was occupied by her after her return to Washington as a widow. There she died in 1840, brave to the last. Later the house was owned by Commodore Wilkes, who in 1863 took the Confederate commissioners Mason and Slidell from the *Trent,* for which action he received the thanks of Congress, and was afterward reprimanded to avert trouble with England. This building has been altered for club uses; but the house on the square, built by Benjamin Ogle Tayloe in 1828, has not been greatly changed as to the disposition of the rooms. The beautiful Mrs. Cameron, the wife of Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, did it over to accommodate her fine taste—all the rooms save her husband's card-room on the lower floor, where the highest games of poker known to a private house in Washington are reputed to have occurred. Vice-President Hobart and Senator Marcus A. Hanna in their day found the residence convenient to the White House during their occupancy.

Chapter XIII

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The Washington Monument towers high above the District of Columbia; from far off in Maryland and Virginia the serene shaft admonishes motorist or flier of his approach to the national capital. Always it makes a picture—has about it something of the ideal—lifts one quite above the workaday world. Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the British ambassador who gave his life for his country in Washington during the World War, used to speak and write of the monument as "George Washington's finger that points to the sky."

President Cleveland told many of his friends that when the cares of state and the deceitfulness of politi-

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

cians stirred him to the depths, he would look from the south window of the White House out over the tree-lined grass carpet to the calm marble column, and his equanimity would be restored. Once when President Coolidge was threatened with chaos and catastrophe if he persisted in his then course of action, he called the attention of his irate caller to the fact that the monument was still standing!

The monument has its moods. In clear weather it is slender, alert, up-springing. When clouds lower, it crouches down, becomes stocky, stolid. At night it stretches its great length across the Tidal Basin, where the colored lights from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing play with its whiteness; by day it lies along the calm waters of the all-too-short Reflecting Pool, seeming to enter the welcoming precincts of the Lincoln Memorial; or condescendingly it bestows a small portion of its sweetness and light on the dark waters of the exquisite Pan American gardens. Always it gives the impression of ubiquity, permanence, even of personality.

"Taken by itself, the Washington Monument stands not only as one of the most stupendous works of man, but also as one of the most beautiful of human creations. Indeed it is at once so great and so simple that it seems to be almost a work of nature. It has taken its place with the Capitol and the White House as one of

the three foremost national structures." So in 1901 reported the Senate Park Commission, composed entirely of artists of high standing.

Here again the builders builded better than they knew. For in a memorial to Congress, so late as April 29, 1880, a committee which included Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. Joseph M. Toner and Horatio King, made apology: "While the structure would make no appeal to a close and critical inspection as a mere work of art, it would give a crowning finish to the grand public buildings of the capital, and would add a unique feature to the surrounding landscape, and would attract the admiring gaze of the most distant observers in the wide range over which it would be visible. It would be eminently a monument for the appreciation of the many, if not of the few, and would thus verify the designation originally given it, of 'The People's Monument to their most illustrious benefactor.' " And with quite unconscious humor the memorialists confess that the monument "will make no pretensions to illustrate the arts of 1880. It was not undertaken to illustrate the fine arts of any period, but to commemorate the foremost man of all ages."

A century and two years elapsed between the unanimous passage of a resolution by the Continental Congress, "That an equestrian statue of General Washington be erected at the place where the residence of

Congress shall be established," and the dedication of the Washington Monument, on February 21, 1885.

The resolution of August 7, 1783, was used by Jefferson and Franklin to induce Houdon, the greatest sculptor of his day, to come to this country in 1785 to make sketches of Washington. The immediate object of the artist's coming was the standing figure in the Capitol at Richmond; but, as he said repeatedly, it was the prospect of making an equestrian statue for the national capital that moved him to undertake the delays and perils of a voyage to America. Nor was his expectation without reasonably solid basis. The Congress adopted the report of the committee "to prepare a plan for an equestrian statue of the Commander-in-Chief," to the effect that "the statue be of bronze—the General to be represented in a Roman dress, holding a truncheon in his right hand, and his head encircled with a laurel wreath." Also and especially the Congress decreed that "the statue be executed by the best artist in Europe, under the superintendence of the minister of the United States at the court of Versailles."

This meant only Houdon. When the sculptor was in New York in 1785, Charles Thomson, the permanent secretary of Congress, wrote to ask the cost of such a statue. For Houdon, L'Enfant wrote in reply that the cost would depend on a number of considerations,

according to the desires of Congress; and that a book giving full descriptions of Houdon's work, and prices, was coming on the vessel that was bringing back Dr. Franklin's baggage. Ambassador Jusserand opines that L'Enfant must have embraced the opportunity of Houdon's presence to get news of the elder L'Enfant, the old painter of the Gobelins Manufacture, a fellow-member of the French Academy.

L'Enfant, in designing the plan for the Federal City, adopted the congressional idea of an equestrian statue, and located it fittingly at the crossing of a line drawn due west from the center of the Capitol with the meridian of Washington, which passes through the center of the White House. This site evidently was not objected to by Washington himself; nor yet by Jefferson, who in 1804 had the exact lines run and the crossing marked by a small pyramid of stones. However, in dealings with Congress time is never the essence of the contract. The bright anticipations that followed the winning of the War of the Revolution faded in the years of uncertainty and reaction usual after such supreme efforts. It was the time to build a Constitution, not statues. Then from 1789 until his death ten years later Washington was in the active service of his country.

So soon as Washington's death was announced in Philadelphia, John Marshall secured the passage of a

resolution "that a marble monument be erected by the United States in the Capitol at the City of Washington, and that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it; and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life." President John Adams, in transmitting the resolution, expressed the hope that Mrs. Washington would comply with the request. She did so in a letter most noble and self-sacrificing. "Taught by the great example I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

Had Congress been prompt to follow up the matter, the transfer might have been made during Mrs. Washington's lifetime. In that case, probably, the American people would not have made of Mount Vernon their most sacred shrine. This then was the first and chiefest of the advantages that have ensued from the delay; but there were others, only less significant.

In 1801 the House of Representatives passed an act appropriating $200,000 for a mausoleum one hundred feet square at the base and of proportionate height. Fortunately, the Senate did not concur; and for fifteen years the project lay dormant. After the War of 1812,

Virginia moved to build a tomb at Richmond, and that action stirred Congress to renew the attempt to obtain the remains for the capital. But Mr. Justice Bushrod Washington, who had inherited Mount Vernon from his uncle, refused his consent to Virginia on the ground that the remains had been deposited in the vault at Mount Vernon in conformity with Washington's expressed wish: "It is his own will, and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey." A subsequent request made to the next owner of Mount Vernon, William Augustine Washington, met a similar refusal. So it happens that far underneath the great dome of the Capitol there is a vacant crypt. There the catafalque used for the funerals of dead Presidents is stored against times of need. President John Quincy Adams's eloquence on the subject of the failure of Congress to carry out the resolve of 1799 met no legislative response.

After the centennial of Washington's birth had passed with no action by Congress, a voluntary association was organized in 1833 by residents of the City of Washington to erect a "great National Monument to the memory of Washington at the seat of the Federal Government." The venerable Chief Justice John Marshall accepted the presidency of the organization. The project called for a monument to cost not less than a million dollars, a very large sum in

those days; but Washington was a very great man and he deserved very greatly of his country.

From the many designs submitted in competition in 1838, that of Robert Mills, an architect trained under Latrobe, was selected. The labored and fantastic description of the embellishments prepared by the designer, evidently with the intention of catching the public, have obscured his fame. Brushing aside page after page of trimmings, one comes to this significant phrase: "In the center of the grand terrace, above described, rises the lofty obelisk shaft of the Monument, 50 feet square at the base and 500 feet high, diminishing as it rises to its apex, where it is 40 feet square." Here substantially is the Washington Monument of to-day; and for it we have Robert Mills to thank.

Of the $30,000 collected by the society in five years, Ohio gave one fifth, Maryland a tenth, and the District of Columbia less than $900. It was not until 1848 that the society, with $87,000 in its treasury, was emboldened to ask Congress for a site in the Mall, a request that was granted without hesitation in the next year.

The Washington National Monument Association gave to the public as reasons for selecting the particular site that it presented a beautiful view of the Potomac; that the monument could be seen from all parts of the city; that the materials for construction could

be conveyed from the water at little expense; that the structure would be in full view from Mount Vernon; and that the particular spot was selected by Washington himself for a monument to the Revolution. "The same site," the report continues, "is marked on Major L'Enfant's map of Washington City for the equestrian statue of General Washington, ordered by Congress in 1783, which map was examined, approved and transmitted to Congress by him when President of the United States." That the site selected was distinctly and essentially not the one marked by L'Enfant does not mean that the distinguished men who signed the report meant to tell an untruth; it simply implies that, if they thought of the matter at all, they did not consider as important axial relations between monument and Capitol and White House. A few hundred feet of divergence did not matter. This decision sounds the depths of ignorance existing among men of intelligence as to the fundamental principles of the plan of Washington.

The corner-stone was laid with great ceremony on July 4, 1848. Among the distinguished spectators were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (then ninety-one years old), Mrs. James Madison, George Washington Parke Custis, "the child of Mount Vernon"; and especially a living American eagle, "with its dark plumage, piercing eye, and snowy head and tail, who seemed to look

with anxious gaze on the unwonted spectacle" from his exalted perch on a triumphal arch. A quarter of a century before this same eagle had taken part in Alexandria's welcome to Lafayette, and "to complete its honors and public character, it was to be sent to the National Museum in Paris."

President Polk and Vice-President Dallas, members of the cabinet, senators, and representatives were there, as well as fifteen thousand individual citizens, whom the orator Robert C. Winthrop classified as "in every variety of association, military and Masonic, moral, collegiate and charitable, Rechabites and Red Men, Sons of Temperance and firemen, United Brothers and Odd Fellows." Mr. Winthrop's oration is one of the few anti-civil-war tributes to Washington that may still be read with respect and admiration for information, balanced appreciation, and unexaggerated rhetoric. Especially significant at that time was his use of Washington's plea in his Farewell Address, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; . . . discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned." In these days, when the muse of history is busy with the story of the nation's past, the principles and practice of Washington become the true measure of public men.

Thirty-seven years later, on February 21, 1885, the monument was dedicated. Robert C. Winthrop, summoned by Congress to be the orator of the occasion, reluctantly consented, but his illness prevented him from actually delivering the address he had prepared. Truly and devoutly he could say that in the interval he was "changed in almost everything except an inextinguishable love for my country and its Union and an undying reverence for the memory of Washington." Recalling the great day of 1848, he looked "around in vain for any of the principal witnesses of that imposing ceremonial. The venerable widows of Hamilton and James Madison, President Polk and his cabinet as then constituted—Buchanan, Marcy, John Y. Mason, Walker, Cave Johnson, and Clifford—George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the great chief; not forgetting Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, both then members of the House of Representatives, and for whom the liveliest imagination could not have pictured what the future had in store for them." Far better than any one else had done or could do, Mr. Winthrop told the story of the long intervening agony between the laying of the first stone and the lifting of the last.

The early enthusiasm which elicited contributions to the amount of over a quarter of a million dollars . . . carried the shaft up more than a hundred and fifty feet almost at

a bound; the presentation and formal reception of massive blocks of marble, granite, porphyry, or freestone from every State in the Union and from so many foreign nations —beginning with a stone from Bunker Hill and ending with one from the Emperor of Brazil; the annual assemblies on each succeeding Fourth of July; the sudden illness and sad death of that sterling patriot President Zachary Taylor, after an exposure to the midday heat at the gathering in 1850, when the well-remembered Senator Foote, of Mississippi, had indulged in too exuberant an address— these were among the beginnings; the end was still a whole generation distant.

Later on came the long disheartening pause when—partly owing to the panic of 1857 and partly to political convulsions of the country [the Know-Nothing movement], and partly to unhappy dissensions in the society itself . . . all interest in the Monument seemed to flag and die away, and all work on it was suspended. A deplorable civil war soon followed and all efforts to renew popular interest in its completion were palsied.

How shall I depict the sorry spectacle of those first 156 feet in their seemingly hopeless, helpless condition, with that dismal derrick still standing as in mockery upon their summit, presented to the eye of every comer to the capital for nearly a quarter of a century! No wonder the unsightly pile became the subject of pity or derision. No wonder there were periodic panics about the security of its foundation and a chronic condemnation of the original design. . . . It was an abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. All that followed of confusion and contention in our country's history seemed foreshadowed

and prefigured in that humiliating spectacle, and one could almost read on its sides in letters of blood, Divided! Weighed in the balance! Found wanting! . . .

And how cheering and inspiring the reflection . . . that no sooner were our unhappy contentions at an end . . . than this monument to Washington gave signs of fresh life, . . . and soon was seen rising again slowly but steadily towards the skies. . . . Henceforth and forever it shall be lovingly associated, not only with the memory of him in whose honor it has been erected, but with an era of assured peace, unity and concord, which would have been dearer to his heart than the costliest personal memorial. . . . The Union itself is the all-sufficient and the only sufficient monument to Washington. . . .

For the grand consummation which we celebrate today we are indebted primarily to the National Government under the successive Presidents of the past nine years, with the concurrent action of the two branches of Congress, prompted by committees so often under the lead of the veteran Senator Morrill, of Vermont. The wise decision and emphatic resolution of Congress on the 2d of August, 1876 —inspired by the Centennial Celebration of American Independence, moved by Senator Sherman, of Ohio, and adopted as it auspiciously happened on the hundredth anniversary of the formal signing of the great Declaration— that the Monument should no longer be left unfinished, with the appointment of a Joint Committee to direct and supervise its completion settled the whole matter.

Under Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey and his assistant, Captain George W. Davis, the foundations were

strengthened and the monument was carried to its full height of 555 feet 5⅛ inches, or ten times the base, thereby conforming in its proportions (as Professor George P. Marsh, minister to Italy, reported) to the obelisks of antiquity.[1]

The commission appointed in 1901 to study the development of the park system of the District of Columbia was called upon to treat the Washington Monument grounds with the same—or even greater—consideration than that given to the Mall and the Lincoln Memorial. This very elaboration is a reason for not hastening the undertaking of a project which may be considered at present in advance of public taste. It may be well to approach the subject gradually—probably not until the high development of the eastern and western parts when finished shall force the adequate and harmonious development of the spaces about the Washington Monument. When this time arrives, the plan for the center will be found complete and of a character to give the requisite finishing touch to a composition that, once worked out, will be as fine and as noble as any composition ever designed during all the ages.

[1] The spires of Cologne Cathedral are 524 feet high; St. Paul's, 365 feet; St. Peter's, 457; the Pyramid of Cheops, 480. The piers of the Hudson River Bridge, New York, will be actually one hundred feet higher than the Washington Monument.

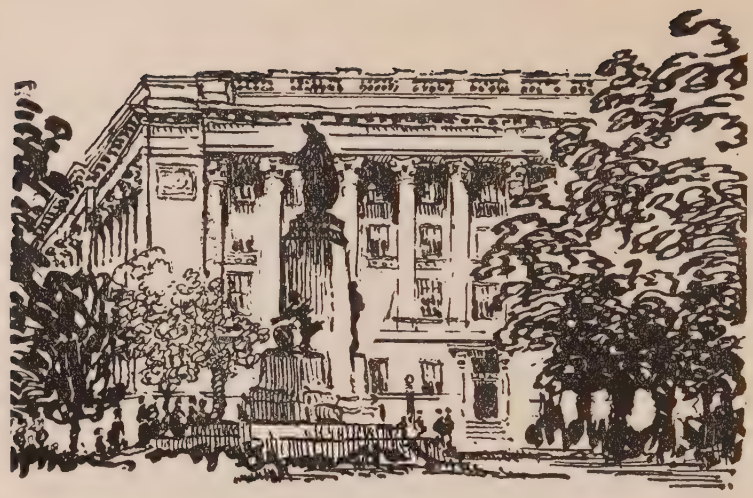
In the plan the rows of elms bordering the central open vista from Capitol to monument

climb the slope up to the Monument and, spreading to right and left on extended terraces, form a great body of green, strengthening the broad platform from which the obelisk rises in majestic serenity. The groves on the terraces become places of rest from which one gets wide views of the busy city; of the White House, surrounded by its ample grounds; of the Capitol, crowning the heights at the end of the broad vista; of sunny stretches of river winding at the foot of the Virginia hills.

Axial relations between the White House and the Monument are created by the construction of a sunken garden on the western side of the great shaft, the true line passing through the center of a great round pool, to which marble steps 300 feet in width lead down 40 feet from the Monument platform. Surrounded by terraces bearing elms, laid out with formal paths lined by hedges and adorned with small trees, enriched by fountains and templelike structures, this garden becomes the gem of the Mall system. Seen from the lower level the Monument gains an additional height of nearly 45 feet, while at the same time nothing is suffered to come so near as to disturb the isolation which the Monument demands.

The immediate surroundings of the monument are so inadequate as to cause the beholder near at hand to lose that very sense of grandeur which it inspires when seen from a distance; and the lack of harmonious rela-

tionship between it and the Capitol and memorial with which it comes into juxtaposition disturbs one's sense of fitness. No portion of the task set before the Senate commission required more study and extended consideration than did the solution of the problem of devising an appropriate setting for the monument; and the treatment proposed was the one which seemed best adapted to enhance the value of the monument itself.



Chapter XIV

WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN: WASHINGTON'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR

In Washington a philanthropist is a person who secures from the Government an appropriation for a benevolent object. There is one conspicuous exception to the rule. William Wilson Corcoran is the most illustrious name in the annals of the District of Columbia in respect not only of the amount of his gifts for public uses, but also because of the direct personal interest he took in the application of his benefactions.

His father, Thomas Corcoran, born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1754, came to Baltimore at the age of twenty-nine years to enter the shipping business established by

his uncle, William Wilson. Five years later, when about to strike out for himself, he considered whether he should stay in Baltimore or make his start in Bladensburg or Georgetown. He chose Georgetown, in 1788 a thriving port with as many as ten square-rigged vessels lying at her docks at the same time. Entering the shoe and leather business, he acted as his uncle's agent in buying tobacco and flaxseed for export. The corporation of Georgetown selected him to present its address to President Washington in 1791, when the latter came to negotiate with the proprietors for the lands to be included within the Federal City. President Jefferson made Mr. Corcoran a magistrate and a member of the Levy Court, which exercised authority outside the limits of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, on the Maryland side. In 1815 President Madison appointed him postmaster of Georgetown, and in that office he died in 1830 and was succeeded by his son James, who also held the place during his life.

W. W. Corcoran (as he was and is known), the fifth son of his father, was born December 27, 1798. Two Presbyterian clergymen and the Catholic faculty of Georgetown College had to do with his education until he was seventeen years old. For two years his brothers James and Thomas took him into their dry-goods store and then started him in business for himself. During the panic of 1823 he, in common with a third of the

Georgetown merchants, went to the wall; but in 1847 he paid his creditors in full, although he had secured a release after his failure.

Instead of reëmbarking in business, Mr. Corcoran devoted himself to managing his father's affairs, and found recreation in the District militia, rising to the rank of colonel, but declining the general command. Mr. Corcoran, at the age of thirty-seven years, married Louise Amory, the daughter of Commodore Charles Morris. Their first son and daughter died in infancy; the second daughter, Louise Morris, married Hon. George Eustis, Jr., whose father was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and to-day their descendants carry on the Corcoran tradition.

In 1837 Mr. Corcoran opened a brokerage business on Pennsylvania Avenue and the same year became a resident of Washington. In association with George W. Riggs he purchased the old United States Bank, at the corner of Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue, together with all its property and uncollected accounts. By 1847 the firm of Corcoran & Riggs was taking on its own account nearly all the loans made by the United States. Elisha Riggs succeeded his brother in 1848; and during that year the firm found itself possessed of about twelve millions of 6 per cent United States bonds for which there was no market. By dint of long and often discouraging personal persuasion in

London, Mr. Corcoran placed five millions with Baring Brothers, George Peabody, and other English financiers, who had absolutely withdrawn from the American market after disastrous experiences in the panic of 1837. His success carried the remaining bonds to 119½, with corresponding profit to Corcoran & Riggs. On April 1, 1854, Mr. Corcoran withdrew from the firm and the business was continued by George W. Riggs. In 1896 this successful banking-house became the Riggs National Bank.

In 1859 Mr. Corcoran began, at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street, a building designed for the encouragement of the fine arts, in which he proposed to place the works of art he had gathered; but the Civil War came on and the Government took over for military purposes Mr. Corcoran's unfinished building and did not restore it to him until 1869. On May 10 of that year Mr. Corcoran invited to his house his particular friends James M. Carlisle, George W. Riggs, Dr. James C. Hall, Anthony Hyde (his man of business), James G. Berret, James C. Kennedy, Henry D. Cooke, James C. McGuire (until his death curator of the Corcoran Gallery), and also W. T. Walters of Baltimore. In them as trustees Mr. Corcoran vested the title to the property, together with the right to receive the rents wholly unpaid during the eight years of government occupan-

cy. Such was the origin of the Corcoran Art Gallery, now one of the institutions of Washington. On May 24, 1870, Congress granted a charter and appropriated the money to pay the back rentals "adjusted on principles of justice and fairness," by the Secretaries of War, of the Treasury, and of State.

In making the gift, Mr. Corcoran ventured to hope that he had provided "not only a pure and refined pleasure for residents and visitors of the National Metropolis, but also should accomplish something useful in the development of American genius." Abundantly have his anticipations been fulfilled. Devoted primarily to works of American artists, endowed with what was a considerable sum in Mr. Corcoran's day, the institution has aided substantially in the development of American genius, and has ever held a high place in the hearts and minds of both artists and public. Every two years an exhibition, with suitable prizes, is held to illustrate progress in painting and sculpture; the judges are selected from among the leading artists of the day; and when the awards are unsatisfactory to the public, the jury always has the comforting reflection embodied in John La Farge's crisp saying: "Remember, you do not criticize a work of art: a work of art critizes you."

Mr. Corcoran had a fine taste in art, and he had a positive genius for friendships. Among the family

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, OPPOSITE
THE WHITE HOUSE

portraits was one of his father-in-law, Commodore Morris, who commanded the *Brandywine* when she conveyed Lafayette back to France in 1825. It was painted by Ary Scheffer at La Grange while General Lafayette was entertaining the American officer. This very distinguished artist during the previous year had given to the House of Representatives the portrait of Lafayette, which is one of the great treasures of the Capitol.

Perhaps the strongest of Mr. Corcoran's friendships was the one with Daniel Webster, which was cemented by accommodations not unusual among the bankers and statesmen of that day. Among the letters printed in 1878 by Mr. Corcoran, in the volume inscribed to his grandchildren, is one from Senator Webster. Mr. Corcoran was out of the city when the celebrated Seventh of March speech was made in the Senate. On his return he read the newspaper accounts, and was so well satisfied that he went to his safe and took therefrom two notes of Mr. Webster's, amounting to upward of $5,000. These he canceled and put into an envelop, together with a brief letter of congratulation, and addressed it to Mr. Webster. Then it occurred to him that the distinguished senator had no means of really paying the notes and was not bothering about them. So Mr. Corcoran opened the envelop, added his check for a thousand dollars, and sent the whole to

Mr. Webster,[1] who replied promptly from his Louisiana Avenue home, on March 9, 1850:

My Dear Sir: In all sincerity I am proud of your approbation of my speech, as I feel that you are a competent judge, and one who can have no wish but for the preservation of the Government and the safety and security of private rights.

For what else I received with your note I pray you to receive my thanks. If there be a man in the country who either doubts your liberality or envies your prosperity, be assured I am not that man.

With cordial regard, yours

DANIEL WEBSTER

A most amusing illustration of the change in manners is found in a letter from Harper Brothers, February 4, 1859, who asked Mr. Corcoran to relieve their correspondent, Mr. Ben: Perley Poore, from the embarrassment caused by having enjoyed Mr. Corcoran's hospitality and Mr. Eustis's friendship. Mr. Poore

[1] Mr. Corcoran told this story to Henry Adams, who told it to Senator Lodge, who told it to the author as a not uncommon incident of the times. In the manuscript division of the Library of Congress are letters from Amos Lawrence, apologizing for delay in making up the Boston subscription of $5,000—that city's proportion of the $30,000 required to pay off Henry Clay's indebtedness, incurred by indorsing for friends. Mr. Lawrence explained that he had to wait for a Webster subscription to be completed—a recurring annoyance of which he was getting tired. Governor McKinley's friends came to his rescue in the same manner, and for reasons similar to those in Mr. Clay's case, although with no expressions of impatience.

had declined to run the risk of giving offense by writing an account of the wedding of Miss Corcoran and Mr. Eustis, a member of Congress from Louisiana! "Harper's Weekly" was "emboldened to make this application by the fact that in Europe the marriages of ladies in Miss Corcoran's station of life are always deemed legitimate subjects for illustration." It is impossible now to conceive of the necessity of such a request.

When Mr. Corcoran bought Powers's "Greek Slave" there was a commotion over the rank immodesty of the statue; now this little lady at the Corcoran Gallery might well pass as an exemplification of modesty. Lord Ellesmere, who paid $20,000 for a replica of Canova's "Venus," told Edward Everett that he would give more for the "Greek Slave" than for all Canova's works. Replicas were selling in London for $9,000.

Mr. Eustis accompanied the Confederate commissioners Mason and Slidell on their mission to England in 1861, and with them was captured by Captain Wilkes. He was sent to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, where his comfort was looked after by William Appleton, who sent him sherry and seltzer, thereby incurring the vituperations of "strong-minded women and weak-minded men" of Boston. After the release of his son-in-law Mr. Corcoran and Mr. and Mrs. Eustis went to Europe and remained there throughout the

Civil War. George Peabody eagerly welcomed Mr. Corcoran, and the two financiers saw as much of one another as Mr. Peabody's gout would permit. Friends in Washington kept him informed of events. After the reëlection of President Lincoln, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, who was running true to family form, wrote: "The Democrats have been beaten at the late election by their own mismanagement, and particularly in not running their race at the top of their speed *from the start*—in the way Eclipse beat Henry; and got beaten as the Virginians then were."

After the war was over, Mr. Corcoran returned to become the steadfast, thoughtful, and generous benefactor of persons and institutions throughout the South. The thankful Catholic bishop of Richmond prays for him "a berth in Peter's Ship, the only one sure to carry her passengers safely into haven on the shores of eternity"; the Protestant Orphan Asylum of Washington acknowledged a gift of lands; William and Mary, the college of Jefferson, Marshall, and Monroe, got help in rebuilding the main building—the same one that is now being restored to the condition it was in during colonial days, by means of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, gifts,[1] aided by the intelligent re-

[1] Two mistakes prevail in regard to these and similar restorations. The original buildings were not designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who is not on record as having designed any building in America. The bricks were not brought from England, but were made in this

searches of the librarian, Mr. Swem. The wideness of Mr. Corcoran's mercy was continued and, if possible, was even quickened by his daughter's death in 1867, in France. In 1870 he turned over to the trustees the Louise Home for Aged Women.

Between Mr. Corcoran and General Robert E. Lee and the Lee family an enduring friendship existed. The former made the difficult journey to Lexington to attend the funeral of General Lee in October, 1870; he was gratified at the election of General George Washington Custis Lee to succeed his father, and at the change of the name to Washington and Lee University. As president of the trustees of Columbian College (now George Washington University) Mr. Corcoran had been a constant giver in money and lands, and when in September, 1871, the enthusiastic board proposed to convert the college into a national university bearing his name he declined the honor, saying that the name "Columbian" was better calculated to express the national character desired.

On the return of Mr. Corcoran from his third trip to Europe in 1872 he gave to Columbian College a tract of land on Meridian Hill known as Trinidad, and had

country—usually not far from the spot where the building was erected. Again, Hessian prisoners did no decorations in America so far as known. It is too bad that persons showing historic buildings to visitors cannot seem to keep to the truth, which is much more interesting than their fictions.

the college conserved the gift it would now be a well endowed institution. From this time until his death on February 24, 1888, his gifts were widespread, particularly those to individuals impoverished by the war.[1]

To Mr. Corcoran the District of Columbia is indebted for the gift of Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown, where so many of its distinguished dead are buried. He also owned the larger portion of the Soldiers' Home grounds, selected in 1853 by General Winfield Scott, who had confiscated the property in Mexico that was sold to create the fund ($119,000) on which the establishment was based. Recently his heirs have sold to the Government for a very moderate price Mount Hamilton, to form a portion of the National Arboretum, adjoining Anacostia Park.

Mr. Corcoran's house during his years of prominence was on the present site of the United States Chamber of Commerce. It was a low, rambling brick house of no architectural importance either outside or inside, unless spaciousness be counted a virtue. Built about 1822 by Thomas Swan, it was purchased in 1841 and given to Daniel Webster as a fit setting for his

[1] The personal papers of Mr. Corcoran were turned over to the Library of Congress by his grandson, the late William Corcoran Eustis, when the Corcoran house was torn down to make way for the National Chamber of Commerce Building on Lafayette Square. They are voluminous, and when examined will prove a rich mine of history, especially during the period of the Civil War.

career of Secretary of State, during which period the Ashburton-Webster treaty, fixing the northwest boundaries of the United States, was negotiated. Mr. Corcoran was Mr. Webster's successor in the house, and the property was left to his grandson, William Corcoran Eustis, who married a daughter of Vice-President Levi P. Morton. While Mr. Corcoran entertained often and well, two later tenants of the house revived the glories of the Webster days—Calvin S. Brice, senator from Ohio during the Cleveland administration, and Senator Chauncey M. Depew of New York.

Chapter XV

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, THE FREER GALLERY, AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

"I, James Smithson, son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Dudley, and niece of Charles the proud, Duke of Somerset"—so begins the will, made in London in 1826, which resulted in a gift of half a million dollars "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Mr. Smithson had never visited this country; but

his brother, heir to the title, is well known in colonial annals as that Lord Percy who fought with the British at Lexington and Bunker Hill and carried home the despatches reporting the revolt of the colonies. Hugh Smithson in 1660 was rewarded by Charles II with a baronetcy; a century later, in 1766, George III created a descendant of Smithson the first Duke of Northumberland. The latter married Lady Elizabeth Seymour, who descended in the female line from that Percy who will live forever in the Ballad of Chevy Chase.

James Smithson was the natural son of the duke. His mother was Mrs. Macie, a member of the ancient family of Hungerfords of Wiltshire. As James Lewis Macie he took honors at Oxford in 1786; and later he reverted to the name of Smithson. When he made his will he was living in lodgings in Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, whence, amply provided with money by his father, he made visits to Paris, Berlin, Florence, and Genoa. At Genoa he died. He was devoted to science, especially to chemistry. It was while in pursuit of his chemical studies that he caught a tear from a lady's cheek, and detached the salts and other constituents of which it was composed. As a member of the Royal Society of London, he prepared some twenty-four papers which were published, including a tract in which he vainly attempted to teach

the English how to prepare coffee! Mineralogy, geology, and especially mineral chemistry were his favorite studies.

He left a life interest in his fortune to his nephew, Henry James Hungerford, otherwise known as Henry James Dickinson, with the reversion to the latter's child or children, "legitimate or illegitimate." On the death of his nephew without issue the bequest to the United States was to take effect.

President Jackson announced the bequest to Congress on December 17, 1835; and in spite of the constitutional objections by Senator John C. Calhoun, the House bill advocated by John Quincy Adams was passed by Congress in 1836, authorizing the appointment of Richard Rush as agent to appear before the British Chancery Court to announce the acceptance of the bequest. Two years later Mr. Rush announced the decision of the court in favor of the United States. Queen Victoria, represented by her Attorney-General, interposed no objection to the final disposition of the fund—in fact, she hastened the decision of this first case in which the United States Government ever had been a party to a suit in England.

Eight years after receiving the money (August 10, 1846) Congress passed the act creating the Smithsonian Institution. The original fund was loaned to the Government at 6 per cent interest, the principal to

remain unimpaired, and the interest to be used to maintain the institution. The Secretary of the Treasury invested the fund in Arkansas State bonds, not a dollar of which, principal or interest, did that State pay; but Congress assumed the debt. From the accumulated interest, about $300,000, the building was constructed in accordance with plans drawn by James Renwick, an eminent architect of that day. Senator Alexander Dallas, in his address at the laying of the corner-stone, described the architecture as of the style "that prevailed some six centuries before in Germany, Normandy, and southern Europe, which preceded the Gothic, and continues to recommend itself for structures like this to the most enlightened judgment." The material is freestone and the color originally was a lilac gray. Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, in ridicule wrote of it: ". . . 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' the Smithsonian College must in itself be hereafter a most picturesque object; the models whence it has been imitated are both 'rich and rare'; the connoisseurs may well wonder how the devil it got there."

In the plans for the development of the Mall the Smithsonian building comes into the march of the elms from Capitol to monument. Daniel Burnham, when asked what would become of so incongruous a pile, said one need not worry on that score—it would disintegrate and fall down. But in Washington to

condemn a structure as unsafe is to give it an indefinite renewal of life. A fire in January, 1865, burned the few belongings of Smithson, together with the Stanley collection of Indian pictures and much else of value. Another fire would probably overcome the towers and turrets—but the picturesque old building has so many associations that it would be missed and mourned for a full generation.

From the days of Joseph Henry, the first secretary, the head of the Smithsonian has been a leader in science. The position is one of great distinction and power. Until recently it implied preëminence in this country. To-day there are other institutions devoted to scientific research, with vast funds at their disposal —the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the great natural history museums in New York and Chicago, for example. That the Smithsonian Institution maintains a place in the face of such outpourings of wealth, and also in the contest with scientific research in the universities, is abundant testimony to the devotion of an able staff wisely directed toward great objectives.

One instance of such patient devotion was embodied in Samuel P. Langley, gentleman and scholar, who, with the assistance of Alexander Graham Bell, secured from Congress an appropriation of $25,000 to enable him to establish his theory that human flight can best be achieved with a vessel heavier than air.

For years the modest secretary endured scoffs of skeptics, sitting patiently under the attacks, open or covert, of his opponents, but always pursuing his way to demonstration. To-day the Smithsonian has gathered into the collections of the National Museum historic aircrafts of Langley, Wright, Curtiss, and also Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis."

Aside from the original Smithson bequest of half a million dollars, the institution has received for its peculiar purposes only the Hodgkins fund of $100,000, the income of which Secretary C. G. Abbott is personally directing in the investigation of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man. Here in the Smithsonian Institution is an opportunity and a means open to those who desire to use their wealth in high accomplishment—the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

Under the leadership of the late secretary, Charles D. Walcott, the Smithsonian took the leadership in organizing other agencies with special functions and purposes. One such is the National Research Council, housed in Bertram Goodhue's building, which forms a section of the frame now building for the Lincoln Memorial. For administrative purposes the National Museum, the Zoölogical Park, the Bureau of Ethnology, and the Astrophysical Observatory are directed by the Smithsonian.

While the Smithsonian was authorized to receive the collection of curiosities then housed in the Patent Office, Congress thought it quite invidious that a collection which has cost the Government several times the amount of the Smithson bequest should go to the credit of Smithson and pass under his name. Time proved the solvent, as usual. The name of Smithson is as much a curiosity as its contemporary, the once famous Copper Rock from Lake Superior—and as little known. But the work he started will go on as long as the United States endures.

The National Museum, supported by the Government, occupies many times the space used by the institution proper, and is ever expanding. Theodore Roosevelt made expeditions to enlarge and perfect its collections of animals. His additions are mounted with so much realism in their settings that a small girl was heard to remark that she didn't suppose Colonel Roosevelt was so terribly cruel as to kill women and children!

The debates in Congress and the organic act itself show conclusively that the exclusive concern of the institution toward science in contradistinction to the humanities was farthest from the minds of those who framed the bill. Indeed, John Quincy Adams, in his endeavor to guard against "the canker of almost all charitable foundations—jobbing for parasites and

sops for hungry incapacity," proposed courses of lectures, moral, political, and literary, as well as scientific; President Wayland favored a national university such as George Washington in his will undertook to found; and Rufus Choate laid stress on the library, with no restrictions as to the kinds of books. By the act, all objects of art belonging to the Government were to be transferred to the Smithsonian and placed in the building.

This obsolete and almost forgotten provision was discovered and made use of to claim the collection of portraits by British masters bequeathed to the "National Gallery of Art" by Harriet Lane Johnston, the niece of President Buchanan. The claim to be the National Gallery of Art was based largely on the possession of the George P. Marsh collection of etchings, engravings, and art books, a very modest foundation.

In January, 1904, Secretary Langley acknowledged the receipt of a letter from a friend of Charles L. Freer of Detroit, Michigan, "with a most appreciative description of Mr. Freer's collection. I have shown your letter to Dr. Adler," Mr. Langley continues, "and I hope I may see a part of the Collection at the Copley Society's exhibition in Boston, in March." Arrangements for Mr. Langley and Mr. Freer to meet miscarried and the two men never came together. Already the secretary had expressed an interest in the

approaches made by Mr. Freer looking to the gift to the Smithsonian of his collection of Far Eastern art and contemporary American paintings, and to erect a building in which to exhibit them.

Two years later (December 14, 1905) a definite offer was made to President Roosevelt. Mr. Freer suggested that a committee of experts be selected by the Smithsonian to examine the collection with a view to acceptance or rejection, since other cities desired it. A committee of the regents was appointed, made up of former Senator John B. Henderson, Alexander Graham Bell, and Secretary Walcott. After an examination the committee of "experts" was puzzled to know whether they were crazy or Mr. Freer was. There the matter rested until Mrs. Roosevelt chanced to drop in at a certain picture store, the German owner of which knew the Freer collection, as most connoisseurs did. He told her of the situation. She in turn impressed the President, who called the regents to dinner, and on May 5, 1906, the formal deed of gift was executed, although the collections were not sent to Washington until Mr. Freer's death in 1919.

The hesitation was natural. The acceptance and administration of a collection of exotic art, combined with the paintings by Americans not yet (even in the case of Whistler) "old masters," was a task from which a scientific organization might well shrink, even

THE CHARLES L. FREER ART GALLERY

though the building was to be furnished, and the curator's salary and the upkeep of the gardens were provided for, together with an endowment six or seven times the Smithsonian bequest. Altogether it was by far the largest gift ever offered to the Government, and there was no machinery for handling it, and no conviction that it was worth handling.

At the beginning of this century, doors had not been cut through the Pacific wall of our country, and all the crevices were being filled as fast as discovered. That China and Japan had a great art and a high culture had not dawned upon the American political or scientific mind. Perhaps even to-day the phrase Oriental art is not regarded as one to conjure with; for among the eight lines describing the National Gallery of Art in the Congressional Directory—the members' bible—one finds these two and a half lines: "Charles L. Freer collection, comprising numerous paintings, etchings, etc., by Whistler and other American artists, and many examples of Japanese and Chinese art." As a matter of fact, the Freer collections give to Washington great distinction in the world of art, drawing students from all civilized countries. In the realm of the humanities they are the capital's one supreme possession, and the light shining from them makes the cultural darkness seem dark indeed. But they are a hope and a promise.

Charles Lang Freer was born on the edge of the beautiful Catskills, at Kingston, New York, February 25, 1856, the son of Jacob R. and Phœbe (Townsend) Freer. He came of French Huguenot stock, his first American ancestor having been an original patentee of New Paltz. When Colonel Frank J. Hecker was put in charge of the strategic Ulster & Delaware Railroad in 1874 he found a needed accountant in young Freer, and the close business and personal association continued through Mr. Freer's life. After a short period spent with the Eel River Railroad at Logansport, Indiana, the two men went to Detroit to establish the Peninsular Car Works, which was financed by a group of men of political, financial, and social importance. Russell A. Alger (afterward governor and senator) advanced the five thousand dollars that gave Mr. Freer a share in the business and the position of secretary, a service rendered in a manner the beneficiary never forgot.

Both Colonel Hecker and Mr. Freer having a natural aptitude for business, the company made a good deal of money. Mr. Freer could sell freight-cars to railroad officials in competition with his rivals, in the days when entertainment was a considerable part of the game. From early manhood his quiet hours were spent with his prints by American painter-etchers, and his closest friends were the painters who loved the

Catskills. In art as in business he was quiet, studious, determined—a master of the situation. He loved both business and objects of art, not for the money value but for the thing in itself.

After doing his share in putting together the two Detroit car works, he took the lead in organizing the American Car and Foundry Company, with the result that at the age of forty-four years he found himself able to devote his entire time to perfecting his already well-known collection of art works. He came to know Whistler, and from him obtained the largest number of that artist's paintings gathered in any one collection, with the understanding that ultimately the works would be placed in a public gallery, preferably in Washington—for Whistler had confidence in winning lasting appreciation in the land of his birth. Abbott Thayer's pictures Mr. Freer took at his own valuation —always considerably above that of the artist. Dewing and Tryon were among his favorites; Gari Melchers was a friend of long standing; Winslow Homer and John S. Sargent he estimated highly. Childe Hassam, Brush, Murphy, Ryder, and Twachtman he regarded as carrying on the Whistler tradition in painting; for the Freer Gallery in its essence is the donor's tribute to the friend who led him into the great satisfactions of his life. American sculpture is represented only by the unfinished Saint-Gaudens groups

designed for the front of the Boston Public Library. No additions may ever be made to this portion of the collections.

It was Whistler who first drew Mr. Freer into the Orient, its art, and particularly its culture; and after the artist's death the pupil's studies continued at first hand, and with them grew the impulse to give to the Occident the full opportunity to know of the treasures of the Orient—the love of nature and of wisdom acquired by meditation; and the perfect expression of thought in clear and distinct renderings in manifold forms and materials.

To this particular collector beauty was the touchstone—the fine quality in both conception and execution. No matter how ancient an object or how rare, if it had not the supreme quality of beauty, it never stayed in his collections. Nor was he arbitrary or opinionated. The greatest authorities were called in for discussion as to attributions—always less or more of conjecture, and subject to change with fuller knowledge. By nature and by training, Mr. Freer had acquired the selective principle in dealing with works of art in his chosen field. His aim was "to give the observer the highest possible esthetic pleasure of which he is capable, and at the same time to place the most exact and scholarly information at his command."

NATIONAL MUSEUM, THE NATURAL HISTORY BUILDING

In the field of Oriental art the Freer Gallery takes its place with the Imperial Museum in Tokyo, the Musée Guimet in Paris, and the Oriental division of the great museums in London, Berlin, and Boston. For additions to this portion of the collections, Mr. Freer left a fund now amounting to several millions of dollars, the income of which gives the gallery a commanding position. He provided that all accessions must be approved by the National Commission of Fine Arts, as a possible check on ill-considered purchases.

Since its opening the gallery has been in charge of Mr. John Lodge, a friend of the donor and a man who to knowledge adds taste and appreciation, as is abundantly evidenced in the selection of additional groups of Chinese sculpture, paintings, and bronzes, Indian painting and sculpture, and Persian painting and pottery. Excavations in China, carried on by the gallery force, add to the knowledge of the culture of that nation.

Incidental to this work of collecting, Mr. Freer acquired from an Arab sheik in Egypt, at the expense of four bags of gold coins, Biblical manuscripts on parchment and papyrus, which on expert examination turned out to be Deuteronomy and Joshua, the Psalms, a fourth-century manuscript of the Four Gospels in

Greek, one of two or three earliest manuscripts of their kind; and also a fragment of the Epistles of Paul. These "Washington Manuscripts" have been photographed with minute accuracy for the great libraries and have been published by the University of Michigan with the income of a Freer fund established by him at that institution. Every item in the entire Freer collection has been photographed "for the diffusion of knowledge among men." The place of origin of the Biblical manuscripts Mr. Freer never has been able to discover.

Mr. Freer died unmarried in New York City on September 25, 1919, and was buried among his many relatives in Kingston. He never saw the Florentine Renaissance gallery which Charles A. Platt designed for him, although it was in progress at the time of his death, and he had supervised the planning of every room and had located many of the works of art. Especially he carried out the idea which he followed in showing his treasures to people from all over the world who came to his home in Detroit: the visitor saw one picture or object at a time, and saw it well. Only a small portion of the collections is exhibited at one time, but all are at the command of students, in the ample study rooms. This does not apply to the Whistler paintings, all of which are adequately shown. The much-talked-about Peacock Room has been in-

stalled as in the Leyland home in London,[1] for which Whistler painted it.

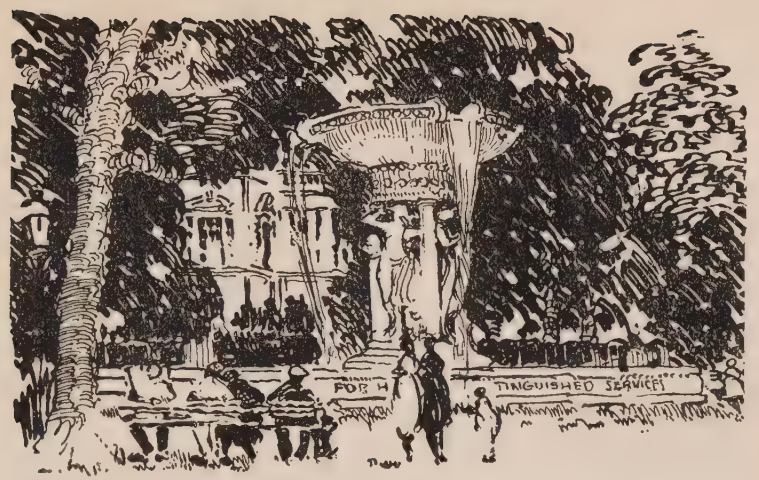
It was Mr. Freer's desire, expressed in the deed of gift, that his building should become a unit of the National Gallery of Art, which he fondly hoped would be erected in Washington. He foresaw the time when others, moved by the same spirit that actuated him, would add their collections to aid the development of the national capital into a center of the humanities, as well as of politics and science. At the time of his gift there was no National Gallery of Art, and no foundation on which to build except the authority (vaguely stated and up to the time of his offer never used) in the organic act creating the Smithsonian Institution.

Scattered through the public buildings are numerous portraits of high officials, few of which could be regarded as works of art, whatever their historical merits. These portraits might be gathered into a National Portrait Gallery. In 1906, after Mr. Freer's offer had been made, the Smithsonian acquired as the bequest of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston thirty-one portraits by Beechey, Constable, Hoppner, Lawrence, Reynolds, and other British painters. In 1907 came the

[1] Agnes E. Meyer, "The Arts," August, 1927; Grace Dunham Guest, "United States Daily," July 9, 1927; C. L. Freer correspondence, unpublished.

William T. Evans collection of one hundred and fifty works of American artists, including Winslow Homer, John La Farge, John W. Alexander, W. M. Hunt, George Inness, H. W. Ranger, Frederic Remington, Abbott Thayer, J. Alden Weir, A. H. Wyant. Mr. Ranger also left a fund for the purchase of works of American artists, with a provision that the Smithsonian might select for its permanent collection the most meritorious of the purchases. Thus the institution finds itself possessed of valuable collections, but with no place to put them save a small section of the already crowded National Museum, among mastodons and other fossils.

Meantime, Secretary Walcott organized a National Gallery of Art Commission (with Daniel Chester French as the first chairman and Gari Melchers as his successor) to guide and stimulate the National Gallery idea. This commission raised ten thousand dollars for plans for a building, which have been prepared by Charles A. Platt; and a site in the Mall opposite the Agricultural Department has been assigned tentatively. The commission also paved the way for the recent gift of the fine Gellatly collection of works of American artists. Such is the present status of the National Gallery of Art. It needs a building.



Chapter XVI

THE IDEAL IN WASHINGTON SCULPTURE

WASHINGTON'S sculpture represents American art, and, in lesser degree, American history. When one considers the haphazard and spasmodic method of selection as to both subject and artist the results attained seem to be due to an overruling providence. No fewer than thirty of the sculptors whose names find place in Adeline Adams's "The Spirit of American Sculpture" are represented in Washington.

In the Henry Adams monument modern sculpture reaches the heights—both spiritually and technically. "It's not the finger but the brain work that takes the time," wrote Saint-Gaudens, who lavished both on his

creations. All of that sculptor's work represents the profound conviction of the man; and his masterpieces gain increasing recognition with the years, because each one interprets to the observer his own thoughts and helps him to form his own convictions.

There is no work of art in Washington that is seen so adequately as is the embowered figure seated alone and screened by walls of green from the specimens of modern "cemeterial art" in the Rock Creek Cemetery, near the Soldiers' Home. So widespread is the fame of this sculpture that almost invariably one finds visitors, who, having penetrated to the remote fastness, are seated in awe, in questioning, usually in misunderstanding, of the baffling presence. The popular name of the statue is "Grief"; and that appellation satisfies the curious tourist, who checks off the item on her list of sights—for the majority of tourists are women. Neither artist nor client ever pinned a label on it; "The Peace of God," Mr. Adams sometimes called it.

On the evening of May 5, 1901, Saint-Gaudens, French, and McKim spent four hours in vain consideration of the models for the statue of General George B. McClellan to stand on Connecticut Avenue; and at one o'clock in the morning decided to advise a new competition—which was won by MacMonnies. It was a moonlight night and Saint-Gaudens wanted to walk, and, in his quiet way, to talk.

For an hour or more we strolled through Lafayette Square and up Connecticut Avenue. The night was hot—there is a touch of the tropical in a Washington May. The foliage was luxuriant, the air heavy. The moon seemed not far off and the stars burned like points of intensest light in a sky that still kept its blue. The discussions of the evening naturally led to general talk about sculpture. Saint-Gaudens said that he always feared subordinate groups, for the reason that they divided the interest. I ventured on a subject he was reluctant to discuss—the meaning of the Adams monument in Rock Creek Cemetery. "Some call it the Peace of God," he said, "some Nirvana. To me it is the human soul face to face with the greatest of all mysteries." He spoke slowly and with feeling. I realized then that to ask for a translation of that statue into words was like asking Beethoven to couch in language what he had expressed supremely in music.

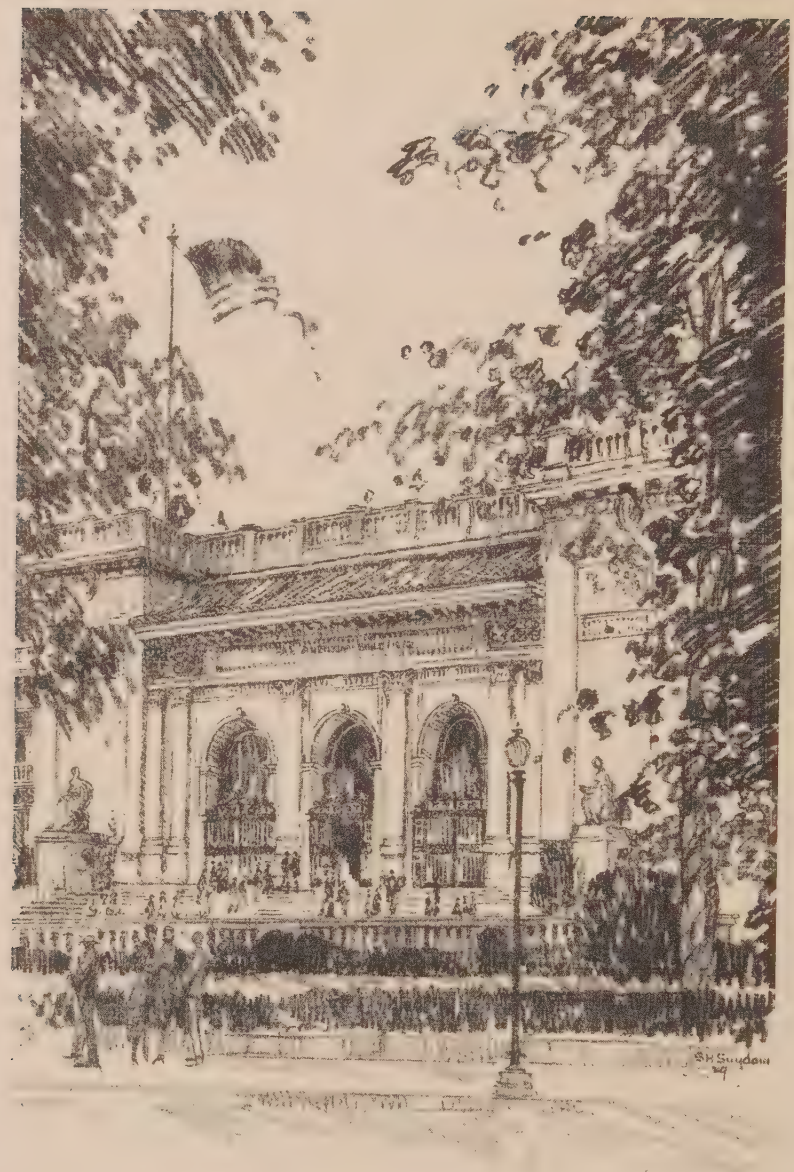
To some persons the seated figure seems hopeless, pagan; in them it produces acute feelings of despair; it banishes all assurance of a hereafter and leaves life empty and purposeless. Others find an awesome fascination in the baffling expression in the face. Now a ray of hope seems to shine through the inscrutableness, only to flicker out and leave but the question: "If a man die shall he live again?" Saint-Gaudens has

asked this insistent question with all the force of genius; but he has not undertaken to answer it, or even to give the vaguest intimation whether that answer is to be yes or no.

Mrs. Barrett Wendell was at the memorial one day when Mr. Saint-Gaudens came with Mr. John Hay. She asked the former what he called the figure. He hesitated and then said: "I call it the Mystery of the Hereafter." "It is not happiness?" she asked. "No; it is beyond pain and beyond joy." "Thank you," said Mr. Hay, "I have always wished to know."

To Mr. Henry Adams, who had not as yet seen the figure, Mr. Hay wrote: "The work is indescribably noble and imposing. It is to my mind Saint-Gaudens's masterpiece. It is full of poetry and suggestion, infinite wisdom, a past without beginning and a future without end, a repose after limitless experience, a peace to which nothing matters—all are embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form." Mr. Adams himself says that "he never thought of questioning what it meant. He supposed its meaning to be the one commonplace about it—the oldest idea known to human thought. . . . Like all great artists Saint-Gaudens held up the mirror and no more."

In all life and experience from the earliest times one incessant question has knocked at the door of the human mind—"If a man die shall he live again?"



THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION

Each person either answers the question to his own satisfaction or else gives it up as beyond solution. In other works Saint-Gaudens has expressed his own conviction—in the floating angel over the group in the Shaw Memorial, and the Christ in the Phillips Brooks monument in Boston; in the Victory on the Sherman in New York, and in the seated Christ in the Baker Memorial at Mount Kisco Cemetery. In Washington he simply puts the question which underlies all philosophy and is the basis of metaphysics.

Gaston Migeon, the French critic, has expressed best the feeling that impresses the qualified observer. "I know of no analogous work so profound in sentiment, so exalted in its art, and executed by methods so simple and broad, since the most telling sculpture of the Middle Ages. In me personally it awakens a deeper emotion than any other modern work of art."[1]

Many poems expressing the emotions evoked by the statue have been written, each one leaving something unsaid. One which suggests poignantly the feelings of the poet was written by Mr. Adams's young friend Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, at the time a secretary of the British legation, in Washington. Later he was the British ambassador throughout the World War, giving up his very life for the cause. He was also a poet, whose poems will command attention some day,

[1] Saint-Gaudens; "Reminiscences," I, 366.

when activity gives place to thought and feeling:[1]

O steadfast, deep, inexorable eyes,
Set look inscrutable, nor smile nor frown!
O tranquil eyes that look so calmly down
Upon a world of passion and of lies!
For not with our poor wisdom are you wise,
Nor are you moved with passion such as ours,
Who, face to face with those immortal powers
That move and reign above the stainless skies
As friend with friend, have held communion—
Yet have you known the stress of human years,
O calm, unchanging eyes! and once have shone
With these our fitful fires, that burn and cease,
With light of human passion, human tears,
And know that, after all, the end is peace.

Mrs. Henry Adams, to whom this memorial was erected by her husband, was the daughter of Robert William and Ellen (Sturgis) Hooper of Boston; at the age of twenty years she married Mr. Adams, who was acting as the secretary of his father, Charles Francis Adams, during the Civil War the United States minister at the court of St. James. During twenty-three years of married life Mr. and Mrs. Adams had lived wherever duty or inclination led them, always with a drawing to Washington. After Mr. Adams gave up his work of inspiring scholars at

[1] "Poems," by Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice; Longmans, Green and Co. 1920.

Harvard, he came back to Washington in 1877, occupying a quiet old house on Lafayette Square, on the easterly portion of the present site of the United States Chamber of Commerce. He and his intimate friend John Hay commissioned H. H. Richardson to design a pair of houses on the site where the Hay-Adams Hotel now stands.

On the morning of December 6, 1885, as Mr. Adams was leaving his house for a walk, he met a lady who inquired for Mrs. Adams. When he returned to speak to his wife, he found her lying on the floor of her room in an unconscious condition, and a few moments later she passed away without recovering consciousness. She had been an invalid for some months, but only that morning had spoken to her husband of her improved condition. The immediate cause of her death was paralysis of the heart.[1]

Mr. Adams died in March, 1918, and was buried beside his wife in the octagonal space between the Saint-Gaudens statue and the exedra designed by Stanford White. Over their resting-place, carpeted by pine-needles, the unconscious visitor walks.

Doubtless the mystery of a memorial without a single name or inscription piques public interest. Without any question Henry Adams was the only man in this country who would have been satisfied to give

[1] "Washington Evening Star," December 5, 1885.

a commission to a sculptor and then go off to the South Seas confident that the result in place would satisfy him—as it did. Henry Adams and Augustus Saint-Gaudens knew one another well. Mr. Adams, the great-grandson of one President, the grandson of another, and the son and secretary of the great Civil War minister to Great Britain, was an original historical scholar, an inspiring teacher, and a writer of power and charm. These qualities he concealed behind a mask of whimsicality baffling even to his intimates. His Washington home was the frequent meeting-place of a coterie of people the like of which never has been seen at the national capital. Of this group he was the center and soul. Mr. and Mrs. John Hay, Clarence King the geologist, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, Cecil Spring-Rice, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, Senator and Mrs. Don Cameron, and others no less distinguished for traits of intelligent companionship were members.

In the opinion of Augustus Saint-Gaudens the "Joan of Arc" of Paul Dubois is one of the greatest statues in the world. Only one or two equestrian statues he would rank higher—undoubtedly the "Gattamalata," by Donatello, in Padua; "Colleoni," by Verrochio, in Venice—and then the "Joan of Arc" by Dubois in Rheims. "For elevation, distinction, and

STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT AT THE HEAD OF THE MALL

nervousness of style it is extraordinary," says Saint-Gaudens. "It is one of the works that makes a man wish to strive higher and higher, and to criticize his own results to a degree that would not be possible if Dubois and his productions did not exist."

The same "nervousness of style" is found in the Saint-Gaudens Sherman in New York, where every bit of horse and man quivers with the intensity of battle. As with most supreme works of art, the price received by Dubois for the "Joan of Arc" was less than it had cost him, and yet the French committee acted as if the sculptor had tried to deceive them. There are many human elements in the life of an artist that are universal! For this statue the District is indebted to an organization of French women in New York, led by Madame Carlo Polifeme, who took the opportunity to have a cast of the original made while the little lady was in retirement during the World War. She has now resumed her place in front of the cathedral at Rheims.

In Washington "Joan of Arc" will not always stand on the brink of a precipice. When the Meridian Hill Park terrace is completed (within two years) she will take her appointed place under the elms that then will form an avenue, with the statue as its central ornament.

Besides the Saint-Gaudens and the Dubois statues

there are other works of art in Washington which belong in the category of ideal creations; chief among them are three fountains. The bewhiskered standing figure of Admiral Dupont of Civil War fame, long occupying the center of Dupont Circle, has been replaced by one of the beautiful fountains of America, instinct with beauty and grace. The water, falling from a generous bowl, frames the figures of the Wind, the Waves, and the Stars. The sculptor is Daniel Chester French, the architect was Henry Bacon. Mr. French, with the help of Thomas Hastings, also designed the exquisite, modest little fountain in the Ellipse, commemorating the loss on the *Titanic* of his friend Francis D. Millet, then the painter member of the Commission of Fine Arts, and of Major Archie Butt, President Taft's aide; also the figure of Victory on Cass Gilbert's World War column, opposite the Corcoran Gallery.

It is a question of mental attitude rather than of fact as to the classification of Mr. French's group of Dr. Gallaudet teaching his first deaf and dumb pupil. To the students of Gallaudet College, where it is placed, doubtless it has a peculiar significance; while those who seek it out as a work of imaginative sculpture are well repaid. The same may be said in general of James Earle Fraser's Alexander Hamilton on the Treasury steps; and his Ericsson on the south axis of

the Lincoln Memorial, both of which creations have won popular as well as artistic approbation.

The McMillan fountain by Herbert Adams, sculptor, and Charles Platt, architect, is another of Washington's works of art that repay the search necessary to find it. It was erected by citizens of Michigan under the leadership of Charles L. Freer, in honor of Senator James McMillan, from whom the McMillan plan of 1901 takes name. The three bronze ladies continually rejoice in the abundant showers that clothe them as with a garment, while they stand smilingly in their bower of great oaks. Located in McMillan Park south of the Soldiers' Home, quite appropriately the fountain uses the sparkling waters of the Potomac after they have passed through the filtration plant, for which the Michigan Senator also was primarily responsible.

Roland Hinton Perry's "Fountain of Neptune" at the Library of Congress usually has what few Washington fountains can command—a supply of water. Nymphs and dolphins reflect their joy in their shining faces. Neptune alone goes dry—with water, water elsewhere and not a drop to wash him.

Chapter XVII

HISTORY TOLD IN WASHINGTON ART

Turning from the ideal to the historical aspect of Washington art, one asks, Are those who have deserved well of the Republic adequately represented in bronze or marble? It is the tragedy of the Capitol that the decoration of the interior of the building has received so much less adequate consideration than has attended the architecture. As far back as 1859, when President Buchanan was authorized to appoint an art commission, he selected H. K. Brown, sculptor, and James R. Lambkin and John F. Kensett, painters. The one and only report submitted by this commission in 1860 recommended the employment of American artists and the selection of subjects taken from the

history of our country. The report seemed to reflect on the work of Brumidi, then in progress, and Congress failed to renew the appropriation. When the Commission of Fine Arts was created in 1910 it was expressly enacted that the commission should have no jurisdiction over either the Capitol or the Library of Congress. As a matter of practice, though, the commission is consulted frequently. Congress, however, retains exclusive jurisdiction over its own home.

Among the really interesting works of art in the Capitol is the portrait of Washington, by Rembrandt Peale, in the Vice-President's room; also a full length portrait of Lafayette by Ary Scheffer, in the hall of the House of Representatives, and the bronze statue of Jefferson by David d'Anvers, in the rotunda. The great French sculptor's Jefferson is among the bronze peripatetics in Washington. It was given to Congress in 1834 by the owner of Monticello, Captain Levy, U. S. N., to ornament the Capitol grounds. From 1850, for a quarter of a century, this particular Jefferson stood in front of the White House, where a fountain now plays as often as a restricted water supply will permit. During President Grant's administration, Jefferson strolled back to the Capitol and found a space in Statuary Hall, whence in 1900 he was called to higher place in the rotunda.

The only statue in the present Capitol grounds is

W. W. Story's John Marshall. There is a touch of historic irony in the location, on the west front of the legislative halls, of the man who alone by the logic and force of his judicial opinions built up a body of fundamental principles of government at the very time when President Jefferson and Congress were doing their utmost to break down the rules of government laid down by Hamilton and other Federalists.

"The historically joyous old Jackson in front of the White House," is Saint-Gaudens's characterization of a statue of which he was very fond. He always protested against attempts to remove the prancing horseman from his point of vantage. "He has grown into his place—let him stay," was his verdict.

George III was the first person to be commemorated in this country by an equestrian statue. The English sculptor builded better than he knew when he selected lead for his medium. King George and his steed furnished many thousand bullets for the Continental army, at a time when bullets were most needed. It was not until about 1850 that Clark Mills, then an untrained young artist on his way to Europe, was induced to tarry in Washington to undertake an equestrian statue of General Jackson. He accepted the commission with reluctance. He had never seen an equestrian statue. He betook himself to a Bladensburg farm, where he taught a horse to prance and fixed him in

the act. There he built not only a studio but also a foundry, learning sculpture and casting in the same masterless school of personal experience. In 1853 the statue was set up as a monument to Jackson and the democracy he brought with him. In New Orleans there is a replica of the Jackson; and General Ben Butler, bent on retaliation, had carved on the pedestal Jackson's bombshell toast at a banquet of nullificationists: "The Union, it must be preserved." That inscription also was on the Clark Mills design for the Jackson pedestal; but owing to the spirit of the '50's it was omitted. Andrew D. White called President Roosevelt's attention to the omission, and on the last day of his administration he had the inscription placed thereon.

Happy had it been for Mills's fame if he had stopped with the Jackson; but in 1853 Congress made an appropriation of $50,000 to enable the President to contract with the sculptor for the "colossal equestrian statue of George Washington," which stands well hidden by foliage in Washington Circle, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Of this statue Saint-Gaudens says that it adds to the gaiety of nations; and the more discreet Mrs. Adams opines that "least said, soonest mended."

Three years after Mills's Jackson came H. K. Brown's equestrian Washington in Union Square, New York, by unanimous consent one of the fine ex-

amples in American sculpture. Mr. Brown's success in New York brought him two Washington commissions. During the five years between 1867 and 1872, Congress expended $77,000 on the statue and pedestal that now adorn Scott Circle. The apparent disproportion between horse and rider has closed public eyes to merits which Saint-Gaudens was quick to discover. "There are," he writes, "equestrian statues galore, most of them atrocious. Three admirable ones, however, come to my mind. The first is that of General Grant in Philadelphia by French. It is very fine, dignified, strong and full of character. Then there's the statue of General Scott in Washington by H. K. Brown. The figure is unusually excellent and so is the horse. It is really a swell thing. But it is too bad that the General is too big for the animal. If it were not for that there could be no adverse criticism.[1] Finally there is that of General Thomas, also in Washington, by Ward. It is spirited, and from some points of view admirable. The horse is unusually good."

The Continental Congress, on August 8, 1786, directed that a statue of General Nathanael Greene be erected at the future seat of government, and gave that worthy the British cannon captured at the battle of Eutaw Springs. These guns, suitably inscribed, found their way to West Point. General Greene died three

[1] "Reminiscences," II, 301.

years after the Revolution, leaving a widow, a family of young children, and an estate seriously embarrassed by the efforts he had made to clothe and feed his destitute army. Eighty-eight years afterward (in 1874) Congress recalled the high resolve of its predecessor and appropriated $45,000 for the equestrian statue of General Greene, by H. K. Brown, which now stands in Stanton Square—"poor, although the horse is good," Saint-Gaudens says.

Horatio Greenough was no tyro. All that Europe could teach a well-born, highly educated American youth, Greenough brought to the task of expressing in marble the American demi-god who, as the pedestal quotes from Light-Horse Harry Lee, is "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Is it surprising that in 1843, at a time when our people were building 19 Romes, 21 Athenses and 27 Troys in States east of the Mississippi River, Greenough should have depicted Washington as an American Jove and that Edward Everett should have approved? Designed to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, under the very dome which Brumidi afterward decorated with the "Apotheosis of Washington," Greenough's statue, on being put in place, disturbed the foundations to such an extent that it was hurriedly removed to the east plaza. There it endured

the glaring suns of summer or, wrapped in its wooden overcoat, defied the cutting winds of winter, until it descended ignominiously the hill up which it had marched in triumph a half century before. Now it finds its place in the National Museum, in proximity to Washington's very clothes, the use of which the most representative American artist of his day scorned!

Greenough's "Pioneer," on the east front of the Capitol, still maintains a strangle-hold on the redskin caught in the act of tomahawking the cowering but reassured female in the rear, while the pet dog of the family is a highly interested spectator of the momentous transaction. In the not distant future the extension of the east front of the Capitol will give the dome something to stand on. This new front will be much too dignified architecturally to permit the retention of such theatrical sculpture as Greenough's group. Then this Pioneer will also follow the star of empire westward to the National Museum. To-day, however, he shines by comparison with the companion-piece, Persico's "Columbus-twirling-the-sphere." Christopher Columbus gets adequate commemoration in Lorado Taft's Fountain, the central one of three fountains which give life to the great Union Station Plaza.

Some well-meaning but misguided person picked up in the crypt of the Capitol the fragments of the plas-

ter cast for Crawford's "Freedom," which surmounts the dome. These fragments have been pieced together to form the colossal figure now in the National Museum, where it represents the sculptor's conception as modified and controlled by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, at whose command the liberty-cap (worn by freed whites) was discarded for Indian feathers. Whatever the shortcomings of the statue when closely examined, James Earle Fraser says that the silhouette as seen from every point of view is satisfactory and even fine. In other words, it is a successful work of art. As for Crawford's figures in the Senate pediment and his bronze doors of the Senate wing, one must admit that both of these works are ineffective when compared with the great examples. The more recent achievement of Paul Bartlett in treating the House pediment reconciles one to the shortcomings of John Quincy Adams's artistic imagination and Persico's consequent failure to complete the peopling of the central pediment. Here again some day opportunity will beckon to genius.

The name of John Quincy Adams Ward stands high on the list of American sculptors. A pupil of H. K. Brown, and his assistant on Brown's masterpiece, the Washington, in Union Square, New York, he studied in Europe, and came home a vigorous, sincere American artist. His standing figure of Washington

in front of the Subtreasury in New York is among the truly great presentations of that truly great man. In the judgment of Daniel Chester French, Mr. Ward's most striking contribution to sculpture is the Thomas equestrian in Thomas Circle. "Ward was," Mr. French says, "a pioneer in rendering the modern thoroughbred horse. If to see and interpret nature freshly is at least one of the first attributes of the artist, he won this distinction in this statue." Ward loved the horse, and especially the war-horse, not for his trappings, but for the elemental forces he typifies. General Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," was an intensely living rock. He and his horse—alert, vital, intense—stand high above the eddies of traffic in one of the busiest focal points in Washington, where Fourteenth Street crosses Massachusetts Avenue.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland went straight to Ward in 1887 for the colossal bronze statue of President Garfield that stands on the west front of the Capitol. Garfield was their comrade in the field, but they preferred to hand him down to posterity primarily as the man of peace. The warrior, the student, and the statesman are embodied in the three heroic reclining figures at the base. Garfield is represented in the act of speaking, at the close of a period. Garfield and Ward were friends, natives of Ohio, of

about the same age. "From personal observation," writes the sculptor, "and from information, I have chosen one of his characteristic attitudes and gestures. There has been no attempt to represent any particular incident or moment in his oratorical career, but the statue is meant broadly to suggest to each spectator such interpretation as his memory or imagination may allow." [1]

In the carrying out of plans for the extension of the Capitol grounds the Garfield statue will be disengaged from street-car tracks, filling stations, and bakeries, and will have a setting worthy the man and the sculptor.

If no man is a hero to his valet, what is to be said as to the place of Presidents of the United States in the mind of Congress? It happens, curiously enough, that if we except Washington, whose claims are manifold, Lincoln and Garfield are the only Presidents of the United States to be honored, as such, with monuments in Washington. Buchanan, whom history does not now rank high among statesmen (although his fame in diplomacy is growing), is about to have an elaborate monument by Schuler in the lower garden of Meridian Hill Park, thanks to a bequest of $100,000 in the will of his admiring and affectionate niece Harriet Lane Johnston. The Government finished the

[1] Adeline Adams: "John Quincy Adams Ward," p. 42.

Washington Monument and built the Lincoln Memorial. Beyond those two Presidents it has not ventured, aside from the granting of sites in public grounds.

Hiram Powers created consternation when he introduced his nude "Greek Slave" to this Puritan land, but he achieved such fame that Congress commissioned him to execute the Jefferson and the Franklin for the Senate and House corridors. Randolph Rogers designed the central bronze doors of the Capitol. Thomas Ball was selected to commemorate in bronze Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the price being paid entirely with money earned by freed slaves. There is a world of pathos in this group; and probably if the commission were to be given out today, no more dignified, simple, or convincing work would result.

Greenough, Powers, Crawford, Brown, Mills, Ball, Story, Rogers—what name has been omitted from the list of representative American sculptors down to the year 1876—our centennial year?

Is it too strong a statement to say that the statues of Civil War heroes erected in Washington add a new terror to war? Quick to anticipate the judgment of history, squares and circles in the central portions of the city were set apart for memorials to men who have far less historic importance than others not so hon-

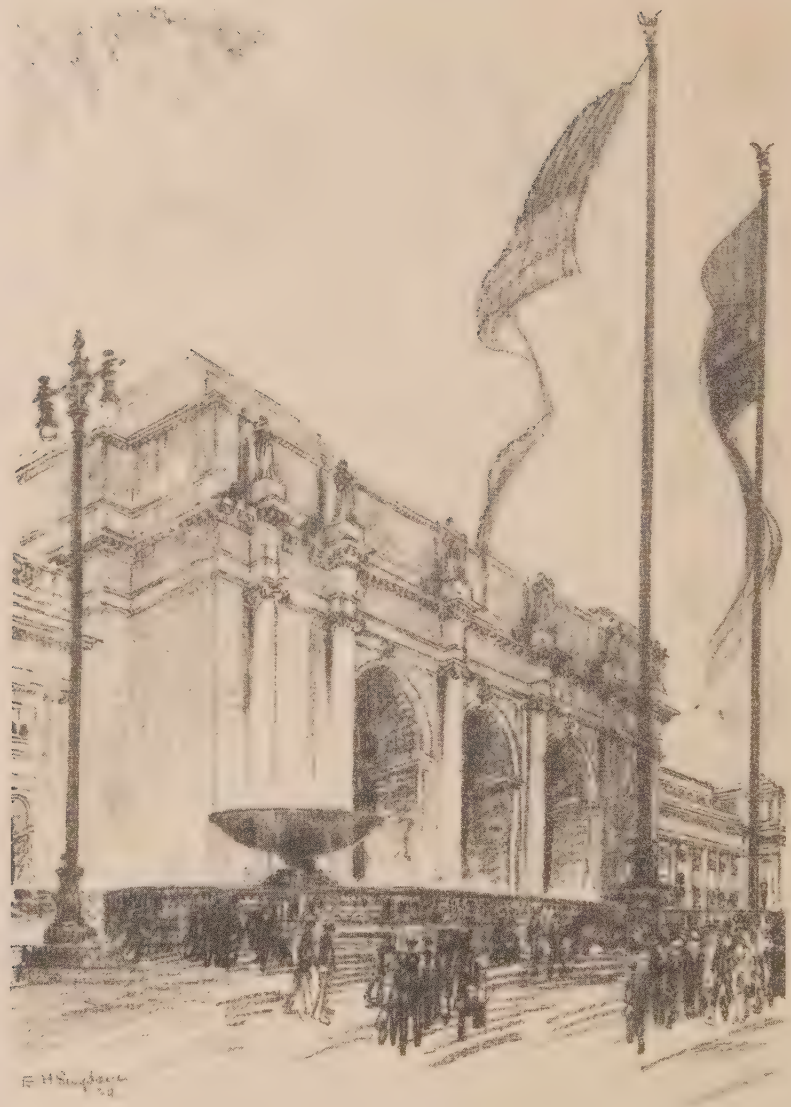
ored. The first of these statues was Bailey's General Rawlins, for which Congress made an appropriation of $13,000. Undoubtedly, Rawlins deserves all the praise Grant's Memoirs accord him; but he was in no sense a leader. General Rawlins was first set up in Rawlins Square; but it was agreed that he should have a more prominent location, and he was removed to a site near Center Market, where no one notices him in the crowd. The same oblivion has overtaken the equestrian statue of General Hancock—"a fine man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds," as Charles A. Dana recorded in "The New York Sun." The tragic death of General McPherson at the opening of the battle of Atlanta stirred the Army of the Tennessee to record their fidelity by an equestrian group which cumbers a fine site in the square that bears his name.

Out-of-door art in Washington, on the whole, and considering the casual and intermittent attention given to it, is fairly representative not only of the progress of sculpture in America, but also (although in a less degree) of the historic consciousness of our country. The growth of the nation in wealth; the increase in the number of sculptors; the multiplication of associations desiring to commemorate their heroes in a city which is becoming more and more the work of art it was originally designed to be—all these things require circumspection for the future.

A statue may be worth preserving for historic or sentimental reasons in spite of its artistic inferiority. No statue or other memorial should be erected in Washington unless it is a distinct contribution to the adornment of the city.

Memorials on public grounds should be confined to persons who have rendered conspicuous service to the nation.

Offers of gifts of memorials from individuals or associations should be accepted only after careful consideration of the claims of the person to be commemorated.



THE UNION STATION

Chapter XVIII

THE McMILLAN PLAN OF 1901

DURING the entire nineteenth century, from the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to Washington in 1800 to the celebration of that event in the December of 1900, the national idea of the capital struggled hard with the local, provincial conception of Congress. The natural result was a spasmodic, piecemeal development of unrelated units, quite at variance with the conception of Washington and Jefferson of a unified city, for which L'Enfant had made the adequate plan under their direct supervision. That plan, mutilated, dismembered, disfigured, still persisted

in the minds of those whose duties called them to deal with the larger affairs of the District of Columbia, both in Congress and among the citizens.

As Washington increased in population, and as government activities expanded largely after the war with Spain, Congress felt the need of a comprehensive plan for the development of the entire District of Columbia. Questions had arisen as to the location of new public buildings; of preserving spaces for parks in the regions outside the L'Enfant plan; of connecting existing parks and developing the extensive areas under reclamation from the malarial flats of the Potomac and the Anacostia, thus providing for the health and recreation of the new thousands drawn into public service, and of those who ministered unto them. For of such the population of Washington consists. It is not, and from the nature of things it never can be, a commercial or a manufacturing city, or anything other than what it always has been—the seat of the Government of the United States. Congress realized that, wanting a comprehensive plan with authority behind it, problems fundamental to the proper development of the city had either been postponed or else had resulted in compromises that marred the beauty and dignity of the nation's capital.

The conviction of sin and the purpose to reform were expressed not alone by senators and members of

Congress, but also by the governors of the States assembled at the centennial exercises held at White House and Capitol, and at the banquet given by the citizens. The method of accomplishing the reformation, however, resulted in a conflict of ideas. When things seemed hopeless Senator James McMillan of Michigan secured the passage of the Senate resolution of March 8, 1901, directing its Committee on the District of Columbia, of which he was the chairman, to consider the subject and report plans for the development and improvement of the entire park system of the District of Columbia. In the project he included the location of public buildings. The committee was authorized to employ experts.

The committee selected, with the advice of the American Institute of Architects, Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of Brookline, Massachusetts, who added to their number Charles F. McKim and Augustus Saint-Gaudens of New York. Three of these men and the father of Mr. Olmsted had been the prime movers in the Chicago World Columbian Exposition of 1893, now recognized as the beginning of orderly civic development in this country. It will be noted that only artists were selected. The members of the Senate Park Commission, as it came to be called, virtually put aside their private interests and devoted nearly their entire time during the

remainder of 1901 to their study and report. In fact, they became so engrossed in their Washington work that during the remainder of their lives it was their first concern.[1]

At the first meeting of committee and commission, Senator McMillan outlined the scope of the work. For ten years he had been engaged in putting in order the civic economies of the District. His long experience with both public utilities and park management, combined with large wealth and thorough independence, had inspired Congress with confidence in his judgment and disinterestedness—the two qualities that command respect and secure leadership in the national legislature.

Senator McMillan called attention to the fact that Washington was laid out as distinctively a capital city. The first consideration in the original planning was the location of public buildings and the grounds related to them—each site was selected with reference to all other sites; the lines of communication between the departments were studied, and care was taken to provide not only for convenience but also for beauty and dignity. The original plan of the city, having stood the test of a century, had met universal approval. The departures

[1] Mr. Olmsted, the only one of the quartet now living, is a member of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, and devotes both time and much thought to the work.

from that plan were to be regretted and wherever possible remedied.

The senator adverted to the area reclaimed from the river-marshes following the death of President Garfield. It was believed that malarial conditions south of the White House prevented his recovery. Mr. McMillan spoke of the 1,600 acres of undeveloped Rock Creek Park acquired in 1890; the squalid conditions prevailing along the lower course of Rock Creek; the 1,100 acres of the Anacostia flats, a menace to health; the unsightly conditions along the waterfront that by a court decision had recently come into possession of the Government; the necessity of restoring the Mall connection between Capitol and White House; and various other items which in his knowledge of District conditions seemed to need consideration. Then he turned the commission over to the committee office force for facilities to carry on the work. During the entire period he kept in close touch with the progress of the plans and from time to time authorized (and advanced the money for) unusual expenditures found necessary.

Had the commission been composed of small minds, doubtless they would have started off to create something original. As it was, they began with a careful study of the L'Enfant plan as approved by Washington and Jefferson, and thereby they added to their own

work the prestige of the founders. It was no mere paper plan that these men prepared. Mr. Burnham, who resembled L'Enfant in seeing things "in the large," kept a comprehensive grasp of the entire situation. Mr. McKim took for his special province the orderly development of the Mall and its extensions—the central composition. Mr. Olmsted and the men called from his office gave particular attention to the system of parks, their increase and the connections among them. Mr. Saint-Gaudens became the arbiter in matters of taste.

By June a tentative plan had been sketched. As a magnet placed under a sheet of paper covered with a mass of unrelated iron filings brings the particles into symmetry and beauty, so under these organizing minds in close consultation the disordered elements in the District of Columbia fell into their proper relations one with another.

Not satisfied merely with the consideration of the original plan, the commission (with the exception of Mr. Saint-Gaudens, whose health would not permit travel) must needs go to the sources whence L'Enfant drew inspiration—to the gardens of Le Nôtre, and to those European cities noted for dignity, good order, and beauty. Paris, Rome, Vienna, Budapest, and London were studied as to those particular elements in which they could furnish examples of excellence. After

eight weeks of such intensive study, the commission returned to complete their work.

From the beginning the commission foresaw that the obstacle to any adequate treatment of the City of Washington as a unit was the disturbing presence of the railroad tracks and station bisecting the Mall. Previous efforts to get rid of this incubus had been futile. By arrangement the commission were to meet President Cassatt in London. If necessary they would persuade him to go to Paris with them, there to see the supreme example of an orderly city, and therefore a beautiful one. When Mr. Burnham presented the matter to President Cassatt, he met quick and favorable response—more favorable even than he had dared hope, for the Pennsylvania's president proposed not only to vacate the Mall but also to combine with all other railroads in the District to create a union station, provided the Government would pay for a tunnel under Capitol Hill.

This was a signal victory, appreciated alike in Congress and by the citizens. It gave great impetus to the favor with which the work of the commission was coming to be regarded.

On January 15, 1902, the written report was presented to the Senate. That afternoon senators and members of Congress met President Roosevelt and the members of his cabinet to examine the plans displayed

with great detail at the Corcoran Art Gallery—the result of ten months of intense thought and labor. Never before had so elaborate a scheme been presented with such a wealth of illustration. Two great models showed Washington as it was at that day, then the Washington as it was designed to be.

The second model showed the Capitol in all its detail, with the Library of Congress, and on the remaining squares to the east a building for the Supreme Court, for which this land has been purchased and the plans have been drawn. This was the first innovation, and it was followed by others in rapid succession. On the north there was a building for the offices of the senators, balanced on the south by a similar one for the members of the House, both of which have been built, and the House is about to add a second building. The remaining squares showed structures devoted to the legislative department, which are sure to be needed in time.

At the foot of Capitol Hill the obsolete Botanical Gardens were transformed into the open plaza approach to the Capitol from the west (as L'Enfant had planned), having for their chief ornament a statue to General Grant. Already the members of the commission had selected the Henry Merwin Shrady model for the Grant Memorial. This they did at the insistence of Saint-Gaudens, who brushed aside objections as to

the sculptor's youth and inexperience and maintained that the conception was so fine that he would take chances on the execution—a position which Shrady amply justified, although at the cost of his life.

The State of Pennsylvania has now added its memorial to General Meade, the supreme and almost the last work of Charles Grafly.

To remove a railway station was quick and easy; but it has taken more than a quarter of a century of struggle to bring about the removal of the Botanical Gardens, a change at once vital to the plan and yet wholly within the power of Congress. Thanks to the persistence of Representative Luce of Massachusetts and Senator Fess of Ohio, the plaza plan is being carried out.

From Union Square, as the area was denominated on the new plans, a broad carpet of green grass, flanked on either side by four rows of elms, extends to the Washington Monument, thus bringing into a unified treatment the unrelated sections of L'Enfant's Mall, which had been parceled out to the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Department, and other like activities. Behind the rows of elms is space for buildings with functions in which the public is interested —like the Natural History Museum and the Freer Gallery, built according to the plan, and the National Gallery of Art, when it shall be constructed. The

World War claimed the Mall for many temporary buildings; but when these excrescences are no longer capable of holding patches, the Mall plan (approved by Congress only in 1929) will be realized. Meantime, the Mall itself has become an open-air garage for automobiles, absolutely ruining its park features.

The treatment of the Washington Monument marked one of the bold strokes of the commission. As has already been related, the builders of the monument, ignorant of the fundamental principles of the L'Enfant plan, ignored the location for this monument which the designer planned and Jefferson marked, by locating the monument off axis in relation to the two chief buildings of the nation. The restoration of those relationships seemed to the commission vital. Therefore, they drew a line from the Capitol through the monument to the Potomac River. This added to the central composition the mile of Potomac Park, through which extent they carried the lines of the Mall, by means of a great stretch of water flanked by trees, after the fashion of Versailles and Fontainebleau and Hampton Court.

Also they restored relations with the White House by a great circular pool set in gardens. Feeling strongly the lack of adequate support given to the towering obelisk perched on a formless mound, the commission so planned that the four rows of elms marching

through the Mall should "climb the slope, and spreading themselves to right and left on extended terraces, form a great body of green strengthening the broad platform on which the Monument should rest and from which this obelisk, like its historic prototypes, shall rise from a plane. Thus the groves become places of rest from which one's eye sweeps the panorama of city, the river and the Virginia hills."

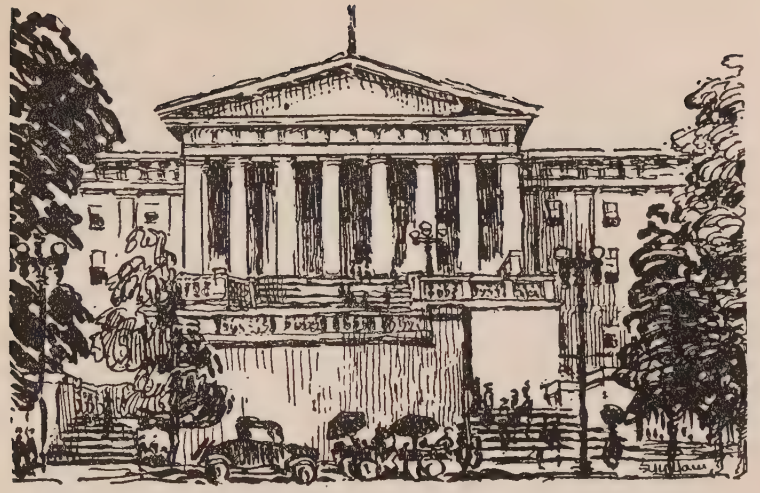
On the bank of the Potomac, at the south end of the White House axis (still undeveloped) the commission planned a site for a group of commemorative buildings, against the day when Congress shall need a location for a memorial of high importance. This is one of the sites suggested for a Roosevelt memorial, but Congress seems reluctant to let go of their last location.

At the western extremity of the Capitol axis the commission proposed a location for a memorial to President Lincoln. This composition is at once so elaborate and so significant that the development of it is still in progress, with the expectation that it will be completed in time for the contemplated celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, in 1932.

A volume would be required to tell of the vicissitudes which this particular portion of the plan had to undergo until, one by one, the lions were removed from the

way, leaving only minor obstacles now to be dealt with. In 1901 the entire area, a mile in length, was a barren stretch of land lately reclaimed from the Potomac and awaiting development. Fish ponds occupied the monument grounds; the land on which David Burnes's cottage and General Van Ness's mansion stood (the present site of the Pan American Union) was a walled jungle; the Corcoran Gallery stood alone, neither the Daughters of the Revolution nor the American Red Cross having even located their buildings; and the entire area was one of squalor. It required vision and confidence in the future to fix on such a location for the Lincoln Memorial; and it is small wonder that Congress hesitated to approve.

The plans for the outer-park system necessarily were less striking in presentation, but they were no less comprehensive. It was not until 1924 that Congress came to a full realization of the fact that the lands requisite for parks and playgrounds were fast slipping away, and began to make provision for annual purchases. Since 1902 the new plans have won their way in public favor, so that while progress may be slow it is certain.



Chapter XIX

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

A MEMORIAL to Abraham Lincoln was in the air but was without form and void when the Senate Park Commission was created in 1901. Everybody recognized the fact that sooner or later the Government would do honor to the savior of the Union, the great emancipator, the martyr President. The lesser personages of the war to preserve the Union had received ample recognition through the eager devotion to their memory on the part of organizations to which they belonged. Had there been delay, Washington would have been spared mediocre statues occupying park space that might have been devoted to fountains of living water.

Three of the members of the commission belonged to the generation too young to fight in the Civil War. As a boy Mr. Burnham, indeed, enlisted, but was reclaimed by a judicious father. Mr. Saint-Gaudens, apprentice to a New York cameo-cutter, had his mind filled with "great visions and great remembrances"—the processions before the Presidential election, "with carts bearing rail-fences in honor of Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter; the assembling of cavalry squadrons, with the horses parked together and tied to the trees; the recruiting tent near the statue of Washington in Union Square." Standing at his lathe, from his window he "saw virtually the entire contingent of New England volunteers on their way to the Civil War, a spectacle profoundly impressive even to his youthful imagination." But above all, what remained in his mind was "seeing in a procession the figure of a tall and very dark man, seeming out of proportion in his height with the carriage in which he was driven, bowing to the crowds on both sides. The man was Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington." [1] For Chicago Saint-Gaudens had done a standing and also a seated figure of Lincoln, both of which are unsurpassed in characterization and execution. Indeed, Saint-Gaudens's standing figure has done more than books to

[1] Saint-Gaudens: "Reminiscences," I, p. 42.

form the American conception of Lincoln. It is the universal Lincoln. Moreover, it has style.

Mr. McKim's father and mother had accompanied Mrs. John Brown to Charles Town, (now) West Virginia, to receive the body of John Brown after his execution. Young McKim himself, in company with two of William Lloyd Garrison's sons, had visited Gettysburg twenty-five days after the battle, and while yet the field was strewn with the remnants of the fight.

Mr. Olmsted's father had made a journey through the South shortly before the war, leaving a record of conditions that forms a large part of the raw material of the history of the period. Later the elder Olmsted had been a leading spirit in the Sanitary Commission which cared for the welfare of soldiers and refugees.

These mental backgrounds are of high importance, for they help to supply to the artist that intellectual quality essential to all great art. All four members of the commission felt profoundly the historical and spiritual as well as the artistic requirements of the problem.

The location of the Lincoln Memorial now seems so natural and logical that one cannot realize fully the intense opposition which the proposed site aroused and the struggle required to secure the approval of Congress. Had the building been begun promptly, this

particular trouble of location would have been averted; but delays proved dangerous. During the decade between the submission of the plan of 1901 and the action of Congress in providing for a memorial, Senator McMillan, Secretary Hay, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, and Mr. McKim died, and the opponents of the plan were in the saddle. Fortunately, William H. Taft was President of the United States and Elihu Root was in the Senate. Those two men saved the location in so far as legislation was concerned. The same two also brought about the unquestioned artistic success of the conception.

The Senate Park Commission, having submitted the plan of 1901, went out of existence. President Roosevelt, like the first in the line of his predecessors, had the mind and temperament to leave artistic matters to "the practitioners of the art." Being somewhat of an impulsive character, he did not wait for action by Congress, but by his own motion on January 11, 1909, appointed a Fine Arts Council, composed of twenty-one architects, including Mr. Burnham, four painters, four sculptors—and Frederick Law Olmsted. This action he took at the instance of the American Institute of Architects, appointing the men selected by a committee of that organization.

The Institute had pointed out to President Roosevelt that in the United States the arts have been de-

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

nied governmental consideration accorded by other nations; that President Washington and his immediate successors sought trained experts in the arts and called to the service of the country those of the highest skill, with the result that the earliest buildings of the Government, not only in Washington but elsewhere, rank among the great architectural triumphs of their period. These views President Roosevelt shared, and hence his prompt action. At the same time he urged the members of the body to secure legislative sanction for his council.

The council held one meeting at the White House, on February 10, 1909. The President asked where the Lincoln Memorial should be located and was answered that the proper site was that fixed in the plan of 1901. No member of the old Senate commission attended the meeting; they realized from experience that so large a body was incapable of doing business.

Congress promptly killed the council, drawing tight the purse-strings by inserting in a money bill the proviso that no part of any appropriation should "be paid to members of the so-called Council of Fine Arts created by executive order of January 18, 1909, as compensation or for expenses; and no part of any such appropriation shall be expended in the preparation or formulation of any plans which have been submitted to, or approved or suggested by said Council of Fine

Arts." [1] Thus having stricken off the head of President Roosevelt's commission, Congress proceeded to make one of its own fashioning.

Meantime, Congress was struggling over the Lincoln Memorial—whether it should take the form of a road to Gettysburg, or of a monument located at the Union Station. For a year the discussion continued in Congress and in the press. The organized automobile forces wanted the road to Gettysburg, and a District of Columbia real-estate pool got options on the property adjoining the existing highway. Representative McCall of Massachusetts favored the station location. "When it is the fitness of a work of art to be given location," he held, "the opinion of artists is of great value; but when they come to say the place shall be to Lincoln, or to any other particular statesman, that is a question that appeals to the historical imagination, of which the artist has no monopoly." While the honorable member was quite correct as to "monopoly," evidently he was quite oblivious of the fact that historical imagination is the foundation of the artist's work—a point made manifest by a con-

[1] The experience of the council was similar to that of the Art Commission (created by Congress in 1859, and made up of H. K. Brown, J. R. Lambkin, and J. F. Kensett) which objected to the work of Brumidi in decorating the Capitol in the style of Raphael, instead of using subjects drawn from American life. In 1860 no appropriation was made and the commission expired after a single report.

trast between the location finally selected and one dominated by a railway station.

However, President Taft brought order out of chaos by getting Mr. McCall to sponsor a bill creating a Commission of Fine Arts, consisting of seven members, whose duty it should be to advise committees in Congress, the President, and executive officers generally on matters of art when called upon to do so.[1] The House, notwithstanding sarcastic remarks about "sky-line commissions," passed the bill. Senator Root revamped it and secured its passage in the Senate, and President Taft approved the act on May 17, 1910. During the nineteen years of its existence the Commission of Fine Arts has increasingly commended itself to Congress and the executive departments. No fewer than seventeen special projects embodied in the legislation of the past Congress must be submitted to the commission. This in addition to the hundreds of submissions that come to it automatically.

Congress took its customary means of ending discussion by creating a Lincoln Memorial Commission, of which President Taft was named as the permanent chairman. The advice of the Commission of Fine Arts might be asked—as it was. The advice was that the

[1] Mr. McCall was in Congress from 1893 to 1915; then governor of Massachusetts 1916-18. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

memorial be located where the plan of 1901 placed it. In the Memorial Commission the scope of the struggle for a location was enlarged by the suggestion of sites at the Soldiers' Home and at Arlington, the latter a favorite idea of Representative Joseph G. Cannon, a consistent and persistent opponent of the plan of 1901. Francis D. Millet, a member of the Commission of Fine Arts, was ever fertile in expedients. When Mr. Cannon proposed Arlington, Speaker Champ Clark stretched his long legs under the table and began sententiously: "Mr. Chairman, in the days of the Romans, it was the custom to place the monuments of the conqueror on the lands of the conquered. I am opposed to following that custom. I will not agree to placing the memorial to Lincoln in the Old Dominion."

President Taft was quick to catch the point. Turning to Mr. Cannon, he said: "Well, Uncle Joe, I guess you and I will have to give up Arlington!" So the site was settled in accordance with the 1901 plan. Mr. Cannon became reconciled and even supported the location in a vigorous speech when the selection came before the House for final decision.

The choice of the architect also was submitted to the Commission of Fine Arts, and the chairman, Mr. Burnham, was insistent that Henry Bacon be selected, because he regarded Bacon as the logical successor of

Charles McKim, who had died in 1909. At the Chicago Fair Mr. Bacon had been intrusted with the carrying out of the plans for buildings designed by the McKim firm; so that Burnham knew whereof he spoke. When objection was made that Bacon had no large monumental work to his credit, Burnham replied that he preferred "an architect who had still to achieve a masterpiece—one who would put his life and soul into the work." This is literally what Henry Bacon did. Taking as a basis the design and setting prepared by Mr. McKim ten years before, Mr. Bacon created a building in form like no other, dignified and noble in its proportions and material, and instinct with grace and charm.

Why, some ask, should the ungainly, awkward rail-splitter be commemorated by a Greek temple? The first answer is that Lincoln "belongs to the ages," and his memorial should speak the language of the ages—the language of classical design deliberately selected by Washington and Jefferson as the appropriate architecture of the capital of the great and powerful nation they foresaw. To make this point clear beyond question, the Lincoln Memorial Commission employed one of the most brilliant of Mr. Bacon's contemporaries, John Russell Pope, to make alternative designs in different styles and for various locations. Thus was assurance made doubly sure; for no expression found

by Mr. Pope possessed the eternal qualities shown in the Bacon design.

Then, too, Lincoln lives in history and in the hearts of the people as the author of the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural, and those other outpourings of heart and soul akin to the speech of Pericles over the dead of Thermopylæ, or the English version of the Psalms. Classic architecture has become the universal language of monumental work from the days of the Parthenon to the present; it is understood by all men; therefore, it is the one and only language in which to express the character of Lincoln.

A foreigner understands this. He knows at once what the memorial stands for. Two contemporaneous monuments expressive of great regard of the British and the Italian peoples may be recalled—the monument to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace in London, and the monument to Victor Emmanuel III in Rome. Does the Lincoln Memorial suffer by comparison?

When the Lincoln Memorial was presented to President Warren G. Harding on Memorial Day, 1922, Mr. Taft had become the Chief Justice of the United States. Most fittingly he characterized both the man and his monument:

The American people have waited fifty-seven years for a national memorial to Abraham Lincoln. Those years have

faded the figures of his contemporaries, and he stands grandly alone. His life and character in the calmer and juster vista of half a century inspire a higher conception of what is suitable to commemorate him.

Justice, truth, patience, mercy, and love of his kind; simplicity, courage, sacrifice, and confidence in God, were his moral qualities. Clarity of thought and intellectual honesty, self-analysis and strong inexorable logic, supreme common sense, a sympathetic but unerring knowledge of human nature, imagination and limpid purity of style, with a poetic rhythm of the Psalms—these were his intellectual and cultural traits.

His soul and heart and brain and mind had all these elements, but their union in him had a setting that baffles description.

His humility; his self-abnegation and devotion; his patience under grievous disappointment; his agony of spirit in the burden he had to carry; his constant sadness, lightened at intervals with a rare humor all his own; the abuse and ridicule of which he was the subject; his endurance in a great cause of small obstructive minds; his domestic sorrows, and finally his tragic end, form the story of a passion and give him a personality that is as vivid in the hearts of the people as if it were but yesterday.

We feel a closer touch with him than with living men. The influence he still wields, one may say with all reverence, has a Christlike character. It has spread to the four quarters of the globe.

The oppressed and lowly of all peoples, as liberty and free government spread, pronounce his name with awe, and cherish his assured personal sympathy as a source of hope.

Their leaders quote his glowing words of patient courage, of sympathy with the downtrodden, of dependence on God's wisdom and justice, and by his ever-increasing prayer for liberty through the rule of the people.

The harmony of his message with every popular aspiration for freedom proves his universality. It was this which Stanton was inspired to predict when, as Lincoln lay dead, he said, "He now belongs to the ages."

His own life without favoring chance in preparation for the task which providence was to put on him, his early humble surroundings, his touch with the soil, his oneness with the plain people, and the wonder that out of these he could become what he was and is, give us a soul-stirring pride that the world has come to know him and to love him as we do.

We like to dwell on the fact that his associates did not see him as he was when on earth, and that it was for generations born after he was gone to feel his greatness and to be moved by his real personality.

Not with the lowly only, but with all—rich or poor, ignorant or learned, weak or powerful, untutored or of literary genius—has this aura about Lincoln's head at his death grown into a halo of living light.

Therefore it is well that half a century should pass before his people's national tribute to him takes form in marble, that it should wait until a generation instinct with the growing and deepening perception of the real Lincoln has had time to develop an art adequate to the expression of his greatness.

The choice of Daniel Chester French as the sculp-

tor of the statue of Lincoln was preordained by that artist's achievements.[1] Emerson claims that a poet is entitled to credit for anything that any one finds in his poetry. So a sculptor is entitled to credit for whatever emotions his statue arouses in the beholder. The problem of the sculptor of a portrait statue is to express to the public that bundle of qualities which make up the character of his subject. His vehicle for such expression is, of course, the physical features of the person; but the modern face is a record of struggle, of emotions, of the whole life of the individual. Moreover, the face of to-day is mobile. Not only is it the expression of the soul, in the sense of Spenser's "Hymn in Honour of Beauty," but it is also the reflection of present attitude toward life. So in the case of a subject like

[1] Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, April 20, 1850. His father, Henry Flagg French, was at one time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. His uncle, Benjamin B. French, was the officer in charge of public buildings during the Lincoln administration. Daniel French studied sculpture under Thomas Ball in Florence. Among his best-known works are the "Minute Man of Concord," the statue of General Cass in the Capitol, the statue of John Harvard at Cambridge, the group "Dr. Gallaudet and his First Deaf-Mute Pupil," and the Butt-Millet and the Dupont Fountains in Washington; the colossal statue of the Republic in Chicago; the bronze doors of the Boston Public Library, the statue of "Alma Mater" at Columbia, the statue of James Oglethorpe at Savannah, and the statue of Abraham Lincoln at Lincoln, Nebraska. In association with Cass Gilbert Mr. French designed the World War monument erected by the First Division, A. E. F., opposite the Corcoran Gallery.

Lincoln, who as a man means different things to different people, the artist has a wide range of emotions from which to draw. The instrument being determined, the sculptor may evoke many harmonies.

What Mr. French has sought to convey is the mental and physical strength of the great War President, and his own confidence in his ability to carry his task through to a successful finish. These ideas are suggested in the whole pose of the figure, and particularly in the action of the hands as well as in the expression of the face.

Photographs of Abraham Lincoln go to show that the features in repose made his a homely face. The testimony of those who saw him under the influence of cheerfulness or benevolence is that his face when lighted up was singularly beautiful. In Mr. French's face of Lincoln there is "majestic sweetness"; and the "lips with grace o'erflow." In the single moment allotted to the sculptor, the artist has expressed what is permanent in the character of Lincoln; and, fixed in the marble, that expression has unchangeable duration.

For those who desire to know of the details of construction, it may be said that the statue is done in Georgia marble; it is twenty feet in height and is composed of about twenty pieces of marble; it was cut in marble by Piccirilli Brothers. It was three or four years in process of construction, and Mr. French

worked personally on the marble, both while it was at the marble shops and after it was set in place in the memorial.

The mural decorations, typifying "Emancipation" and "Reunion," were intrusted to Jules Guérin, who combines an architectural sense with a feeling for color and mastery of form; and Miss Longman (Mrs. Batchelder) has done the eagles and palms and wreaths as decorations.

On the walls are inscribed in Roman letters perfectly spaced the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. One quiet Sunday morning before the visitors began to come, Julia Marlowe (Mrs. Sothern) was prevailed upon to read those two permanent contributions to literature, and to her hearers they took on new significance and surpassing beauty.

In the Lincoln Memorial the people of the United States have a second monument of the highest class. It ranks with the Washington Monument among the world's supreme works of enduring art. Both typify worthily the character of men who have played significant parts in the history of civilization. Both represent the highest reaches of art in their day and generation in this country. Both appeal to the highest and deepest emotions of patriotism as exemplified in two lives in which no shade of personal ambition darkens a supreme devotion to liberty and humanity. Both

stand in vital relations with those centers from which law emanates, is declared, and is executed. So they take their place as the expression of the national life of the American people.

Chapter XX

WASHINGTON PARKS

Neither Washington nor L'Enfant could have foreseen that the city which they located between Rock Creek and the Anacostia would have expanded within a single century to occupy the entire District of Columbia and would have extended its sphere of influence into the adjacent portions of Maryland and Virginia, thus requiring those two streams to be treated as park features of the national capital well within the city itself. Yet such was the manifest destiny once Washington began to grow according to American ideals of individual houses surrounded each with its appropriate setting. The vision of the founders was rather that of

a compact city, like its European prototypes, with large outlying estates.

In 1873 Congress was moved to purchase (at the expense of the District of Columbia!) in the valley of Rock Creek the lands extending from the recently created Zoölogical Park to the District line in Maryland, an area of 1,200 acres. The purchase, having been accomplished, left the park to be opened up to the public by a road constructed by the engineer commissioner of the District, with labor supplied by the chain-gang from the city prison. Slowly other drives, bridle-paths, and walks, with picnic grounds, have been added, making it one of the beautiful parks of the country.

Long before the Lincoln Memorial was definitely located an agitation was begun by the Washington Board of Trade in 1899 to connect Rock Creek Park with the Potomac River, either by an open cut or by a high-level boulevard. The Senate reported in favor of the open treatment of the valley of Rock Creek, the regrading of the banks, and the construction of roads and paths within the parkway thus formed. A constant agitation was maintained by local associations. Senators Wetmore and Root took up the matter and secured the necessary legislation. The task of acquiring the lands, begun in 1915, has been carried on steadily as appropriations by Congress became available, until now nearly all of the land necessary has been pur-

chased, and the parkway awaits the roadway connections.

As the work about the Lincoln Memorial progresses, the driveway along the Potomac will be constructed, thus affording a long-needed outlet from Potomac Park to the western portion of the city. The remaining obstacle is the Chesapeake and Potomac Canal Company rights, which are in such a complicated and indefinite condition that probably a suit at law will be required to determine them and to secure the necessary penetration.

The treatment of the Anacostia Valley also is now being carried out in such manner as to create a great water-park, thereby transforming a breeding-place for malaria into a pleasure-ground comparable with Belle Isle in Detroit and the island park in the Danube at Budapest. Incidentally, a new commercial waterfront will be provided in a location foreseen by Washington and by him anticipated in the purchase of land near-by.

The report of 1901 proposed a lake, surrounded by natural meadows and groves that need only to be cultivated and protected from inundation to become a charming park. The lake would provide opportunities for boating, and the meadows, besides their landscape beauty, would provide the best of playing-fields. The total area of the proposed park was 1,143 acres, of

which 535 would be water. Within this area are the famous Shaw Water Lily Gardens, already highly developed for commercial purposes and capable of still further extension to include other varieties of aquatic plants.

At the instance of Senator McMillan, items were inserted in the rivers and harbors bills for beginning the work of reclamation at the mouth of the Anacostia; and as a result the Army, the Navy, and the Post-Office are using portions of the reclaimed area for flying-fields.

In 1917 the projects for the treatment of upper portions of the Anacostia were worked out by the army engineers and the Commission of Fine Arts and the portion below Bennings Bridge is well advanced. For the upper area the Commission of Fine Arts offered a new solution in connection with a national arboretum. The report of 1901 laid emphasis on the advantages to botanical science, to horticulture, to forestry, and to landscape architecture of a great, systematic collection of living plants, such as have been brought together by the governments of England, France, Holland, Germany, and Russia, and in our own country in the Arnold Arboretum at Boston, the Shaw Botanical Garden at St. Louis, and the New York Botanical Garden. The report also recommended the taking for park purposes of Mount Hamilton, one of the highest hills between

THE MASONIC BUILDING AT ALEXANDRIA

the Anacostia and Rock Creek. Mount Hamilton rises above the general level as a steep, isolated summit, reaching an elevation of 225 feet, at a point just east of the Bladensburg Road and adjoining the Anacostia flats, over which it commands extensive prospects. In other directions also the views are remarkably good, especially across the city in the direction of the Capitol, to which it is nearer than any other hill of such considerable height.

Colonel W. W. Harts, then the officer in charge of public buildings and grounds, first called attention to the desirability of securing Mount Hamilton as the site of an arboretum. Experts of the Department of Agriculture, after careful examination of several different sites, pronounced that hill the one most available from the standpoint of variety of soils required for botanical purposes. It was further developed that by the purchase of about 367 acres included in the Mount Hamilton tract, a further 433 acres in the valley of the Anacostia would be made available for the arboretum.

The park features were not lost sight of. As the Arnold Arboretum is a portion of the park system of the city of Boston, so the Mount Hamilton-Anacostia region could be made a park entrance to the City of Washington by diverting through it the pleasure traffic to and from Baltimore. In 1929 Congress created the arboretum on the site proposed, according to the

general plan as outlined above. The Department of Agriculture (with the advice of a commission of public-spirited, interested citizens) has charge of the development of the arboretum.

The need of parkways across the city on the north, so as to connect the two great parks of Washington, was mapped in the report of the Senate Park Commission. Owing to the fact that this portion of the report was neglected by the citizens in the regions to be traversed, the rapid growth of building has made impossible several of the parkways then proposed.

The old City of Washington was well provided with small parks; but when the streets were extended and the area beyond Florida Avenue was platted, the matter of public squares and small parks was neglected. These necessary spaces must now be acquired. Some are no longer available. Some others, however, are still possible. Among them is the chain of forts which were used as defenses of the City of Washington during the War of Secession. The views from these points are impressive in proportion to their commanding military positions, and they are well worth acquisition as future local parks, in addition to any claim their historical and military interest may afford. A movement is now in progress to secure the Fort Drive.

Thanks to the prolonged and indefatigable labors

of Mrs. John B. Henderson, Congress was induced to purchase for park purposes Meridian Hill, overlooking the City of Washington—where apartment-houses do not shut off the view; and through more than a dozen years an Italian garden effect has been evolved on the flat upper level, much frequented by children. On the lower level is a great pool, fed by a cascade bursting from a high terrace, and tumbling discreetly down the steep hill, between solid areas of verdure penetrated by walks ending with statues.

The reason for the style chosen is that this park is situated in the most congested residence portion of Washington, and must be made interesting to the greatest possible number of persons in a space comparatively contracted. Having failed to secure regulation in the case of a high building at the foot of the hill, Mrs. Henderson has purchased control of other frontages and is developing them with expensive residences, all in her strenuous (and largely successful) endeavors toward the making of Sixteenth Street attractive from the White House even to the District line.

Among the statues given to the Government by enthusiastic citizens of foreign birth and located in Meridian Hill Park is one of Dante, which (like Joan of Arc) was placed out in the open, awaiting the development of the park. When apology was made to a recent

Italian ambassador for delay in giving proper setting to Italy's great poet, he laughingly made answer: "I'm not concerned as to what happens to the statue. Dante put my ancestors in hell."

Harriet Lane Johnston's bequest of $100,000 for a statue of her uncle, President James Buchanan, has been expended on an elaborate creation by Mr. Schuler in bronze and granite, which forms a feature of the lower garden—a dignified figure quite worthy of the subject.

The long narrow strip of land between the present commercial port of Washington and the main channel of the Potomac was designed to be the sport park of the town. A full golf course and a shorter one are in heavy use; a tourist camp advertises its wares on the highways; and the parking of automobiles takes up for the few space meant for the pleasure of many. These, however, are temporary abuses, sure to yield to treatment under more settled conditions of living.

The Potomac River, when used for bathing purposes, has been found to be a menace to health, and no adequate number of swimming pools has as yet been provided. From early May to late October the Washington climate encourages swimming. The numerous country golf clubs have pools, but they are inadequate for even their own members. East Potomac

WORLD WAR MONUMENT ERECTED
BY THE FIRST DIVISION

Park offers opportunity for the largest possible pool well located; but at present the supply of facilities woefully lags.

Chapter XXI

ARLINGTON AND THE MEMORIAL BRIDGE

STANDING on the roadway that encircles the Lincoln Memorial, one looks across the wide Memorial Bridge to Arlington Mansion, rising from its pedestal of green—the terminus of the new composition that extends the park system of the capital into Virginia, not by invasion but by peaceful penetration. Chief Justice Taft, writing four days before he went on the Supreme Court bench, said in his usual outspoken manner: "The inconceivable foolishness of the act of Congress by which the half of the District on the southern side of the Potomac, including the beautiful Potomac Palisades, was retroceded to the State of Virginia in the forties and in the days of a little United States, is

a circumstance indicating what might have happened had there been any considerable effort to deal with Washington's improvement in those days."

The project for a monumental bridge across the Potomac—a bridge monumental in spirit as well as in design—first found expression in an address delivered by Daniel Webster on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the extension of the United States Capitol, on the Fourth of July, 1851. In the course of pleadings for the preservation of the Union, the dissolution of which even at that date seemed imminent, the orator exclaimed: "Before us is the broad and beautiful river, separating two of the original thirteen States, which a late President, a man of determined purpose and inflexible will, but patriotic heart, desired to span with arches of ever-enduring granite, symbolical of the firmly established union of the North and the South. The President was General Jackson."

The momentous struggle could not be averted by statesmanship.

In 1861, when troops from the North were pouring into Washington for the preservation of the Union, General Scott, then in command of the Army, had scruples as to ordering Federal forces into Virginia. Senator Zachariah Chandler, by the use of a clever bit of casuistry and fortified by extra-judicial opinions of certain justices of the Supreme Court, convinced

the hesitating general that the act of retrocession was unconstitutional; that the District of Columbia still included Arlington and Alexandria; and that he had authority for ordering troops to take possession of those strategic positions necessary to the defense of Washington. So the Ellsworth Zouaves were despatched by boat to Alexandria; Colonel Ellsworth was killed for hauling down the Confederate flag that flew in sight of the Capitol; and his tragic death became a vital part of the history of the Civil War. Colonel O. B. Wilcox marched his First Michigan Regiment across Long Bridge, took command of the Zouaves, and liberated the first slave set free as the result of war. Colonel Heintzelman led a third column across the Aqueduct Bridge and occupied Arlington House, whence Mrs. Robert E. Lee had withdrawn to Ravensworth a few miles away. The government occupation of Arlington was intended to be temporary; but by force of circumstances it has become permanent. Now the Arlington National Cemetery is the potential resting place of the bodies of all those who have worn the uniform of the United States Army and Navy.

Happily, the time has come when there is no longer a North and South requiring a symbolic expression of union. Commerce and migrations have made one country, one flag, one future. Thus the Memorial Bridge becomes a vital portion of the park system of

the national capital, leading to Arlington indeed, and also to Mount Vernon and, by the Lee Highway, to the Shenandoah Valley and so across the continent.

The builder of Arlington House was George Washington Parke Custis, whose life is connoted by his name. The Custis mansion reverts historically to that John Custis of the Arlington on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, who achieved perpetual notoriety by causing to be placed on his tombstone (where it may still be read) the record that the only seven years that he really lived were those during which he kept bachelor's hall at Arlington. This posthumous revenge was the only one he ever had; for always during his married life his wife got the better of him. For years at a time, during their married life, peace came from his silence—because he did not want to interrupt her! She was true daughter of her father, Colonel Daniel Parke, whose swashbuckling proclivities drove him from Virginia into the army and favor of the Duke of Marlborough. Parke was the duke's messenger to carry to England and Queen Anne the glorious news of the victory of Blenheim, and as reward received a miniature of his royal mistress and the governorship of the Leeward Islands, where he died at the hands of a mob, leaving his property to his mistress and his debts to be paid by his son-in-law, Colonel William Byrd of Westover, a great gentleman.

In 1749 Daniel Parke Custis, son of the irascible Custis and the loquacious Parke, married Martha Dandridge and settled down to the best of Virginia social life at White House on the Pamunkey, her father's gift, now owned by her descendant in the fifth generation, Dr. Bolling Lee. Mr. Custis died in 1757, and in 1759 the widow married Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon. The only surviving son of the Custis marriage, John Parke Custis, wedded Eleanor Calvert, a descendant of the Lords Baltimore. He died of camp fever at the siege of Yorktown. Their only son was George Washington Parke Custis, who was born at the maternal home, Mount Airy (now Dower House) in Maryland. On the death of the father the two younger children were taken into the Mount Vernon household and were brought up by General and Mrs. Washington as their own children. The two elder daughters remained with their mother at Abingdon, and when she married Dr. David Stuart they went to Hope Park to live, in due time becoming Mrs. Thomas Law and Mrs. Thomas Peter of Tudor Place.

"At six months of age," wrote Mrs. Robert E. Lee, "my father became the Child of Mount Vernon, the idol of his grandmother and an object on whom was lavished the attention of the many distinguished guests who thronged the hospitable mansion. His

beautiful sister Nelly Custis often observed that Grandmother always spoiled Washington." General Washington bestowed upon his foster-son more care and time than parents nowadays usually give to their own children; but in the boy was a long strain of the Custis and Parke blood, indolent and pleasure-loving.

While Arlington House was building, Mr. Custis occupied a small house, probably built by the Alexanders, near the Virginia terminus of the Memorial Bridge, and also near a once-famous spring about which picnic parties gathered to partake of refreshments provided by the hospitable owner, at the price of listening to the music of his fiddle or to an address. Rich in lands though poor in cash, Mr. Custis entertained strangers of note at his home and on his schooner yacht, Lafayette and his son among them. Admittedly without technical training, he painted large battle-pieces—using for a studio the great unfurnished easterly rooms on the ground floor. Also he wrote plays which sometimes were presented; but, aside from attending Presidential inaugurations, he took little or no interest in the intense political and social life of the city, the growth of which he watched from his broad portico. The raising of merino sheep was more to his taste, as was made manifest by annual sheep-shearing parties at the Arlington spring.

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Custis married the

sixteen-year-old daughter of Colonel William Fitzhugh, whom visitors had driven from his spacious home, Chatham, opposite Fredericksburg, and who was then living at Ravensworth, a half dozen miles from Arlington. Their only child was a daughter, who shared with her mother a suite of sitting-rooms on the west, leaving the easterly side to Mr. Custis, his library, his paintings, and his guns, for he was a mighty Nimrod. He was a good master to his slaves and, following the example of Washington, made them free within five years after his death, a requirement his executor, General Robert E. Lee, carried out in 1863, in so far as the war had not anticipated him.

Arlington House was furnished largely from Mount Vernon, and with Parke and Custis heirlooms. The Civil War scattered these treasures. Mrs. Lee took some to Ravensworth, where they still remain carefully guarded since the recent fire that destroyed the main portion of the old house. Mrs. Beverly Kennon gathered some at Tudor Place and scrupulously returned each one as opportunity offered. Most of the portraits are at Washington and Lee University, Lexington; but the present Mrs. Robert E. Lee has a number of pictures and some Parke silver. The National Museum has a large collection of Washington relics, and many have found their way back to Mount Vernon. The Government is now restoring Arlington

THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
AT ARLINGTON, APPROVED DESIGN

House as the home of a southern gentleman who lived during the first half-century of the Republic.

The only study that really interested Mr. Custis was ancient history, and through the colored spectacles of Roman days he saw in Mary Washington a Roman matron and in her son a combined product of democratic Rome. Both his own proclivities and the thought of his day led him to build Arlington House in the style of the Temple of Pæstum, and by so doing he placed on the heights overlooking the Potomac a building fitted in these latter days to serve as the terminus of the great vista from the Lincoln Memorial.

McDowell's army, after the first battle of Bull Run (Manassas), intrenched itself on the Arlington estate, building two forts—Fort Whipple, now included in the cavalry and artillery posts of Fort Myer, and Fort McPherson, whose neglected parapets occupy a space near the World War section of Arlington Cemetery. It was not until the terrific battles of the Wilderness, near Fredericksburg, that Quartermaster-General Meigs, in May, 1864, had the bodies of the dead from the hospitals of Washington buried in that corner of the estate now reached by the Ord and Weitzel Gate. Then came the soldier dead from the Northern Neck, between the Potomac and Rappahannock, making a total of sixteen thousand.

The Arlington House estate, comprising some eleven

hundred acres, was granted in 1669 by Governor Sir William Berkeley to Robert Howser, who sold it for a song, or its equivalent; and about 1735 it came into the possession of the Alexanders, in whose honor the town of Belhaven changed its name to Alexandria. John Parke Custis bought the lands in 1778 and, by virtue of the law of primogeniture, then prevailing in Virginia, they went to his son, George Washington Parke Custis, who in turn left them by will to his eldest male descendant, with a tenancy for life in his daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee. By virtue of legislation directed against owners of lands who did not personally pay the assessed taxes, the Government obtained tax titles to the Arlington estate, along with Abingdon and other properties owned by Confederates. After Mrs. Lee's death in 1873, George Washington Custis Lee established the validity of his title to the property; but inasmuch as the United States could be sued only by its consent, he was left to seek redress in Congress. In 1883 Congress authorized the payment to him of $150,000, one third of which sum represented legal expenses covering the period of ten years of litigation. On the certificate of title approved by the Attorney-General, the then Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, directed the payment to Mr. Lee, and the Government got a clear title to lands occupied for twenty-two years.

Sharing with Arlington House in historical and sentimental interest is the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater, in front of which is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the World War, an object of daily pilgrimage on the part of organizations from all over the world, who place there the tribute of flowers. When the Unknown Soldier was buried with great pomp and circumstance on November 11, 1921, the body was placed in the pedestal for a monument that might be completed later. That monument has now been designed in such manner as to call for readjustment of the entire terrace. A broad flight of steps will lead up to the tomb, thus giving greater dignity and impressiveness. Also the amphitheater itself, instead of remaining a very elaborate piece of formality dropped casually down in an informal landscape, will be related to a definite plan corresponding to that being worked out for the mansion.

This is another case of Charles Dudley Warner's young woman who indulged herself in a red hat and so was forced to change her entire wardrobe to correspond with the new hat. Each achievement requires a dozen others to complete the picture. The amphitheater was planned not only as a meeting-place for Memorial Day ceremonies, but also as the last resting-place for distinguished soldiers and sailors. To this end elaborate crypts were provided, but in the nine years

since the amphitheater was dedicated not one of these crypts has been used. Then, too, it was planned to have inscriptions on the inner walls and the pavement of the amphitheater, in order to give significance and interest to the building, but this has never been attempted.

The area already occupied by the soldiers of the World War, including the bodies returned from Europe, now exceeds that allotted to the Civil War, the Spanish War, and all the peace-time interments. If Arlington is to retain its place in the hearts of the American people, a decent proportion of the cemetery must be reserved for park features. This calls for the recovery from the experimental work of the Agricultural Department of all the lands of the old Arlington estate down to the Potomac. It also, and immediately, requires the planting of trees to bring the recently used portions into harmony with the Civil War areas.

The American military cemetery as evolved throughout the South has three elements of peace and beauty —the small headstone, the green grass, and the trees overhead. These elements exist to perfection in the soldier portions of Arlington. They will also be found, when the trees get their growth, in the American cemeteries in France, Belgium, and England, the treatment of which was modeled after the quiet forest-covered areas of Arlington.

MOUNT VERNON

Chapter XXII

MOUNT VERNON

"MOUNT VERNON may be compared to a well-resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from north to south or from south to north do not spend a day or two at it," wrote George Washington to his mother, with literal truth. Fortunately, he was a good manager. Even when he was kept away from his beloved home during the long years of the Revolution, he resented the idea that the hospitality of the house should be denied to any person in need, and gave orders accordingly to Lund Washington, his manager.

Each year hundreds of thousands of pilgrims press to Mount Vernon, and when the new highway (from

the Memorial Bridge to the very gates of the mansion) shall be completed, the numbers will easily reach the million mark. Why? What is there so compelling about this comparatively small and structurally unimportant wooden house with its quite incidental gardens and the simple brick tomb designed and built by local craftsmen? Does not the attraction lie partly at least in the fact that in the midst of a world of rapid and startling changes Mount Vernon stands for permanence? The beams and bricks of the buildings may be insignificant in themselves; the box gardens may be but the three quarters of a century old restoration of the original plantings; but the visitor, each according to his knowledge and emotional capacity, breathes the very atmosphere in which George Washington lived and moved and had his being. In the midst of our importunate craving for innovation the home of the Father of his Country answers to our longing for the unchangeable, the eternal. One loves to stand under trees he sedulously planted and look off over the broad Potomac framed by wooded hills—the same wide scene that gladdened his eyes, and his brother's, and his father's; the same that will surely gladden the eyes of American and foreign pilgrims for all eternity.

One may speak thus confidently because human nature does not change. Matter changes—or would change if there were any longer such a thing as matter;

but the monuments and frequented places and personal belongings of Washington have an eternal, serene charm—they are the types and symbols of thought and of existence in itself as opposed to the material world. Then, too, Mount Vernon stands as an exemplar of man's conception of beauty—both beauty physical and beauty of character.

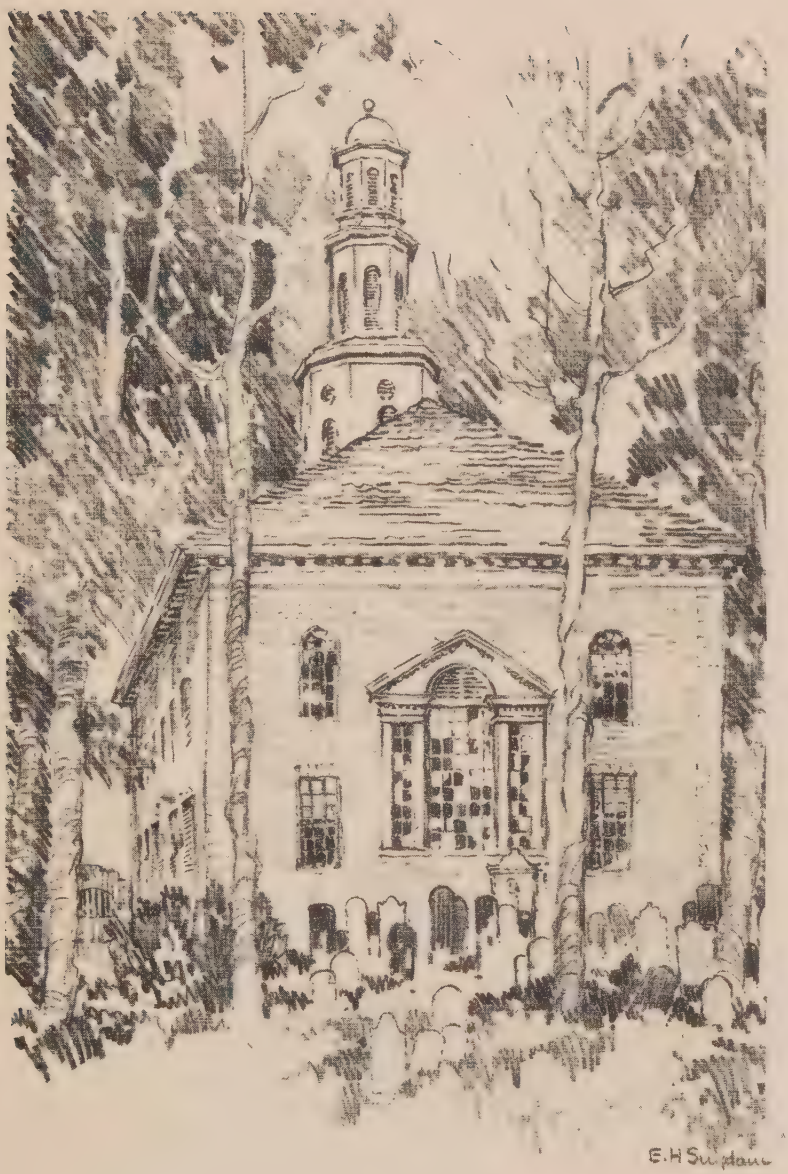
The Mount Vernon lands had been in the possession of the Washington family for just two centuries when they passed into the loving care and custody of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union—the same span that separates us from the birth of George Washington. This is indeed ages as Americans count time—it comprises the history of the country.

John Washington the immigrant came of an old family with several members who rose to distinction. He was the son of an Oxford scholar. Lawrence the father was driven from the good living of Purleigh in Essex County when John was ten years old. The boy went to sea. After settling his father's estate he came to America, possibly not for the first time, in 1658, as a sort of combined sailing mate and financial agent of the owner of the ship, with whom he had high words. The Virginia port was Pope's Creek in the new Westmoreland County, which then extended to the Great Falls of the Potomac. John married Ann Pope, and about a mile above his wife's home, at Bridges Creek,

he built his home and his mill. The family seat of the Washingtons was known to George Washington as Bridges Creek; the name Wakefield came later.

John Washington and Nicholas Spencer bought on the upper Potomac five thousand acres of the Culpeper Grant, which comprised the lands between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, some millions of acres. In 1667 John Washington died and was buried in a tomb he had built near his home. There, too, were placed the bodies of his three wives and of his brother Lawrence and his family, and there successive generations of Washingtons were buried for more than a century. This long-neglected graveyard is now owned by the Wakefield National Memorial Association, together with some seven hundred acres of Washington lands between Bridges and Pope's creeks, and the work of restoration is in progress.

John's eldest son, Lawrence, the second owner, left the upper Potomac property to his daughter Mildred, from whom it was bought by her younger brother, Augustine, who built a house of sorts and lived there for two or three years, until his iron business took him and his family to Fredericksburg. Augustine, regarding his Potomac estate as the prospective permanent seat of the family, left it to his eldest son, Lawrence, who named it Mount Vernon in honor of the British admiral under whom he served in the Carthagena ex-



CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA

pedition as a Virginia officer. At his death in 1752 it virtually passed into the possession of his half-brother, George, as the father intended.

We of these generations laugh at the absurdities of Parson Weems who peddled about the country his "life" of George Washington, constructed according to the tastes of his customers; but the book was more correct historically than are the tales of those biographers of to-day who distort facts and draw unwarranted inferences intended to catch a public eager to pull great men down to its own level.

On the slender foundations laid by Augustine and Lawrence, George Washington built the present Mount Vernon, twice enlarging it, once at the time of his marriage and again during the Revolution, in anticipation of the larger demands sure to be made upon his hospitality when he should again take up private life. During the same time he added to the original twenty-five hundred acres the other half of the Spencer purchase and adjacent lands, until his possessions comprised some fourteen thousand acres, divided into tenant farms but all under his immediate supervision.

Seated in the long shadows of the great barn built by Captain Augustine Washington, one makes pictures in fancy of the episodes those old bricks have seen. George was two or three years old when the Washington family left the Westmoreland home to take up

their abode on the upper Potomac estate; and he was eight when his father removed to Ferry Farm, opposite Fredericksburg, so as to be near his business of carting iron ore from the mines on lands he had sold to the Principo Company (then the largest American exporters of iron) to the furnaces. Thence he hauled the pig-iron to the ships that were reluctantly permitted to carry it to the British market. Sometimes Captain Augustine made the voyage, perhaps visiting his sons Lawrence and Austin,[1] who were at school at Appleby in England. George was a precocious boy and his father made a companion of him—possibly brought him from London the hatchet that despoiled the cherry tree, and also the seeds that grew into his initials. Strip these stories of their absurdities and they become usual boyhood experiences.

George was sixteen when he came up from Westmoreland to make his home permanently at Mount Vernon. He had spent the five years since his father's death partly with his half-brother Austin in the ancestral home, partly with his mother and his younger sister and brothers at Ferry Farm. Because his mother had refused her consent to his going to sea, George learned surveying. So he seized the chance offered him by Lord Fairfax to run the lines of portions of the Cul-

[1] The family name for Augustine.

peper Grant in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. He had for companion George William Fairfax, son of William Fairfax of Belvoir. Both father and son became his lifelong friends. When the son brought to Belvoir as his wife the accomplished and presumably beautiful Sally Cary of Ceelys, George's social education was taken in hand by the lively Sally, assisted by her and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence Washington, the daughter of William Fairfax, once the Collector of the Port of Salem, Massachusetts, and then acting as land agent for his cousin Thomas, Lord Fairfax.

From Mount Vernon the two brothers embarked for the Barbados, on Lawrence's vain quest of health; and thence the elder man returned to die in 1752. So George Washington at the age of twenty became a Virginia personage by the inheritance of Mount Vernon. To protect his own interests and those of his wealthy friends in the Ohio Company, George set out on the visit of warning to the French forces claiming possession of the Ohio Valley. His journal, all the better for going to the printer wet from his pen, made his name known both in England and in France; for this youth of twenty years was dealing with empires. The very next year (1754) he first "heard the bullets whistle and found something charming in the sound," as he wrote to his favorite brother, John Augustine. "A trifling action indeed," as Horace Walpole writes,

"but remarkable as giving a date to a war"—what Europe calls the Seven Years' War, which secured to England both Canada and India.

At Mount Vernon the provincial colonel whom a British ensign would outrank was fretting his life away while Braddock's glittering officers were making the Carlyle House in Alexandria ring with boisterous merriment. General Braddock was a soldier trained in the art of war as practised in *civilized* countries; and the proud young Washington wanted to learn that particular lesson. Braddock indulged him and saved his pride by making him one of his own military family, which included those fine fellows, Captain Robert Orme, Roger Morris, and William Shirley. Washington entertained his fellow-officers at Mount Vernon, and they came to calling one another by their first names, something that never afterward occurred to Washington.

In spite of his mother's remonstrance he set off for the field of glory to him, but of death to his commander and the rout of the British soldiers. He returned to Mount Vernon on July 26, 1755, to be greeted with an accusation of unkindness couched in threatening terms and signed by Sally Fairfax and two unidentified girl friends—a postcript calculated to give pride a heavy fall.

Next we see him in brave array, riding out of his

gates with a military aide and two servants, all headed for Boston to find out from Governor Shirley, the commander-in-chief, what his military rank might be. Stopping in New York, both coming and going, Washington and the heiress Mary Philipse tested out the question of mutual attraction, with the result that she married his friend Roger Morris and he came back to Mount Vernon and plunged again into war. Fort Pitt having been captured and the war in the west being ended, Washington married the wealthy Martha Dandridge, widow of Daniel Parke Custis and mother of a boy and girl whom he learned to love as his own children. The boy he taught to hunt the fox and introduced to the high society of Williamsburg, whither he himself went as burgess in the Assembly of Virginia statesmen. The girl he and Mrs. Washington took to Berkeley Hot Springs in the vain search for her health. Shortly after her death in 1773 he crossed the Potomac to attend the marriage at Mount Airy of her brother to Eleanor Calvert, a descendant of the Lords Baltimore.

Then in 1775 Colonel Washington turned his back on Mount Vernon, not to see it again (save for a visit of three days) until after the surrender at Yorktown, six years later, but during all that long interval, by correspondence with his manager and the personal accounts of Mrs. Washington and her son (who shared

his winter quarters), keeping in close touch with crops and tenants and the rebuilding of the mansion.

The Christmas of 1782 he celebrated at his own table and then settled down to five peaceful and happy years, uninterrupted save for attendance at the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. In April, 1789, he was summoned to New York and the Presidency.

That duty performed during eight years, Washington felt that he had fairly earned a rest in the home he loved all the more because he had been forced to spend so much time away from it. All was changed. He was the sole remaining member of the Washington family. But, fortunately, he had the young company he loved in the presence of the sparkling Nelly Custis and her brother, George Washington Parke Custis, his children by adoption. And there was the never-failing companionship of his devoted wife.

Of his old neighbors only one was left. Belvoir was in ruins; his boyhood friend, George William Fairfax, had died in England, leaving in Bath his widow (the whilom mentor Sally), to live to a placid old age, into which George and Martha Washington broke once to urge her return to America. The youngest son of William Fairfax, Bryan, whom Washington had signally befriended in youth, was about to come into the title of Lord Fairfax, thereby reëstablishing the line that continues in his descendants. General and Mrs. Wash-

ington frequently visited the Fairfaxes at their home at Mount Eagle, near Alexandria. George Mason had passed away, and his son Thomson lived at Hollin Hall on Little Hunting Creek. Because he was often kept late in Alexandria on business, the Washingtons in 1759 built for themselves a little house in that town, endeared to them by many memories, and in his will he gave the house to Mrs. Washington.

One hundred and thirty years ago General George Washington, at Mount Vernon, spent his sixty-seventh and last birthday. The day was glorified by the marriage of his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, to Major Lawrence Lewis, one of the twelve children of his only and dearly loved sister Betty. Rarely are parents made entirely and absolutely happy by the marriages of their children; but this wedding was without alloy. If the bride had any regret, it was nothing more serious than a momentary feeling of disappointment that Washington had denied her pleadings to appear in the splendidly embroidered uniform devised for him by a board of general officers; but instead had contented himself with the Continental buff and blue. As compensation the General gave to her the magnificent white plumes presented to him by Major-General Pinckney; and in place of those ornaments wore a plain black riband cockade in his hat. Those plumes Nelly and her sisters flaunted at a re-

ception to President Jefferson, to show their loyalty to Federalist principles.

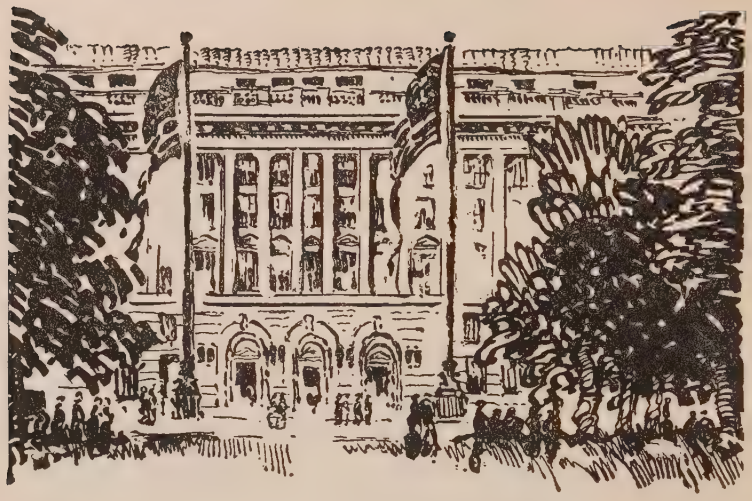
On Saturday, December 14, at about ten o'clock in the evening, Washington died, and was followed, on May 22, 1803, by Mrs. Washington; and so that chapter of life at Mount Vernon closes. The shadows cast by the old barn have lengthened. It is time for Colonel Dodge to close the gates.

Washington provided in his will that, after the death of his wife, the Mount Vernon estate proper should go to his nephew Bushrod, then an associate justice of the Supreme Court, and rightly considered the head of the family. Remote as was Mount Vernon in those days and difficult of access, the number of visitors and their feeling of a sort of proprietorship in the place, together with the judicial duties of the owner and the ill health of his wife, caused the beginning of a decline in upkeep. Washington had provided for the liberation of his slaves, and for the care of those who could not care for themselves. The latter class were so numerous as to be a burden on the estate for more than a quarter-century, while the agitators for emancipation created discontent among those who remained and so unfitted them for work.

Bushrod left Mount Vernon to his nephew John Augustine (1829–1832), who in turn transmitted it to his wife, with permission to sell to the United States,

THE CATHEDRAL ON MOUNT ST. ALBANS

which seemed to be manifest destiny. Jane Washington died in 1855, and her son John Augustine was prevailed upon by Miss Cunningham to convey the property to the Ladies' Association in 1860.



Chapter XXIII

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington is being looked forward to in the national capital with an amount of interest akin to that which awaited the coming of the year 1000 of the Christian era, save that apprehension has given place to anticipation. Then the serious question was as to whether the world was coming to an end. Now the twenty-second of February, 1932, is expected to usher in a new era. With the entrance of the second century a reassured world, taking fresh courage, began to cover the earth with "the white mantle of churches." Now there is haste to make the capital city ready for the celebration of the bicentennial of its founder.

No temporary result is in contemplation—such as a world's fair, built for a year's delectation; but rather a permanent setting in order of the people's own city, which they regard with loyalty and admiration, and which they are determined to make finer in every way than any capital that has ever existed on earth.

Those persons who have long had dealings with the Congress of the United States know that its members are at heart great idealists, especially in matters touching the national pride. Then no appeal to economy moves them. If they can once be convinced that the result aimed at will be beyond any heights heretofore climbed, they will be ready and eager to push on. It is a waste of breath to urge any less exalted standard in order simply to save money. They will tolerate no such plea.

If one were able to probe the mind of Secretary Mellon to find why he is willing to remain at the head of the Treasury Department now that he has achieved greater triumphs in finance than any opportunity will offer to him in the future, one would probably find that he stays mainly in order to carry on a building program in the City of Washington that will give him satisfactions both keen and enduring. To Senator Smoot it may well seem that tariffs are but temporary things, and to affix one's name to so ephemeral a law is like writing in water. Whereas to dream dreams and

then slowly through the years to realize those dreams in enduring stone and even more enduring landscape, in the upbuilding of his nation's capital, is an ambition that is as keen to-day as it was in the times when Augustus found Rome brick and left it marble.

To have been the President of the United States and to be the Chief Justice of the greatest of courts is a unique achievement, making human immortality secure; but when one adds the leadership in securing the appropriations, the location, and the design for two such structures as the Lincoln Memorial and the Supreme Court Building, new jewels appear in the crown of William Howard Taft.

These names, already conspicuous, gain additional luster from continued successes in new fields of endeavor. And what shall be said of the many men, in Congress and out, who have seen the vision, who have followed the gleam, and without whose aid and devotion to the cause nothing could have been accomplished? Or of those men who are striving to make their fellows look ahead to new and beautiful conceptions—men like Representative Cramton, fired with ambition to carry the parks of Washington up the Potomac to Great Falls; or Representative Montague, who is insistent that the cast-iron dome of the Capitol shall be put into stone, and that the east front shall be extended, as Walter planned, so as to give adequate

THE TREASURY AND STATUE OF
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

support to that dome? They will succeed—or at least their plans will be accomplished, as every truly great plan finally is realized.

Two projects of the first importance are being hastened to completion in time for the Washington bicentennial. It is beyond the power of words to describe the transformations, now in progress, to complete the setting of the Lincoln Memorial as it was planned nearly three decades ago. The great circle around the building and the plaza are becoming what they were designed to be—the point of reunion and departure for the parkways leading to Rock Creek and the Zoölogical Park on the west, to Potomac and Anacostia parks on the east, and on the south to Arlington, the Shenandoah Valley (by the Lee Highway), and especially to Mount Vernon.

The Mount Vernon Highway will scarcely be finished in time to be used by the pilgrims of 1932. Those patient people who have been working for forty years to bring Congress to the point of actually beginning the project of such a parkway are less concerned with the date of accomplishment than with having the highway adequate to serve its great purpose of linking the City of Washington with the home of George Washington. The highway skirts the Potomac from the Memorial Bridge to Alexandria, a distance of seven miles. Thus it will be partly in and always con-

tiguous to the District of Columbia, the dividing line being the old Maryland boundary—the high-water mark on the Virginia bank. It passes through portions of the Arlington estate; through Abingdon (opposite the tip end of East Potomac Park), the house to which Jack Custis, the nineteen-year-old husband, brought his sixteen-year-old bride, Eleanor Calvert. She was doubly descended from the Lords Baltimore, gentlemen whom princesses loved. The old house at Abingdon, recently torn down, existed rather as a memory than as an actuality; for it was not better than its lowly neighbors. But the great trees still stand on the gentle slopes, waiting to lend to the new highway their benign presence.

Through the city of Alexandria Washington Street goes as straight as an arrow—the broad thoroughfare Washington himself laid out; past Christ Church, in which he worshiped; near the Masonic lodge [1] of which he was a member; past the free school which he endowed, near the Presbyterian church where his Scotch friends Major Carlyle and his doctors, Craik and Dick, listened (or did not listen) to the comforting doctrines of Calvin! The wide, shallow waters of Big Hunting Creek are to be crossed on a viaduct, and

[1] On Shooters Hill, overlooking Alexandria and commanding a view of Washington, the Masons of America are building a temple vast in its interior arrangements.

then again the parkway borders the river until it enters the old domain of Washington's lands. Here, high bluffs push the road back for a short distance, leaving to the Tobias Lear place and a few smaller estates a water frontage dear to their duck-hunting owners, and also a superb view of monument and dome—a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The highway traverses Fort Hunt, a government holding opposite Fort Washington, the latter planned by L'Enfant for the defense of the capital, and constructed according to the then prevailing canons of military science—now a fort best defended from the outside. The ivy-covered walls, the decorated sally-port, the deep moat, the great views up and down the river, the peaceful white buildings of Mount Vernon nestling in their greenery—all give to the ruined fortress a haunting charm.

Some day both of these forts will form prominent jewels on the chain of the outer boulevards of the District of Columbia, which will also comprise Fort Humphreys (the old Fairfax estate of Belvoir) and the battle-field of Manassas, with the Great Falls of the Potomac as the clasp of the circle. When the entire circuit shall have been completed, the outer Washington Parkway will be much less extensive than that planned for Chicago; nor will the national capital have parkway entrances comparable with those of Boston

or New York. Nevertheless, the improvement as compared with present conditions will be very marked.

Immediately around the Capitol impending changes will bring a new and better order. The thoroughfare from the Union Station to Pennsylvania Avenue, as championed by the late Senator George Peabody Wetmore more than a dozen years ago, was delayed by an antagonism to one of the railroads owning a portion of the lands involved; but now the tact and persistence of Senator Keyes have started the movement toward realization. So the great barren area that for a decade has greeted the traveler on his arrival in Washington will give place to the Congress Gardens, leading from the station up to the group of buildings of which the Capitol is the center. The obsolete gardens which supply flowers to the wives of senators and members of influence will be moved from their obstructionist position at the head of the Mall, to one out of the line of L'Enfant's plaza approach to the Capitol. Thus an improvement pressed during nearly three decades will finally be accomplished.

The south side of Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol has always been a byword and a reproach. During these later years conditions have become so intolerable that the public sentiment of the country has been aroused to demand a radical change. The Chinese laundry, the rooming-house, the

junkshops lining both sides of the eastern end of that historic thoroughfare between White House and Capitol were doomed by public sentiment more than a decade ago. Congress so far yielded as to begin the purchase in that triangular area of locations for the departments of Justice, Commerce and Labor (then united), and State. This took place in 1910. As so often happens, changes in the administration caused delay; then the World War came. When the need of new buildings to house government workers could no longer be delayed, the bold step was taken, at the instance of President Coolidge, of entering upon a building program calling for an expenditure of ten million dollars a year, looking toward a systematic, well-considered scheme for bringing together departmental activities so widely scattered as to make administration unduly expensive, and lacking in coördination—like the Agricultural Department, scattered about the city in more than thirty separate locations.

It seems inconceivable that, from the construction of the State, War and Navy Building during President Grant's administration to the present time (a period of over sixty years), the Government has completed no departmental building of the first class. It is true that during President Roosevelt's administration Congress gave to Secretary James Wilson (familiarly known during his long service as "Uncle Jimmie") the

money to build a home for the enormously expanded Department of Agriculture; but he, finding the money insufficient, contented himself with constructing two wings, being sure that in time a central administrative building must follow—and so it has come after an awkward pause of a quarter-century! So, too, Congress made an appropriation to build for the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines an office building on an out-of-the-way site sold to the Government by Senator Stewart for an archives building—an adjunct to government which this nation alone among civilized peoples has never possessed. When the building was completed, Secretary Franklin Lane promptly moved the headquarters of the Interior Department from the present Patent Office (one of the architecturally great buildings of Washington) into an upper corner of this quite utilitarian structure; and there it seems fixed for all time.

The Navy Department, crowded out of its partnership with State and War, has found refuge in a temporary cement building that, during the World War, was permitted to usurp a great slice of the lands devoted to the Lincoln Memorial, an intrusion into the design of Potomac Park, which has become little better than an open-air garage for automobiles of employees. The State Department must soon find new quarters, for it too is being pushed out on the porticoes. Perhaps

it may be deemed wise to find a new location for the War Department, and to remodel the ridiculous architectural creation of former Supervising Architect Mullett into offices for the President and the Department of State, thereby providing meeting-places of international conferences and facilities for entertaining greater gatherings than the domestic White House can accommodate. Both President Hoover and Secretary Mellon have inveighed publicly against the State, War and Navy Building as an architectural monstrosity; but it may not be beyond redemption. The architect Charles McKim used to say that he could do a great deal with the edifice if he only had a rake! Secretary Mellon has a design that would remake it into what Congress supposed it was going to be—a counterpart of the Treasury.

The Department of Justice, never permanently housed, is to have a new building in the Triangle, where the Center Market now stands, a site midway between White House and Capitol, and also within the great cross-axis of the city between Seventh and Ninth Streets. The Department of Labor, also, is to find a place in the Triangle area, and so are half a dozen independent bureaus at present acting on their own, being outside the pale of any of the departments. The Department of Commerce, which began its rapid expansion under Secretary Hoover, will be partly

taken care of in a building originally designed in 1912 by York and Sawyer, and now being carried out in accordance with their modified plans. The building is larger even than the Capitol itself. On the west it faces the President's Park; on the east it will look into a court as large as Lafayette Square, planned like unto the courts of the Louvre. As in that case, so with Commerce, the streets will pass through the building.

The District of Columbia also has outgrown the ornate white marble building constructed for its use twenty-five years ago. So Congress has made a virtue of a necessity by arranging a civic center that will bring Judiciary Square down to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, thus obtaining control of six blocks opposite the new buildings in the Triangle. The court-house, which now houses the courts of the District, as well as those of the United States, is a group of buildings based on Hadfield's original design; and he was one of the superintending architects of the Capitol. Like almost all the structures of that day, it is simple and direct, excellent in its proportions and dignified in its appearance—one of the chief architectural ornaments of the capital.

In spite of calculating and planning, comparatively few of the projects already entered upon by Congress can possibly be completed in time for the bicentennial celebration two years hence—nor as yet has any cele-

bration in Washington been arranged. The Memorial Bridge will be opened, but the Mount Vernon Highway will scarcely be begun. The great avenue (now the disjointed B Street) that is to lead from the Capitol through the city to the Lincoln Memorial will not be traversed by the next inaugural procession. Indeed, so long as the inaugural processions are in the hands of District organizations, which finance those gala occasions by the sale to the celebrating public of seats along the route, so long will the line of march be along Pennsylvania Avenue. But the American people are happiest when their blessings are in the future, for then their active imaginations have something to work upon. A finished Washington would be intolerable. The next generation will build larger and more expensive mansions. Looking back to earliest days, and having in mind mutilations of plan and resorts to the architecture of the hour, one hopes that the traditions and achievements of the past will remain the incentives and standards for the future.

On the physical side Washington is growing into a dignified, unified, beautiful capital; and this promise is being realized by the government works. Alongside of governmental Washington is fast growing an independent though interrelated Washington made up of activities not a part of political economics, yet existing in Washington because it is the capital. These organiza-

tions have their local habitations, are a part of the civic life, and contribute their share to its intellectual, moral, and spiritual well-being. All are of recent establishment. Mr. Carnegie probably took no thought for the City of Washington; to him the capital of the nation was the natural headquarters of the Pan American Union; and those who were carrying out his benefactions saw to it that the buildings and their landscape setting as designed by Kelsey and Cret should have a charm which would give to them a place in American architectural achievements. So, too, the work being done for pure science and American archæology by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, under Dr. Merriam, is directed from one of Thomas Hastings's monumental buildings. Possibly Washington might not have had a public library to this day were it not for Mr. Carnegie's penchant for library-building throughout the country. Conditions in Washington do not favor the creation of civic consciousness and the pride that produces large public gifts on the part of citizens. In fact, there is no established wealth in Washington, and no means of creating wealth.

Washington being an *ex officio* city, governed largely by people selected primarily for some other task, the National Red Cross headquarters naturally was located where the supply of dignitaries was largest; and the result is a group of white marble buildings

which appropriately form a portion of the frame of the President's Park. And that annual assembly of patriotic women from all over the land, the Daughters of the American Revolution, has built a palatial Memorial Continental Hall which frequently is called upon to supply the lack of a dignified gathering-place for government functions. Now they have added to their beneficence by erecting Constitution Hall, where the denizens of Washington may really enjoy symphony concerts and other like performances.

Most of the denominations have their national church in Washington, drawing support in part from the congregations of the faithful in other parts of the land, and striving in their church edifices to express something of the national spirit. This cathedral idea has resulted in the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, slowly rising in the midst of that group of heterogeneous buildings which accommodates the Catholic University of America. Obeying the trend started by the Catholic Westminster in London, Walsh and Maginnis have planned a cathedral in the Byzantine style. On the opposite side of the city, on the commanding Mount St. Alban, the Episcopalians are erecting a Gothic building which already exercises a wide domination over the surrounding country. Schools for boys and for girls and a college for preachers are embraced in the scheme; nor is the

charm of gardens and groves wanting to complete the picture.

Meantime the national church located by L'Enfant on his plan—a place akin to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's in London, to Notre Dame in Paris, to St. Peter's in Rome, a temple in which national events may be celebrated, national heroes may be commemorated, and national calamities may bring even the creedless to their knees—such a place of worship remains for the dim future.

In days of old, when Washington was slowly emerging from forest and swamp, it was jeeringly called the City of Magnificent Distances. To-day, with all the new buildings (public, semi-public, and private) in progress, it may well take the name of the City of Magnificent Possibilities.

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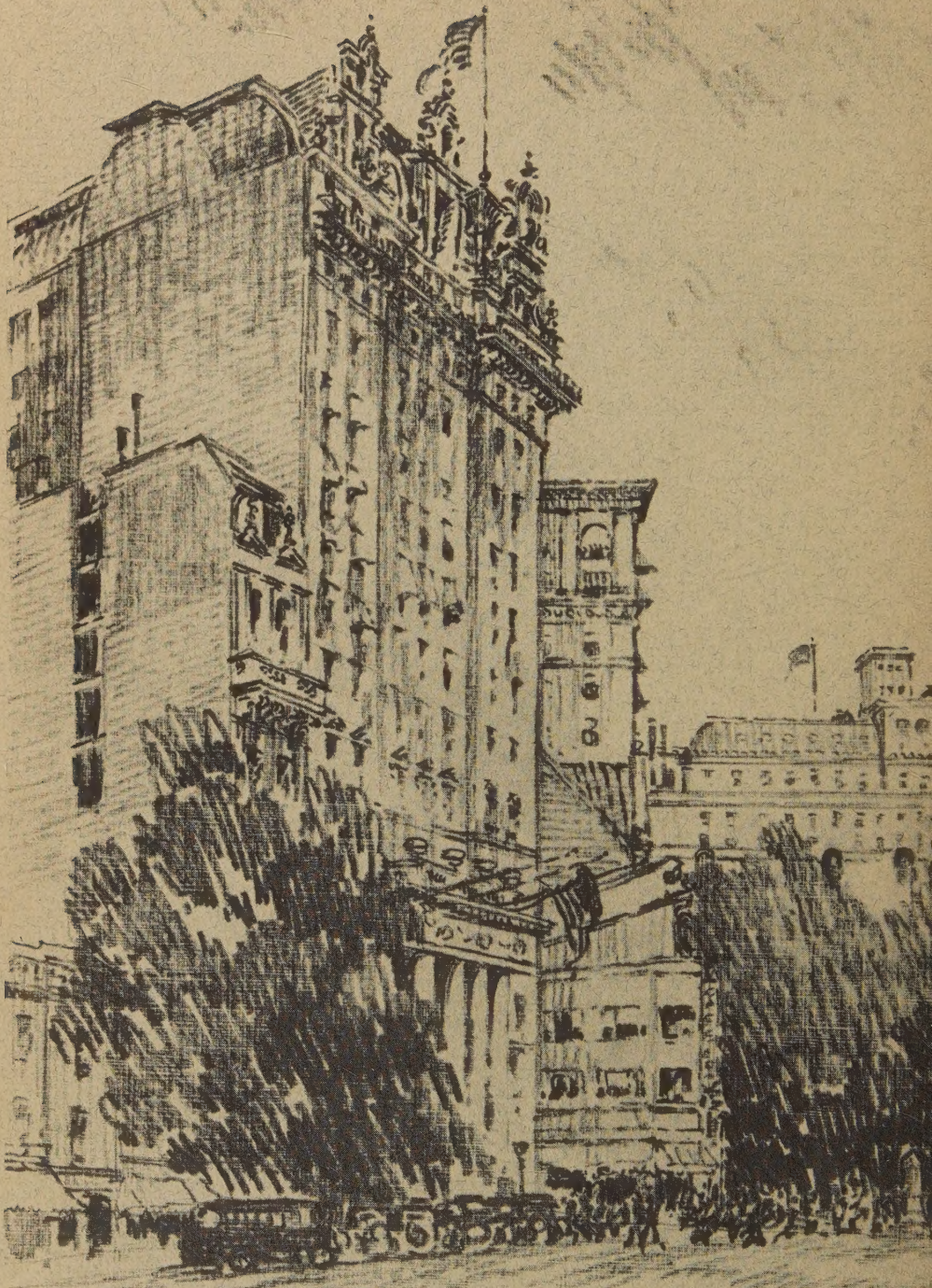

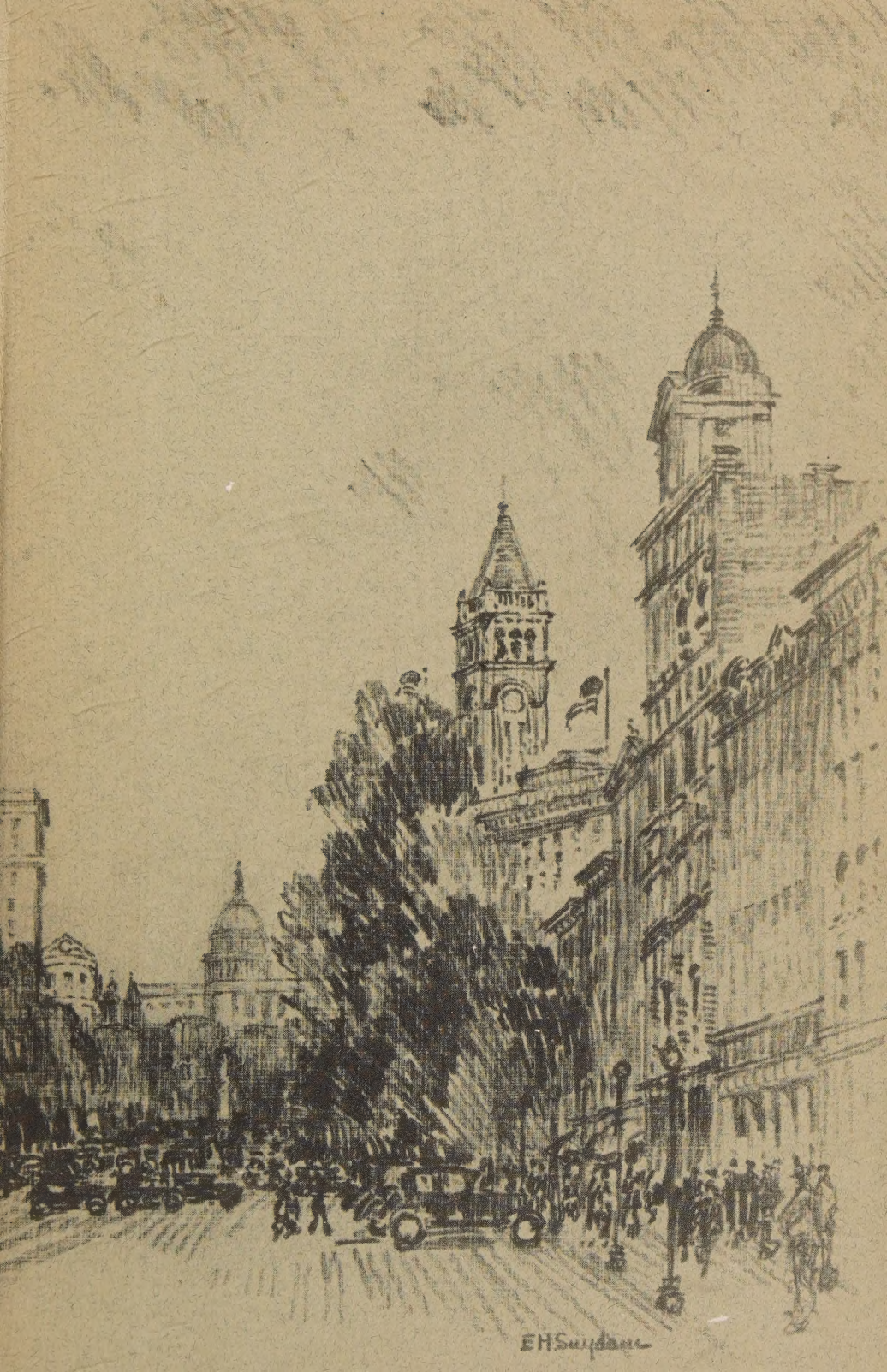
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